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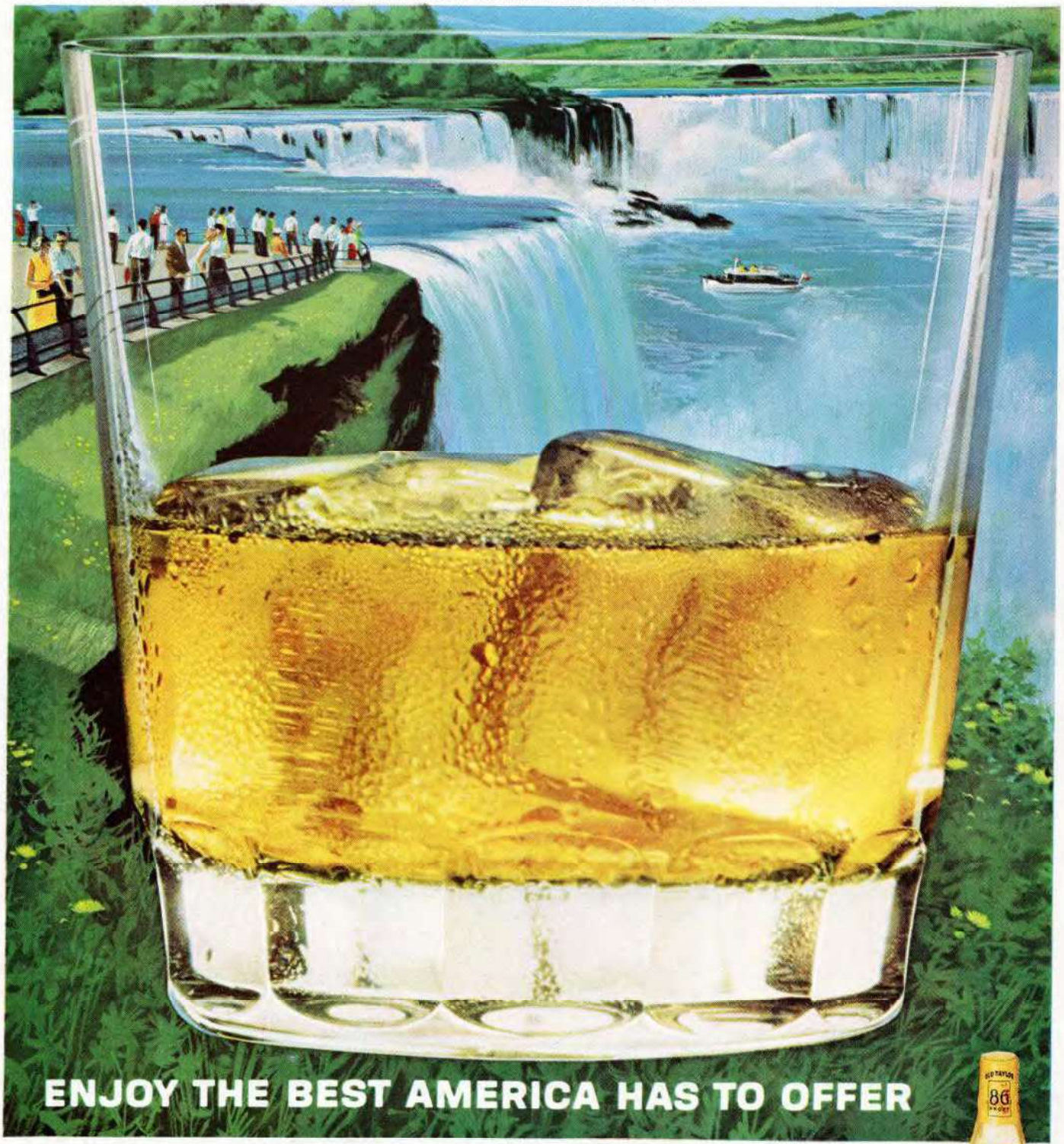

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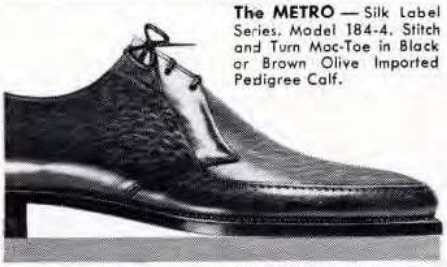

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The Spy

I was thoroughly dismayed by TRUE's shattering of a long and honorable precedent by publishing *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* (August). How, I asked myself, can a magazine that publishes fiction still call itself TRUE? Nobody likes sudden changes. But I decided to give you a chance. Like a bather dipping his toe in icy water, I read the opening pages of Mr. le Carré's novel. About two hours later I was breathing hard like the same bather after he's swum all the way across the lake, and I was astonished to find myself at the end of the story. What a hell of a wonderful, gripping, hard-hitting yarn! I'll never forget it, if I live twice as long as Alec Leamas. If you had to break tradition, you sure got off to a good start.

And now that I think about it, I'm not so sure you are breaking with tradition. Le Carré's account of Cold War espionage rang *true* in every detail. I believed every word of it. That's more than I can say for a lot of non-fiction I've read—not in TRUE, of course. But if making me feel that I've *lived* through an experience just like what men actually are living through right now in another part of the world—if this isn't what TRUE means, I'd better buy a new dictionary.

—Gus Hanrahan
New York, N. Y.

God Save McQueen

The article on this so-called movie star (*Steve McQueen; Hollywood's High-Speed Hipster*—July) seems to be saying that the road to success is paved with dishonesty, immorality and fast dollars. This, along with an apparent lack of education qualifies you to be a philosopher: "My God is green grass, blue sky and trees and food enough to eat." If a donkey could talk I believe that would be his philosophy, too.

—Donald C. Scott, D.S.C.
Spokane, Wash.

If a donkey could talk it would be a pretty smart donkey, and probably worth listening to.

Fred Hutchinson

On behalf of the Pacific Northwest Research Foundation I wish to express our appreciation for the check representing payment to Fred Hutchinson for the article he has written for TRUE Magazine (*"How I Live with Cancer"*—August). The money will be used for research in the study of cancer. The Pacific Northwest Research Foundation is a non-profit institution organized to provide laboratory facilities for research by physicians and surgeons, engaged locally in private practice, to apply their experience and talents by contributing to the development of new surgical procedures and increased medical knowledge.

—William B. Hutchinson, M.D.
President
Pacific Northwest Research Foundation
Seattle, Washington

TRUE is happy to hear from Dr. Bill Hutchinson, Fred's brother. Fred requested that the payment for his article be sent to the foundation.

Moonshine Over the Mountains

Mr. Shaw (*Dixie's Unbelievable Moonshine War*—July) was piling it on just a little bit too thick. The business of treating the hill-country Southerner in print as an alien from another planet is rather sophomoric.

The temptation to make white liquor is strong because there's not much you can do with some of those hills except to perch chicken houses on top of them and tie cornstalks to the sides of them. If bonded liquor were reasonably priced, the incentive to pur-

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33132.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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German
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Basic Supervision
Industrial Foremanship
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[Continued from page 2]

chase white liquor would be destroyed. I believe much of the public apathy regarding bootlegging stems from the widespread opinion that the ridiculous tax rates now in existence were not established primarily as a source of revenue, but that they were forced through by do-gooders to restrict the amount of drinking done in this country.

—Frank Conner
North Syracuse, N. Y.

Take Me Out to the Bore Game

Every word of the article by Ed Rommel was true (*Umpire Ed Rommel Says: "Baseball is a Big Bore"*—July). By chance I was reading it while watching a game between the Yankees and the White Sox on TV. At one spot the delay was so long that Peewee Reese (no brilliant commentator at best) was at a loss for words. Gene Kirby took over and showed a lot of pictures of old-time players. The game lasted well over two and a half hours. Thank God I had a TRUE to read.

—J. Beima
Portland, Ore.

Mutual Funds Myth

Any member of the New York Stock Exchange will be happy to tell you of a service offered by them which has many of the advantages of the mutual funds with none of the exorbitant fees. The plan is called the Monthly Investment Plan. You simply make arrangements to invest a certain amount each month in stocks of your choice or stocks recommended by a licensed broker whose duty is to you as a customer. You have the advantage of being advised by experts in their field. You pay only the standard stock broker's fee, which you pay regardless of where you purchase stocks, but that is all you pay. You are not bound by any contract. You may stop the plan whenever you wish. You may even pay a different amount each month or skip a month or two if things get rough. You may even act as your own consultant if you want. If more people knew of the plan it would do much toward putting most mutual funds where they belong—out of business.

—Paul A. Holloway
Magna, Utah

My broker doesn't want to talk about the "no load" funds or funds that have no sales charges.

—Robert H. Edmonds
Venice, Calif.

I bought two 10-year funds at $10 per month each and will use them to send my boy to college. They cost $2,400 and now are worth $4,400. By the time he is ready for college in another 10 years they will be worth between $12,000 and $20,000 depending on inflation. Incidentally, the total amount of Social Security taxes paid into the average American's Social Security account during a working lifetime would produce a principal of over $255,000 (figures supplied by Investors Diversified Services) if invested in any good conservative mutual fund instead.

—Frank C. Worbs, Jr.
Vanport, Pa.

I almost went into the business of selling mutual funds over a year ago. After reading your article on the subject I'm glad I changed my mind and stayed out.

—Frederick J. Miller
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

It is regrettable that many people will not buy mutual funds on account of your article and will be set back several years in their financial plans. Seventy-five percent of the American people wind up dependent upon someone else due to their lack of foresight. Fifty percent of the people are gamblers. Three percent of the public in the stock market made money over a recent 10-year period when the averages went up a good percentage. Most people waste money on status symbols or depreciable property or impulsive whims. Eighty percent of the advisory services turn out to be wrong.

—Frederick V. Gill
Tampa, Fla.

Where did you collect all these remarkable statistics—from a mutual fund salesman?

Birch vs. Quimmley

Et tu, Brute? Why does everyone persist in believing all John Birchers are stone-faced ogres without a sense of humor? Personally, I think the Webster Quimmley Society (*Middleman Goad for the Right of the Road*—June) is hilarious, and don't you know that the joke about the Birch John Society went the rounds of Birchers? We are not all "wealthy businessmen, retired officers and little old ladies in tennis shoes"—I am

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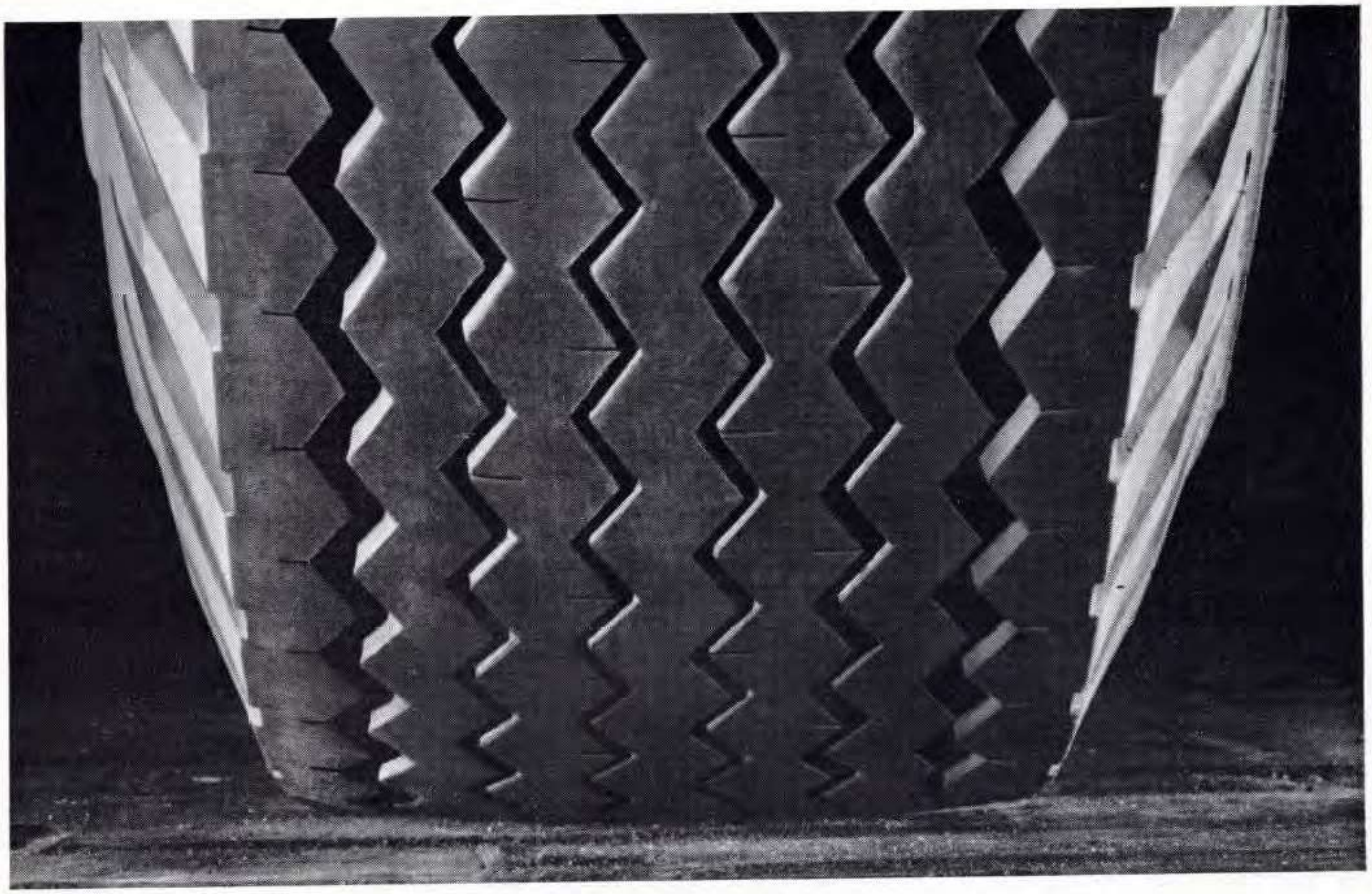

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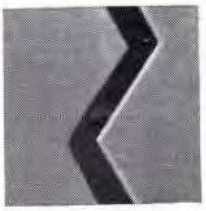

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

SEPTEMBER 1964

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DON ADAMS

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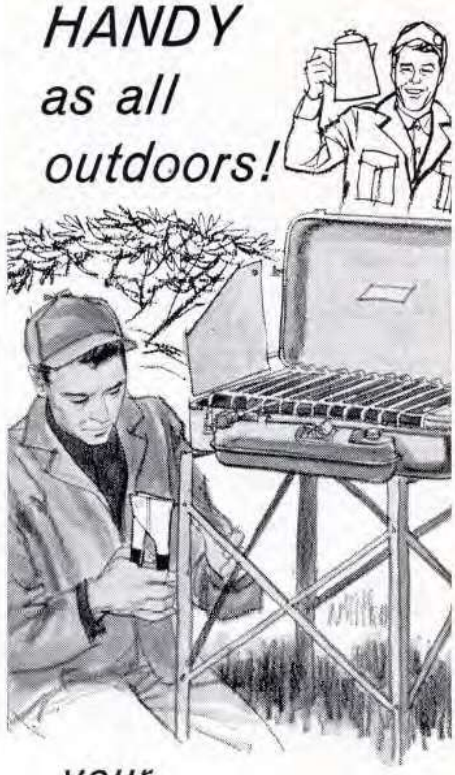

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Bowl of Roses was originally the special private blend of a small group of gourmet pipe smokers. It's a unique combination of the very finest of imported and domestic tobaccos, blended with a flavoring secret no other smoking mixture uses. Bowl of Roses puts a fresh bouquet of flavor in any pipe. Pleasant for people around you, too. Try Bowl of Roses yourself. You'll be surprised—and pleased.

Another Fine Product of United States Tobacco Company

[*Continued from page 4*]

20 years old, my husband is an enlisted man, and my parents (also JB's) are popular with the high school kids, dance and watch TV. I do admit that there are crackpots among us, a dismaying number. But perhaps that's okay, too, because the JB's give them a more suitable way to work off their emotions—by writing letters (and crank phone calls are *not* encouraged or suggested) rather than by shooting people or starting riots.

If you should print this, please do not use my name.

—A John Bircher

Afraid of crank phone calls?

Rush and Reds

As a former Korean POW (28 months, P.W. Camp No. 1) I take exception to the story *My Ten Years in Red China* by Scott Rush (June). Mr. Rush said, "It was dog eat dog." May I ask what he did to help? How many wounded did he help carry? How much food did he give the sick? How much comfort did he give the dying? He claims it was his lack of education—he was so young—he didn't think. He makes me sick. The great majority of soldiers in Korea were not old enough to vote, nor did they have a complete education, but they knew right from wrong and could think for themselves. They had a faith in their country that Mr. Rush lacked. Over 40 percent of the American POW's died with that faith intact.

—S/Sgt. C. G. Speibeck
Babenhausen, Germany

Yerbabuena

It was with interest that I read *The Sacrificial Killings at Yerbabuena* (June). In the main, the facts are close enough, but there are several details that need clarifying.

First, *yerbabuena* is not slang for marijuana any more than "tea" means marijuana in this country. The word means mint, the same mint you make juleps from. Tea from it would be just old-fashioned mint tea, very common in Mexico for stomach disorders.

Second, the Black Saint of Peru has no sinister meaning, but is merely the common St. John Bosco, a perfectly kosher Catholic saint. He is called the Black Saint because he was a Negro.

Third, green limbs mean just that, because most of the firewood in that area is *huisache*, which will burn readily when green, but with great difficulty when dry.

Fourth, the expletives are common enough for Mexico, but are not in the context that they would properly be used. They are remarks about the morals of a person and are not readily translatable into English: a *cabron* is a man whose wife is a prostitute, and a *chingada* is a woman who has had unnatural sexual relations. Commonly they are both meant to convey "son of a bitch."

The details are quite colored, but I assure you that they are in the main facts very true.

—Ford Green
San Antonio, Tex.

Gloomy Sundays

Your diatribe against the "odious Sunday blue laws" (*Never on Sunday, It's a Man's World*—June) reminds me of the guy who says "let's you and him fight." Blue laws governing Sunday hours are basically in the same category as other good labor laws, laws that stopped child labor, that stopped the 12-hour day and the sweat shops. What's wrong with reasonable rules and regulations in retail competition?

—J. H. Fultz
Moses Lake, Wash.

"Reasonable" is the crucial word in that question. Reasonable rules will provide a day of rest without forcing all of the people to conform to some of the people's notions of piety.

I am a minister of the Gospel, and I find no commandment in the New Testament writings to observe a rigid Sabbath day. When Christ was on earth He broke the religious Sabbath law.

—Reverend D. Bruce
Carlsbad, N. M.

The Flying Scotsman

A friend gave me a copy of the June issue of True. I discovered that I had been missing quite a magazine. I found myself reading and enjoying virtually every article. The perceptive story on Jimmy Clark, in particular, caught my attention. Clark certainly lived up to your title, *The Fastest One*, by setting a new qualification mark at Indianapolis. And he was holding the lead when suspension trouble in his car forced him out of the race.

—Robert Bell
White Plains, N. Y.

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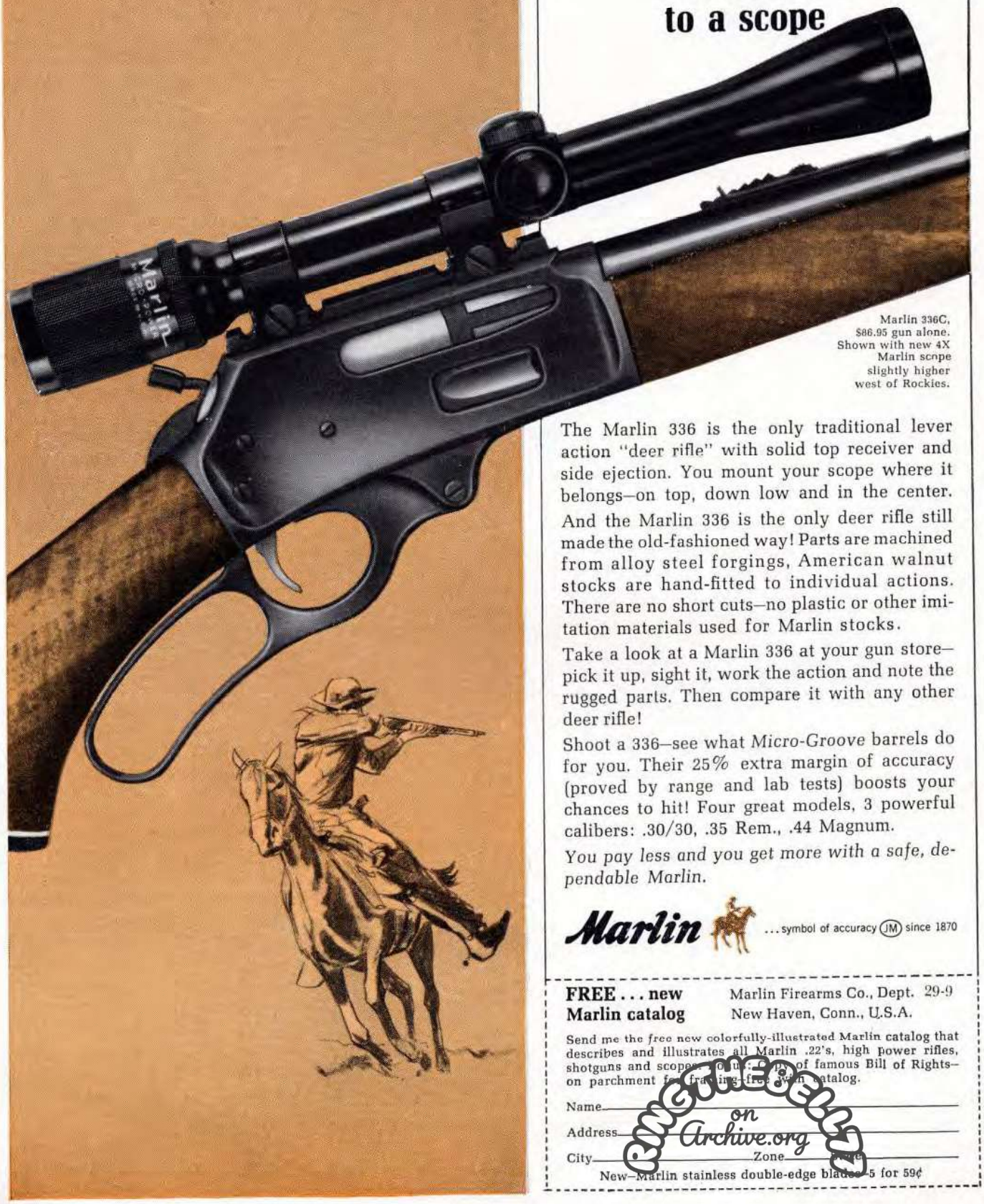
match a Marlin 336? never!

...it's the only "deer rifle" that takes to a scope



Marlin 336C, $86.95 gun alone. Shown with new 4X Marlin scope slightly higher west of Rockies.

The Marlin 336 is the only traditional lever action "deer rifle" with solid top receiver and side ejection. You mount your scope where it belongs—on top, down low and in the center.

And the Marlin 336 is the only deer rifle still made the old-fashioned way! Parts are machined from alloy steel forgings, American walnut stocks are hand-fitted to individual actions. There are no short cuts—no plastic or other imitation materials used for Marlin stocks.

Take a look at a Marlin 336 at your gun store—pick it up, sight it, work the action and note the rugged parts. Then compare it with any other deer rifle!

Shoot a 336—see what *Micro-Groove* barrels do for you. Their 25% extra margin of accuracy (proved by range and lab tests) boosts your chances to hit! Four great models, 3 powerful calibers: .30/30, .35 Rem., .44 Magnum.

You pay less and you get more with a safe, dependable Marlin.

Marlin ...symbol of accuracy (JM) since 1870

FREE... new Marlin catalog

Marlin Firearms Co., Dept. 29-9
New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Send me the free new colorfully-illustrated Marlin catalog that describes and illustrates all Marlin .22's, high power rifles, shotguns and scopes. Also [illegible] of famous Bill of Rights—on parchment for framing—free with catalog.

Name_____

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New—Marlin stainless double-edge blades—5 for 59¢

GUNSMEDIA on Archive.org

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

WOMAN IN THE VAN

One trouble with women is that they confuse equal rights with equal abilities, with comic consequences. An assertive housewife, Mrs. Robert Currie of Darien, Connecticut, has been hounding the Aero Mayflower Company to give her a job driving a moving van. Rejection of her application brought threats to charge the company with discrimination against women. This is a splendid form of discrimination, vital to public safety. It is desperately necessary to keep our moving vans segregated for men, and we hope the beleaguered company holds out. Mrs. Currie has the odd notion that she would make a superb van jockey because she has moved seven times and "understands" female problems in moving. Belief that differences are resolved by sufficient "understanding" is typically feminine. A male van driver who delivers shards of crockery that had been intact when it left the old homestead "understands" the yelps of an anguished housewife as well as anybody, and is too formidable to invite assault. A female van driver would be more likely to get into a hair-pulling match and understand that her antagonist was unreasonable. We contend Mrs. Currie is mistaken about what she can do best for her country. She should do needlepoint or take polls on which detergent leaves towels the fluffiest.

PAY AS YOU SHOOT

A man without a gun or the dough to join a private club can go in for skeet and trapshooting on a pay-as-you-shoot basis if pioneering commercial gun clubs expand in a big way. One commercial club in Ringwood, New Jersey, charges about $3.50 for 25 shots, plus a buck if you rent a gun, and does a thriving business. Similar clubs are being established around the country in a franchise operation run by Winchester-Western. The franchiser delivers a prefabricated clubhouse, designs the layout, and furnishes clay pigeons and supplies to commercial operators.

FAIR ENOUGH

Generations from now, kids will still be slurping cereal from a bowl with an embossed design of the world carrying the credit line, "Unisphere® Presented by U. S. Steel." Said bowl will be an heirloom handed down by great-grandma who, afflicted with a malaise known as souvenir schizophrenia, bought it as a memento of the New York World's Fair in 1964. The Unisphere® is a stainless steel 12-story-high earth model that took a lot of savvy to build. High-speed computers had to solve thousands of problems. Just one problem, we're told, required the solution of 670 simultaneous equations, which impresses us because we're baffled by equations that come one at a time. Well, the makers are getting a lot of mileage out of their gimmick. The other day we thumbed over a tableful of dime store Fair souvenirs—ash trays, paper weights, ink stands, medallions, books, tin trays and postcards—and noticed that wherever the Unisphere® was shown, there too appeared the name of U. S. Steel. A little undercover work took us to Milton Kayle, licensing agent for the Fair, and confirmed our impression that reproductions of the Unisphere® must always carry the Steel by-line. Mr. Kayle kindly gave us a list of licensed products ranging from toy balloons to mattress ticking. The fervid souvenir collector can drink from, eat off, wear, and even sleep on the name of U. S. Steel. He can buy Unisphere® combs, T-shirts, beach bags, disks for charm bracelets, a $29.50 globe that lights up when its bottom is pressed, hats, raincoats, sweat shirts, tablecloths, women's blouses, neckties, bar glasses, belts, billfolds, and god-knows-what. There is something touching in the thought that kids will be advertising steel on their sweat shirts, and some people on their mattresses, long after the name of Roger Blough is forgotten. We congratulate U. S. Steel on the advertising coup of the century.

SPIKED MILK

The public image of milk, a splendid beverage for children and the ulcerated, will be a shambles if present trends continue. A friend of ours who keeps his eye peeled for political chicanery around the world has sent us a clip from a Sydney, Australia, newspaper showing Premier Renshaw ostensibly drinking a glass of milk. This delighted the "countrymen" (farmers), among whom, Renshaw said, he "knew very few who did not enjoy a dip in the pail at milking time"—a feat as awesome as diving a hundred feet into six inches of water. But in a rash surge of candor, the premier confessed that the hooker of milk the photographer caught him with was laced with something stronger—to wit, booze. He said he had lived a very strenuous life and that milk, even if mixed with something alien, had helped him to weather some tough times, as well might be.

RED PETTICOATS

To protect innocent men from wily female predators, Scotsmen passed a Red Petticoat Law many years ago. This lessened, to some extent, the dangers of Leap Year proposals, which either trapped a man into marriage or required him by custom to give the gal a wardrobe when he said "No!" The Scottish law required every lass who planned to propose marriage during Leap Year to wear a red underskirt as a warning of her intentions. The underskirt had to show "amply" all around. Why does the U. S., otherwise a quite progressive country, have no law requiring man hunters to wear red petticoats? Probably because it wouldn't do much good. Prudent men are always on guard, and the imprudent deserve what befalls them.

PIBLOKTOQ

Men heading north should be alerted to an engaging Eskimo ailment known as

(Continued on page 12)

"First to Sears ...then let it pour."

Reading from left to right it's the same coat. Classic? Sure. Zip-lined? Right. Treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain & Stain Repeller? Naturally! All the best raincoats are — including this one, available at larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and through their catalog.

These are the differences "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller makes. Rain sits on fabric treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller. Most spills — even oily ones — blot right off fabrics treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller. Forced-in stains generally wash out or spot-clean without leaving a ring on fabric treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller. Repeated launderings or regular dry cleanings won't faze fabric treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller.

Go to Sears. Ask for this wash 'n' wear polyester-cotton poplin raincoat. Tan or black with stylish plaid body lining. With zip-in, zip-out acrylic pile lining. Short, regular or long. $24.95; without lining, $15.95.

Scotchgard® RAIN & STAIN REPELLER

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)

"pibloktoq." In Eskimo land, don't be surprised to see a dignified girl suddenly strip herself naked, wade into freezing ocean, grab a piece of seaweed, and turn mad somersaults in the snow while screaming at the top of her voice. That's pibloktoq, which usually affects lady Eskimos, but sometimes men. The attack begins with rocking back and forth, mumbling that gives way to wolf howls or birdcalls, then wild dashing around the igloo, attempting to climb the walls, tearing off all clothing, and mad rushing outdoors across the snow, shouting obscenities at pursuers. The victim is easily subdued and nobody bats an eye over such a common occurrence. One theory is that pibloktoq is a trifling consequence of unquestioned domination of an Eskimo household, or igloo-hold, by the husband. Eskimo wives are completely subject to their husbands' wishes. They have almost no outlet for aggressive behavior. Nagging or defiance of the master is unheard of. An Eskimo husband doesn't even beat his wife, unless she has been sexually unfaithful—and then only because she neglected to ask his permission. So, it is speculated, a little touch of pibloktoq gives the wife a chance to blow aggressions through her safety valve and everybody is happy. No henpeckery in Eskimo land. We wonder if pibloktoq is importable.

FROZEN FATHERS

Science fiction stories about preserving a man's sperm so he can father children after his death are no longer fiction. It's been done many times, though the fathers haven't died. More than two dozen children have been produced with nitrogen-frozen spermatozoa kept in a freezer until an appropriate time for artificial insemination. The children are healthy and normal and show no signs of damage from the freeze-and-thaw technique. With improved techniques of freezing in liquid nitrogen vapor and storage in liquid nitrogen, cells have been revived after four years. That's the longest test period so far, but there's no reason to think that cells couldn't remain in suspended animation for scores or hundreds of years if the freezer is properly tended. This is frigid fatherhood in more ways than one, and it is reasonable to ask, why go to all that trouble to "improve" on nature? At a meeting of fertility experts, where these matters were discussed, doctors explained that frozen sperm banks could permit selection of a father with desired physical characteristics—black hair, blue eyes, 6 feet tall, or whatever—by picking the right file card from millions in a library.

WATER HAZARD

We were shook up when we read a headline about an odd disease known as "Breaststroker's Knee." The mere effort of trying to imagine such an orthopedic disaster made us wince. However, we calmed down when we found that proper conditioning of knee muscles can prevent this occupational complaint of breaststroke swimmers which results from strenuous frog kicking.

THERE, THERE, GIRLS

Now and then we read those refuse-disposal departments of the newspapers in which some female columnist gives mental backrubs to wives whose lives are bound in misery. No section of the daily press has a higher rubbish quotient. For instance, consider the piteous bleat (and we quote) that "the successful wife must be meek as a lamb, gutty as a bear; she must be nurse, sweetheart, cook, housekeeper, financial wizard, wailing wall, companion, friend and confidant. Show me a successful marriage and I will show you a wife who is a heroine." Our Webster defines heroine as "a woman of qualities like those of a hero," which is to say, like those of any husband who supports his family and never beats the little woman without provocation. Naturally, some of the burden of making marriage "work" falls on the wife. It is her livelihood and status symbol, neither of which is true of a man. She'd better put some effort into it while the old man is out grubbing for dough on which she can exercise her "financial wizardry." Why are there no columns by men advising worried husbands how to make a go of marriage? Obviously, there's no market. Bilge columns for the ladies, quite appropriate in a paper's amusement section, are sustained by the female tendency to spend a dollar's worth of emotion on a five-cent problem.

LOOK, MA, NO TOP

A while back we reported the prediction of an Italian designer that in years to come, women would wear topless bathing suits, limiting themselves to the lower, or denominator, part of the Bikini fraction. Well, now that swank stores are offering a bathing suit with a sort of G-string top that doesn't restrain trade or anything else, we're too stunned to say "We told you so." The topless bathing suit is the creation of Rudi Gernreich, a West Coast designer, and carries a 25-buck price tag. Some people wonder what girls will buy and wear the suit, but we think that the propriety of flaunting rich possessions was resolved by Diamond Jim Brady many years ago. Jim was always bedecked with a dozen egg-sized diamonds, and somebody asked him if this wasn't vulgar. "Them as has 'em, wears 'em," said Jim.

QUICK EARTHQUAKE CASH

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, MAY ...

New York Life Insurance Company

First Business House to Locate in Burned District

Will Make Loans to Its Policy Holders

IN GOLD COIN

The earth has faults, and we suppose insurance companies have too, but when a big fault let go and caused the Good Friday earthquake in Alaska, history repeated itself. Among the insurance companies which immediately set up on-the-spot offices to hand out fast bucks to policyholders—cash values of your own policies are the same as money in the bank—there was one firm, New York Life, that did the same thing after the San Francisco quake (all right, fire) in 1906. There was one difference. In 1906, the company paid off in a now forgotten, discredited and long illegal form of money—gold coin. Anybody who tried that now would land in the pokey. *Sic transit gloria aurum,* and hail to our new banknote which has wiped the offensive term "Silver Certificate" from its face.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

By next year, half our population will be less than 25 years old.

—THE EDITORS

SHOWN: BALLY TIE WITH CUSHION INSOLES; BLACK OR BROWN.

Most shoes only look this good when you walk out of the store. Read why Johnsonians stay that way.

Look at the shoes you've got on right now.

What do you see?

Scratches? Creases? Scrapes? Signs of wear that glare through your last layer of polish?

Do they look anything like the shoes you bought a few months ago (even a few days ago)?

If they were Johnsonians, they would.

Johnsonian shoes are made with "Living (Formula X-1000)®" leather uppers.

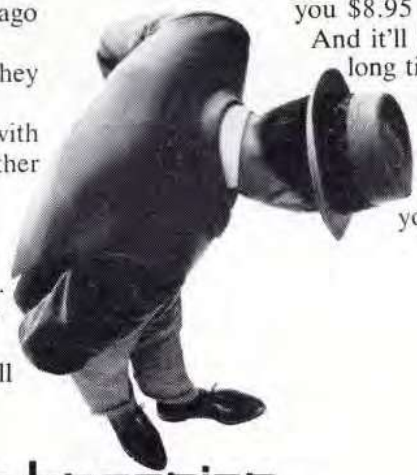
"Living" leather is a natural, top-grade leather, that's been given a pre-conditioning treatment. A special tanning process protects it against scuffs, scratches, scrapes, strain, rain and mud. All the things that wreck ordinary shoes.

Yet it is soft, plump, rich-looking.

It has the features you like about leather. Without the things you don't.

Why settle for shoes that offer you less?

A pair of Johnsonians will cost you $8.95 to $12.95. And it'll be a good long time before they look any different from the day you bought them.



Johnsonian

A QUALITY PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON, ENDICOTT, N.Y.
FEATURED AT THE 1964/1965 WORLD'S FAIR

Gimbels—Philadelphia, Cheltenham, Upper Darby, Great Northeast; Moorestown, N. J. **Maryland:** Brunswick: Coffman-Fisher Co., Leonardtown: Sparling's, Prince Frederick: Prince Frederick Dept. Store. **Massachusetts:** New Bedford, Poyant's Shoe Store, N. Attleboro: Kearney's Shoe Store. **New Jersey:** Moorestown: **Gimbels. New York:** Albion: Family Shoe Store, Amagansett: La Carrubba's, Bronx: Joe's Fordham, Brooklyn: Teddy's Shoes, Buffalo: Cyran's, S & W Shoe Company, Max Sommerstein, Fort Plain: Dutcher's Shoe Store, Jamestown: Arcade Shoe Store, Carnahan's, Manhattan: S & M Shoes (Douglas), Teddy's Shoes, N. Tonawanda: Payne Ave. Shoe, Olean: Lester Shoe, Oneonta: Bruno's Variety Store, Ovid: Harris Shoe Store, Palmyra: Edward's Shoe Store, Salamanca: Mason's Shoe Store, Southampton: La Carrubba's, Springville: Mason's Shoes, Syracuse: Rochester Shoe Store, Warsaw: Van Dyke Shoes, Westfield: Beckwith's, Wolcott: Edward's Shoe Store. **Pennsylvania:** Barnesboro: Paul's Shoe Store, Bedford: Straub Bros., Brownsville: M & S Shoes, Clairton: Silberblatts, Greensburg: Ronald's Shoes, Hollidaysburg: Lester's, Johnstown: Holzman's Dept. Store, Meadville: Factory Shoe Store, Mt. Union: Saxe Men's Store, Philadelphia: **Gimbel's,** Philadelphia, Cheltenham, Upper Darby, Great Northeast, Pittsburgh: Bobman's Shoe Store, Sallas Shoe Store, Portage: Schoenfeld Dept. Store, Punxsutawney: Frederick Levy, Republic: Charles Angeloni, Ridgway: United Dept. Store, Sacramento: Koppy's Dept. Store, St. Marys: Edwin J. Lion, Titusville: Bonns Store, Keystone Mercantile Co., Tyrone: Lester's Workmans Store, Union City: Mandeis, Warren: Lester Shoe Store, Waynesburg: The Shoe Center. **Rhode Island:** Warren: Warren Shoe Store.

HOW TO STRIP A YOUNG JOB SEEKER BARE

Best-selling reporter Vance Packard has uncovered a sneaking, snooping assault on your privacy that will make your blood boil. When you look for a job you may be subjected to a probe of the most intimate details of your private life. Detectives, psychologists and lie detectors will go to work on you...and if they don't find any dirty linen they've been known to manufacture it

■ A few years ago a management consultant in Chicago told me, "We have developed techniques that strip people psychologically naked." At the time I thought he was merely showing an entrepreneur's exuberance in promoting some psychiatrically oriented assessment sheets he had developed for personnel directors to use in assessing managerial candidates for private industry. Now I find a gigantic trend, involving thousands of companies, toward investigating all or most job applicants, not just would-be executives, to the point where the individuals are often deprived of virtually every shred of privacy.

All across the country, managements are evincing a growing wariness about taking on new "teammates." They used to size up a man by looking him over and by determining his "trade reputation." That is no longer enough. The increasing suspiciousness is illustrated in a booklet widely circulated by the American Management Association. It is titled *How to Keep Bad Apples Out of the Barrel.* The cover illustration shows two men—one at a file and one at a desk—eying each other suspiciously.

The booklet, by a professor of management at the University of Wisconsin, describes how a prospective employee's private life can be investigated by "personal interviews with the neighbors both at his present address and at two or three of his former locations." And the blurb explains, "With the work force more on the move than ever before, companies now run the risk of finding themselves loaded down with all kinds of undesirable employees."

But the suspiciousness of managements is also encouraged by the proliferating investigative firms, search firms, and psychological testing firms who keep worrying them as insistently as the deodorant makers asking in their commercials: "But can you be sure?" Managements are warned that the ordinary employment interview is ineffective as a safeguard because the applicant is on his good behavior then. They are warned that ordinary application forms can be filled with a pack of lies. They are warned that letters of reference are farcical and only a fool would trust them. They are warned that even a telephone call to a former superior may produce false assurances because the former superior may be pleased to be well rid of the man or may fear a slander suit.

What is the answer? It is a probe in *depth.* This may cost anywhere from $15 to $250

BY VANCE PACKARD

From *The Naked Society* by Vance Packard. © 1964 by Vance Packard. Used by permission of the David McKay Co., Inc.

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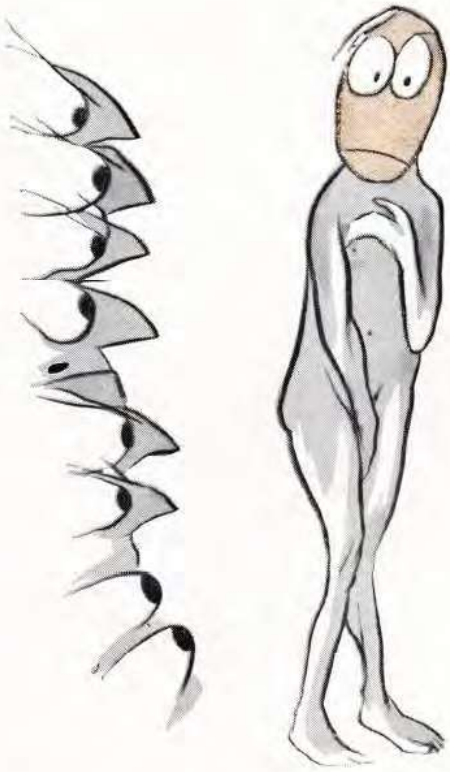

HOW TO STRIP A YOUNG JOB SEEKER BARE

depending on the importance of the job and the probing techniques used. Each year several million Americans are subjected to these probes, often without their knowledge. We shall explore three of the major approaches:

—The use of straight sleuthing to do a "background" check or compile a life history.

—The use of lie detectors.

—The use of psychiatrists, psychologists, or psychological apprentices armed with tests to make a personality analysis.

There is some overlapping in the kind of personal information each is designed to uncover; but each also is assumed to be superior in uncovering certain areas of one's life, soul and psyche. Let us examine them in turn.

1. THE USE OF INVESTIGATIVE SLEUTHING

A corporate personnel director may simply turn to a local private eye. One such private investigator in the Baltimore area confided to the pages of *Police Review* his practices in making an employment check. He digs up everything he can about a prospect by talking with neighbors, former employers, and co-workers. "At no time," he asserted, "is the identity of the inquiring client made known to the persons being questioned about the applicant." (My own practice is to shut the door on any investigator who will not disclose at the outset who wants the information and why.)

If the applicant has been working in another town or state the client probably will turn to an investigative network, such as Fidelifacts, with its 200 ex-FBI special agents scattered in many cities. These ex-FBI men conduct *personal* interviews with former employers, check the neighborhood, the bank, the local police, and so on. The New York City branch of Fidelifacts reports that in one large sampling of its works it had turned up "adverse information" in 29 percent of its investigations of prospective employees. (It cited wife trouble, evidence of drunkenness, absenteeism, indebtedness, poor job performance, etc.) The head of the New York office, Vincent Gillen, who has also worked as a lawyer and a professor, finds the horizons for such "pre-employment investigations" broadening rapidly. He said that originally these "PEI's" were designed to screen applicants for sensitive government posts and jobs in industry requiring bonding. "However, in the last several years," he said, "their uses have broadened. We've investigated job applicants ranging from charwomen in a bank to the top corporate executives."

Much of the investigating of executives, especially in the financial world, is done by Bishop's Service. The "Bishop's Report" on a man is held in considerable awe in some circles, and a good one is widely regarded as a prerequisite for getting ahead. Actually this is only partially true. The president of Bishop's, William M. Chiariello, explains that his firm has actually made full investigative reports on about 10,000 executives. "The men who make decisions," he said, "can't escape the cold, hard facts of an investigation. I find that more and more business leaders . . . no longer rely upon their own appraisal." In addition to its 10,000 full-fledged personnel reports made for specific clients, Bishop's has in its files on the second story of a skyscraper in the Wall Street area of New York information on 5 million people—or just about everyone of consequence in the U.S. business world.

A full Bishop's Report on a man is not cheap. The Bishop motto is "A Man's Whole Life Preludes the Single Deed." A report is likely to cost from $150 up. Those that were shown to me ran from 12 to 18 pages and [*Continued on page* 20]

Miller High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
Sparkling...
flavorful...
distinctive!
Perfect Partners for Backyard Banquets . . .
Miller High Life, The Champagne of Bottle Beer . . .
always sparkling, flavorful, distinctive . . .
makes any meal a banquet! Look for this picture
on six packs of both 12-ounce cans
and no-return bottles . . . have a banquet!
Miller
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The Champagne of Bottle Beer

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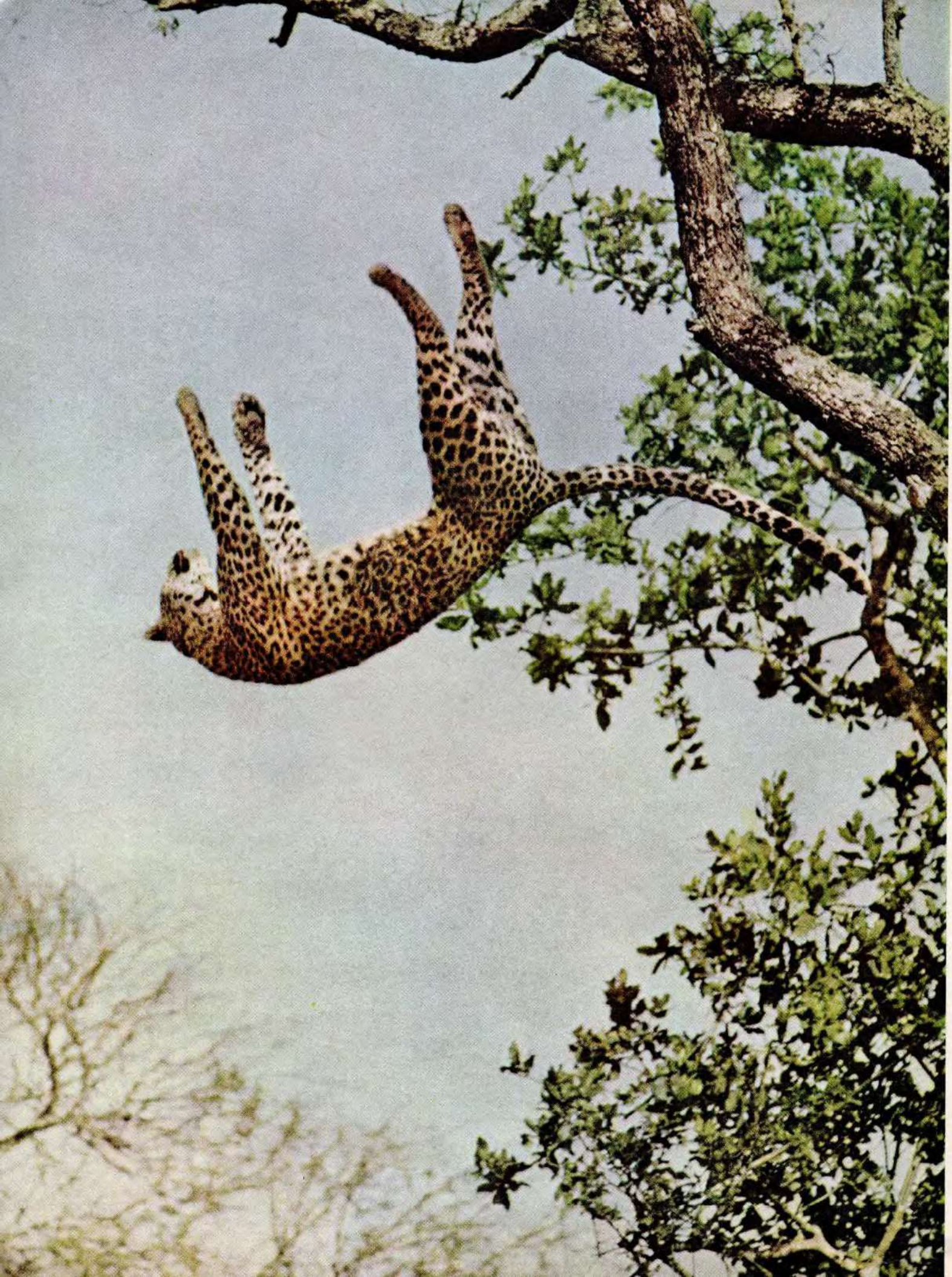


"No second shot was needed... this new 300 Winchester Magnum really lays 'em in,"

says David Ommanney, our man in Africa.

This leopard was dropped by one of the new Winchester Model 70s —with the first "free-floating" barrel ever fitted to a production rifle. To field-test and prove our new rifles, we took them all on safari, in Tanganyika. After watching them in action for a month, professional hunter Ommanney summed up their performance as "smashing."

"When I hunt, I aim to shoot deer—not leopards or lions," said one of our customers from Maine. "Just tell me why you felt you had to take the new Model 70s to Africa."

Same new rifle was just as deadly on plains game: wildebeest, kongoni, topi, impala, Grant's gazelle. "Its barrel may 'float'," says Ommanney. "But you can bet your life the bullets don't."

Here's our answer to him.

Our '64 rifles have many design changes. To test their new features thoroughly, we felt we needed a new and different proving ground.

We wanted to go where game is varied—and where liberal game limits would let us do a lot of shooting.

We wanted rough going. Trackless, Land-Rover country that would give these new rifles a good jolting. And plenty of dust to get in their actions —and prove they'd function smoothly just the same.

Tanganyika seemed to provide the perfect test conditions. It also offered us another big advantage. By going there, we'd be able to get David Ommanney's opinion.

Very few men know more about guns than this famous professional hunter, whom we chose to lead our safari.

Most of all, we wanted to hear just what David thought of the "free-floating" barrel on our new Model 70s.*

This new barrel, instead of being firmly bedded in wood, "floats" inside the foreend of the stock. Nothing touches it.

Most top authorities agree that such a barrel is bound to shoot more accurately—because there's no uneven surface contact to affect its *natural* vibration. Yet we were the first to fit a "free-floating" barrel to a production rifle.

This was a bold thing to do. But after a month on safari, here's how our man in Africa summed up:

"I never saw straighter shooting. The combination of 'floating' barrel and 300 Winchester Magnum cartridge gets 'A' for accuracy. And packs a wallop, too.

"It warmed my heart to watch the new Winchesters at work. The way they did their stuff was *smashing*."

While cleaning this Model 70-300 Winchester Magnum, David checks some of its other new features: recessed bolt face; sleeve cap completely enclosing rear of firing pin; rubber recoil pad; wider trigger; removable sights.

WINCHESTER® Western® WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION Olin

*Except on the 375 and 458.

[*Continued from page* 16]
covered with seeming thoroughness the subject's career, his finances, his mode of life. Each page bore a stamp in the middle sternly reminding the client that all information thereon was "privileged and confidential."

In general, those engaged in investigative sleuthing try to check a man or woman out on the factual kind of information that can be learned by interviewing the person, his business associates and neighbors, or by searching records. Here are the major facts they are paid to uncover:

1. How is his work record? Frequently investigators go all the way back to cover every job held since leaving school, and make certain there are no unexplained gaps. Some investigators, such as those working for Bishop's, also explore the school background. Investigators usually want to know not only how well the person performed his job but what was his attitude toward the company.

2. How well has he lived within his means? This involves checking the credit bureaus for a rating and litigation bureaus for any suits or judgments, among other things. There is a widespread theory in business that a person who has at some time been lax about meeting financial obligations might also be lax in fulfilling his job responsibilities.

3. How has his home life been? Is there any evidence of an unhappy marriage or neglect of children? Investigators tend to be less wary of a man if he has both wife and children. As Mr. Chiariello explained it: "A man who is a bachelor can pick up and go, and even the man with a wife can pick up and go, but if he's a man with five children it is hard for him to disappear." In the case of a man being considered for an important executive job, many search firms and management consultants feel it is imperative that someone—either with the company or retained by the company—actually get into the man's home for a look around. One management consulting firm, the McMurry Company, has developed a "Home Interview Report Form" for companies making such a check. The form includes such points to be noted as: "Who dominates the conversation? Whose opinions are decisive? . . . What is the attitude of others in the home?"

Dr. McMurry stated recently that in appraising potential chief executives "it is imperative that the candidate's off-the-job circumstances be investigated as thoroughly as he is himself." Such a check "is best done by a personal visit to the candidate's home. This has the advantage that the *entire* household can be observed and that family members tend to speak more freely on their home grounds. It is thus easier to ascertain who is dominant in the family; the emotional climate of the home, and the extent to which the wife will be friendly and supportive or critical, deprecatory or a 'problem' in some other fashion."

4. Are there any court convictions on the person's record? The professor who wrote the AMA brochure on keeping bad apples out of the barrel stressed the fact that few people have actual criminal records, but that this check is nevertheless regarded as necessary because permitting even a few with such backgrounds to enter the company gates could be "highly important." And he added ominously: "Convictions as apparently innocuous as traffic violations have enabled some investigators to uncover everything from felonies to clearly psychopathic behavior." The head of a leading investigative firm scoffed at this assertion. He said: "We have prepared any number of reports on extremely competent executives, who were extremely sane but were always in a hurry." Frequently information about many a person's legal tangles can be got simply by checking the credit bureau in the area where he has lived.

5. Is there anything in the person's health history to create concern? Some investigators look into this quite thoroughly. As the Baltimore investigator explained: "He could be suffering from a latent illness which could recur and result in a subsequent compensation claim against the company. Or he could be under a psychiatrist's care."

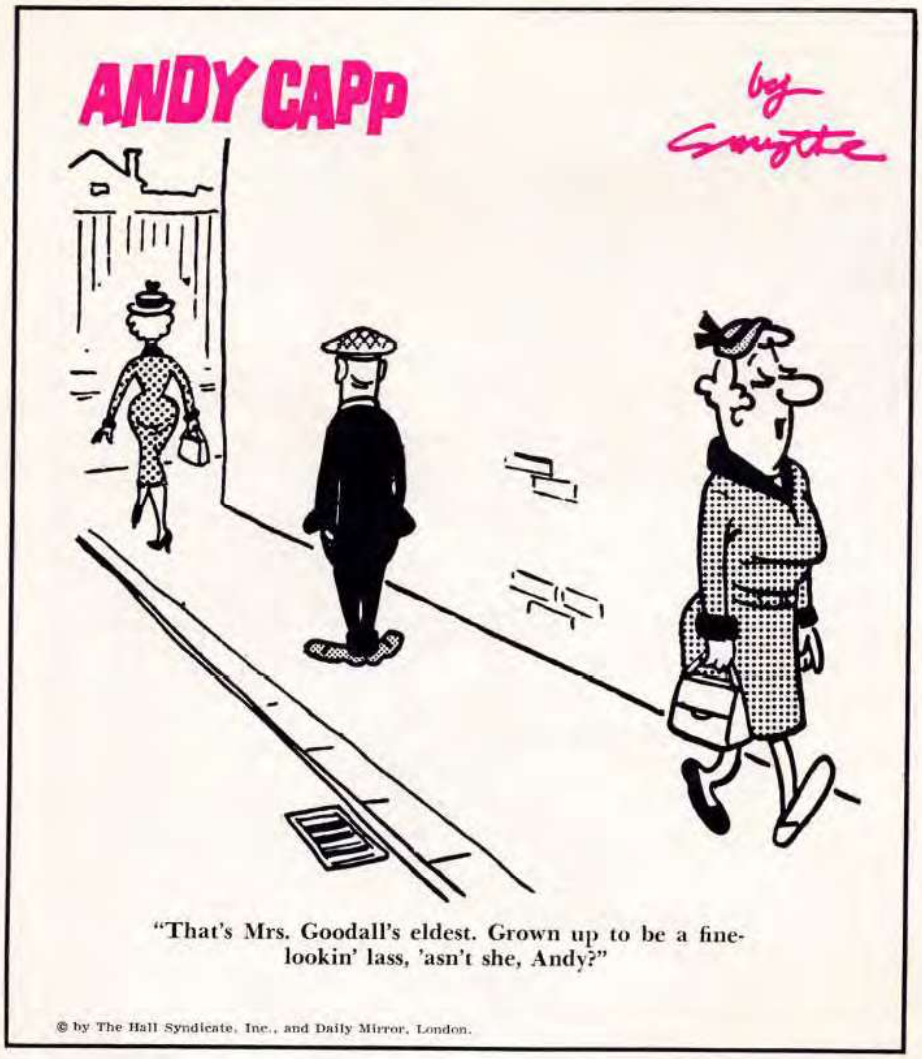
6. Is the person controversial in any way? This assumes greatest importance in checking out potential managers, but even a workman can be too controversial for the company's comfort. Mr. Chiariello said quite a few of his clients want assurance that the man conforms. He added, "Big business hates controversy in any of its employees." A number of other investigators mentioned that they watch out for controversial types. The president of one large investigating organization, when invited to explain what kind of things can make an ambitious man too controversial for big business, explained what he felt was the prevailing viewpoint in these terms:

"It is not necessary that the man be an active member of a church; most aren't, but they can be. But does he conform, or is he an avowed, loud rebel? . . . Whether he is Republican or Democrat is secondary, but is he what is commonly heard of today as *being an extreme liberal?* Is he a communist sympathizer? Is he a man who *openly espouses the end of the Cold War?* Is he sympathetic to Castro? *Is he a man who thinks that extreme patriotic organizations do more damage than good? Is he a man who might feel that a communist has as much right to talk as anyone else?* If he is an active Democrat, *is he a member of the Americans for Democratic Action* or is he just a Southern Democrat? *Is he a man who might be active in the present militant fight for integration?*"

Just on the basis of the definitions I italicized, quite a few million thoughtful Americans would seem to come under the cloud of being "too controversial."

The company-client may be anxious to know whether a man is controversial be-

[*Continued on page* 80]



"That's Mrs. Goodall's eldest. Grown up to be a fine-lookin' lass, 'asn't she, Andy?"

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7up

the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A GIN COLLINS THAT'S HEARTY

When a man wants a Collins, he wants to taste a little of that gin! That's why 7-Up and gin is most men's idea of what a Collins should be like. Seven-Up smooths gin, yes—smothers gin, no! And only two ingredients mean no complicated measuring to endanger uniform results. Have a 7-Up Collins. It's man-style!

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If you're switching from filters, what do you switch to?

We suggest a White Owl Tip.

It has the "feel" of a filter with its clean, white, pliable tip. Sits easy, stays neat to the last puff. And tobacco never touches your lips.

That's reason enough to switch. But there are all these other good reasons, too.

1. Enjoy a White Owl Tip anywhere.

Its gentle aroma is welcome in any social setting. Never offends. Even when you put it out, there's only a still-clean tip in the ashtray.

2. You get tobacco flavor the mildest way.

Cigar tobacco is smoking tobacco in its most enjoyable form. Years of aging make it mild. And because the tobaccos in a White Owl Tip (as in all White Owl Cigars) are costlier, case-aged tobaccos, they give you a degree of mildness seldom found in other cigars.

3. You don't have to inhale to enjoy it.

Most cigar smokers find that the good taste of cigar tobacco comes to them without inhaling. And the taste of a White Owl has made it the best-known cigar name in America today.

4. Coffee time. That's when it's best!

After lunch. After dinner. There's no better time. But light up calmly. Enjoy it the same way. It's all part of cigar enjoyment. Just a sit-back-and-relax kind of smoking pleasure.

5. Light it right.

Hold flame ½" to ¾" away from the end of the cigar. Draw flame in. This method prevents fumes from entering the cigar and affecting the taste. A little extra effort, but worth it. After all, you're lighting America's most expensive 10¢ cigar. In new Royal Red and White 5-pack.

BY ROBERT EASTON AND MACKENZIE BROWN

THE BULL ARTIST WHO SAVED THE BUFFALO

WITH A PREPOSTEROUS GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME A MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE UNCLE SAM DID SOMETHING NO ARMCHAIR DO-GOODER COULD EQUAL — HE SAVED AMERICA'S GREATEST GAME ANIMAL FROM TOTAL EXTINCTION

■ It was a raw spring morning on the Staked Plain of Texas in 1886 and the scene seemed almost a comic imitation of the calf roping common today in rodeos. A tall man whose bony and bearded face bore a striking resemblance to a cartoonist's Uncle Sam, rode a Kentucky Thoroughbred full tilt after a buffalo calf. He was dressed in hard twill trousers, business-suit vest, windbreaker mackinaw, and Philadelphia Stetson, and his rope was whirling like a professional rodeo rider's.

Closing in and making his toss, he hit the ground running and yanked a short tying rope from his belt.

"You're okay, fella," he assured the little buff as he tied its legs securely. "I've got a couple of hands dogging my tracks with a wagon, and they'll soon be along. Why, you're going to have the greenest grass in the whole state of Kansas to feed on!"

Warned by the shrill snort of his horse, he snapped his head up just in time to see a big cow buffalo bearing directly down on him. Like a jack rabbit being flushed, he jumped into the saddle and burned off at a full gallop, only to feel his mount yanked about in mid-air. He'd forgotten to free the noose of his lariat. The spectacle that followed would have left any rodeo crowd roaring—a buffalo chasing a mounted Uncle Sam around and around in a circle with a flopping buffalo calf serving as an

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

It was a comical but deadly

THE BULL ARTIST WHO SAVED THE BUFFALO

anchor. Horns were already raking the horse's rump when the tall man finally got his revolver out and began firing it in the angry cow's face, stunning it with four .44 bullets, then hurriedly retrieving his rope when it at last retreated.

Shrugging off his close escape, he rode on after the herd from which he'd cut the calf, pried a second one loose from its mother by working his horse between and again gave chase, this time driving the animal farther from the herd before roping it. He was working on his third when a furtive, slinking movement on the skyline caught his eye. A number of big gray wolves were following the buffaloes like collies herding sheep. The man who'd just tied up his third calf hesitated a long time. He'd gone to considerable trouble and expense, and not for the purpose of giving wolves an easy supper; but if he waited for his wagon, he'd never catch the herd again. Suddenly he whipped off his hat and tucked it tightly between the calf's tied legs.

"Wolves won't come near anything that smells like a man," he promised. "You'll be okay!"

Mile after mile and hour after hour, this curious chase went on. Once, jacketless as well as hatless after capturing his fourth

dangerous game of strip poker . . . Buffalo Jones stood ready to die with his red longies on when the wolves called his bluff.

calf, the rider felt his horse stumble and go down just as he was edging up to the herd, and he got remounted and moving just in time to escape the massed charge of a dozen or more of the shaggy giants. Another time, seeking his seventh with only one boot left to leave for the purpose of warding off wolves, he swerved after his intended quarry as it ducked under a long-haired belly, and he almost crashed into a solid wall of heads and horns. Finally, barefoot and clad only in his long underwear, he reluctantly watched the dust cloud of the vanishing herd, then lifted his eighth calf to the front of his saddle and started backtracking.

In spite of the smell of his boot, wolves were circling tight to his seventh calf. Showing surprising strength for his lanky frame, he made it back into the saddle with a 3-month-old buffalo tucked under each arm, but his exhausted and overloaded horse could manage no more than a slow jarring walk, and the wolves kept pace with him as he moved slowly on. Reaching the thick clump of grass that hid his sixth calf and his other boot, he could go no farther.

Just before dark, driving a buckboard loaded with five tied calves and the boss's hat and jacket, [*Continued on page* 101]

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY DEEL

the bludgeoner in the boudoir

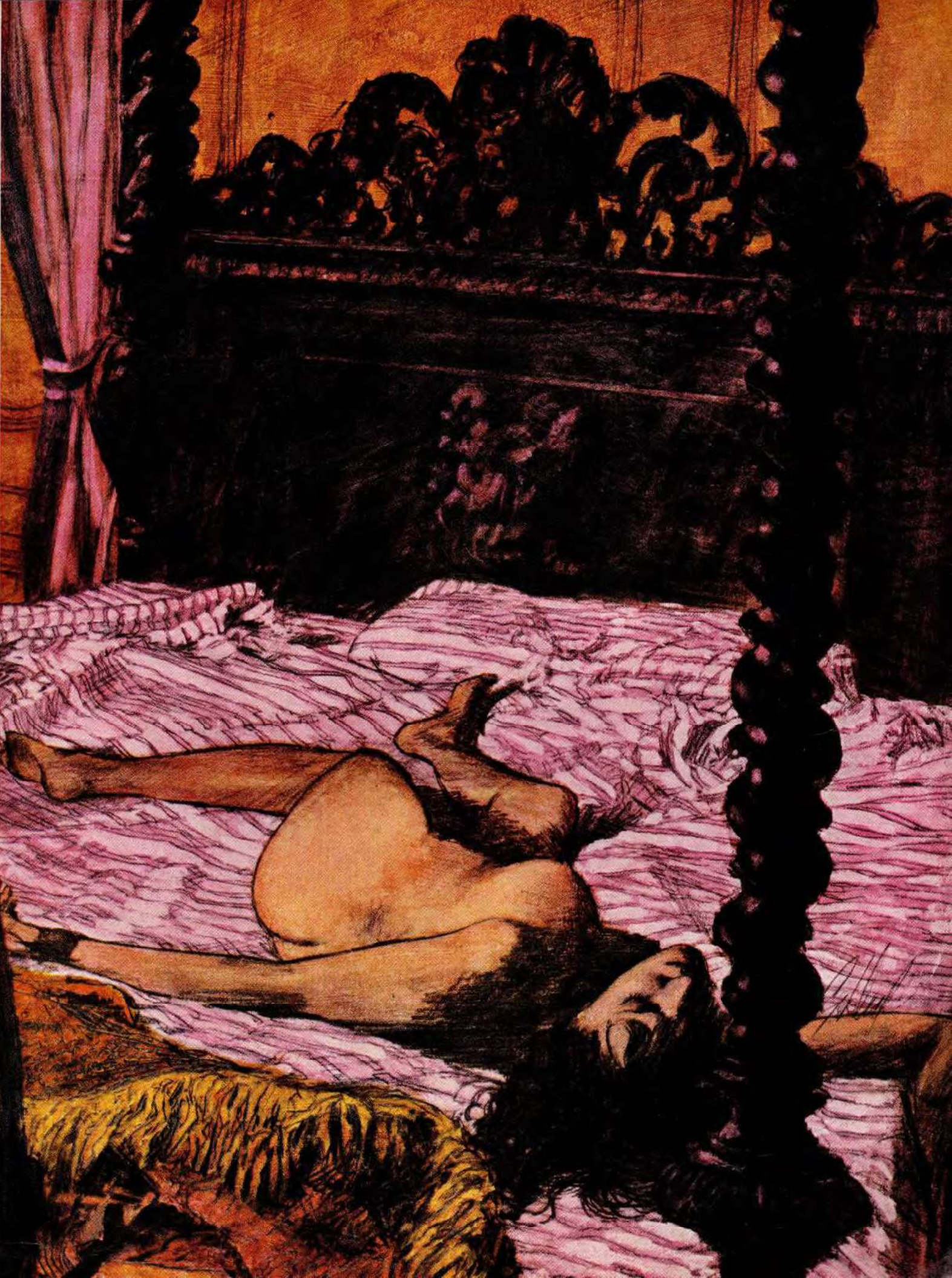
The playful beer heiress's bedroom encounter with a killer had been her last big bash. Now the cops had to find the mark she'd left on her murderer

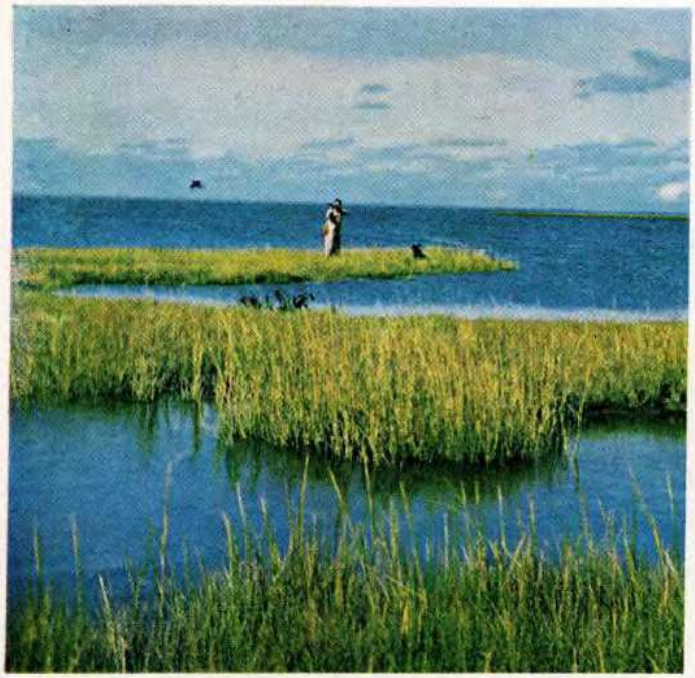
■ The strikingly beautiful brunette was lying face up on the rare antique bed, not a stitch on her, as the night wind of fall whined through the darkened streets of Manhattan's exclusive East Side. The young man who had just come into her boudoir stood at the foot of the bed, breathing heavily and looked her over from head to foot. Unfortunately he was a detective and the girl on the bed was filled, not with passion, but with rigor mortis.

The time was 8 o'clock on the night of Sunday, October 24, 1943, and the place was the second floor of a four-floor-and-basement converted brownstone in the 300 block of East 51st Street. The corpse on the bed was Mrs. Wayne William Lonergan, the estranged wife of a cadet in the Royal Canadian Air Force and heiress to a $7 million German beer fortune. A heavy antique brass candlestick had cracked her skull like a china bowl.

There were to be three men in the dark area of suspicion that Detective Bill Prendergast, the man in the boudoir, and his confreres were presently to light up. Prendergast vividly recalls, though, that he was almost from the outset in favor of one candidate for the wired seat. But the bludgeoner had been so satanically cunning about what he had done before, during and after finishing off the heiress that even when the job was [*Continued on page* 95]

She had been worth $7 million on the hoof. But to the detective her only value was a few bits of skin under her fingernails.





Gunner gets shot at a rail put to flight at edge of the sea.

The bedraggled quarry gets almost as soaked as the pursuers.

crazy sport for a sporty bird

Shoot in a stinking marsh? Brother, you'll have to swim for your life in it! But the men

■ "Well, don't just stand there, get me out!"

The good doctor's voice was a mixture of mournful reproach and desperate entreaty. He was waist-deep in muck with no foreseeable escape. One would think he had not received proper warning of what to expect on a south Jersey clapper rail shoot.

I carefully picked my way—slowly—until I was almost in reach of his outstretched hand. Almost. I stopped for another moment to view the slowly sinking form of my old friend.

"You know, you remind me of a beached whale, wallowing around like that," I remarked.

"Cut the comedy. The other guys are a mile away by now. Come on, give me your hand." He was right: the other hunters—a long ragged line of sodden, bedraggled skirmishers—were two channels ahead of us. The sound of a shot, and then another, decided me. I grabbed his arm and helped him from the tidal ooze. He was no pretty sight.

"Some hunt! You'd think I'd have learned by now," said David Lee Call, M.D., ear, nose and throat specialist, with some bitterness. Dave and I had been roommates and fraternity brothers at Ohio State University some 10 years before and possibly he hadn't listened too closely when I proposed this hunt. "It's rough as hell," I warned him as I tossed out the bait.

"Yeah," he said suspiciously, "what is it?"

"Rail shooting."

"Rail? You're putting me on! Sounds like some sort of 'snipe-hunt' gag."

But after reference to a few books I finally convinced him that there were such creatures as "rail" and that we were going to hunt them next season in the marshes around Tuckerton, New Jersey.

He was fascinated by the descriptions of various rail birds that we mined from my library. We were after clapper rail—marsh hens, if you're a southerner—one of the largest of the clan. While they are a fairly popular bird in the South, they have been largely overlooked in the Northeast, with the great exception of the south Jersey salt marshes.

Rail are long legged, grayish birds about the size of a large woodcock and have that bird's longish bill. They breed in salt marshes from Connecticut south to the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Clappers are migratory and highly sensitive to the first onslaughts of cold winds in September—they'll move out suddenly. Rail present a strange, almost ethereal quality in flight. Deceptively slow, their lazily flapping long wings fool many a hunter into missing.

Trying to keep gun dry, a hunter swims a channel with dogs.

Gripping hard-won bird, Ed Zern struggles in New Jersey marsh.

BY JAMES C. RIKHOFF

who go for rail birds claim ooze, slime and muck are mere trifles of a wacky sport

When Dave asked what kind of equipment to bring and I told him nothing he wanted to use again—and a water-ski life belt—he gave me a strange look and nodded his head slowly. I think he knew even then that there was more to rail hunting than just the shooting.

Sure enough, along came the tail end of August and Dave appeared with a pair of moth-eaten sneakers, a disreputable pair of pants that looked as if they'd been cadged from a morgue, and an old seedy-looking white dress shirt.

He also had a timeworn 16 gauge Model 97 Winchester shotgun—the old exposed-hammer "knuckle-buster." My father used to have a 12 gauge version of the same gun and I have a lot of affection and respect for the model.

"Where's your water-ski belt?" I accused.

"Don't need one. We're—at least *I'm*—not going swimming and, even if we were, I swim pretty damn good," he added in a defensive tone.

Dave's gun was a good choice for rail—16 gauge and an open choke—but I was afraid it was almost too good a gun to take into the marshes. The salt and muck wreak havoc with both the finish and the functioning of any firearm. Pumps and automatics are particularly vulnerable and have a tendency to develop stoppages due to the mess that accumulates in such actions. The best bet is an old double—inherited from someone's great uncle or from the nearby pawnshop. As long as it's got good barrels and fires when you pull the trigger, you're in business. The best gauges are the smaller ones—16 or 20. If you can handle a 28 or .410 gauge, so much the better. As with quail and woodcock, it's almost a crime to bring a big 12 bore down on a rail. As befits the smaller gauges, a rail hunter should lean toward the lightest loads with the smallest shot.

Dark and early the next morning, I hauled his protesting body from the bed in our guest room, shoved a cup of coffee and a roll at him and pushed him into the station wagon. We had to meet Dick Wolters and Ed Zern with their small pack of Labradors at 7:30 in order to hunt the high tide. Since rails will skulk, run and refuse to flush when the tidal beds are exposed during low tide, a hunting party has to time its rendezvous accordingly. It was a three-hour drive to Tuckerton from my home near High Bridge.

Ed and I had hunted the year before with Pete McLain, senior wildlife manager of the Division of Fish and Game, New Jersey Department of Conservation and Economic Development, and a group of his old rail-hunting buddies. [*Continued on page* 64]

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■ The counterrevolution had not begun suddenly or dramatically. The future was foreshadowed in Castro's first year, 1959, after he entered Havana in triumph. The first signs occurred in October, 1959, when a secret meeting of the National Agrarian Reform Institute managers of Cuba was held in Havana. There, the suspicions of young Dr. Manuel Francisco Artime were confirmed. He heard Fidel outline a plan to communize Cuba within three years.

"I realized," Artime said, "that I was a democratic infiltrator in a communist government."

Artime took a leave of absence from his government position and went underground. By November he had laid the groundwork for the first anti-Castro action group originating from within Fidel's own ranks. When Castro's G-2 began searching for the leaders, Artime took asylum with the Jesuits in Havana.

On November 7 Artime's letter of resignation from the rebel army and agrarian institute ran on the front page of *Avance* in Havana. Addressed personally to Castro, the letter explained why Artime was resigning "my position in this

THE BAY OF PIGS

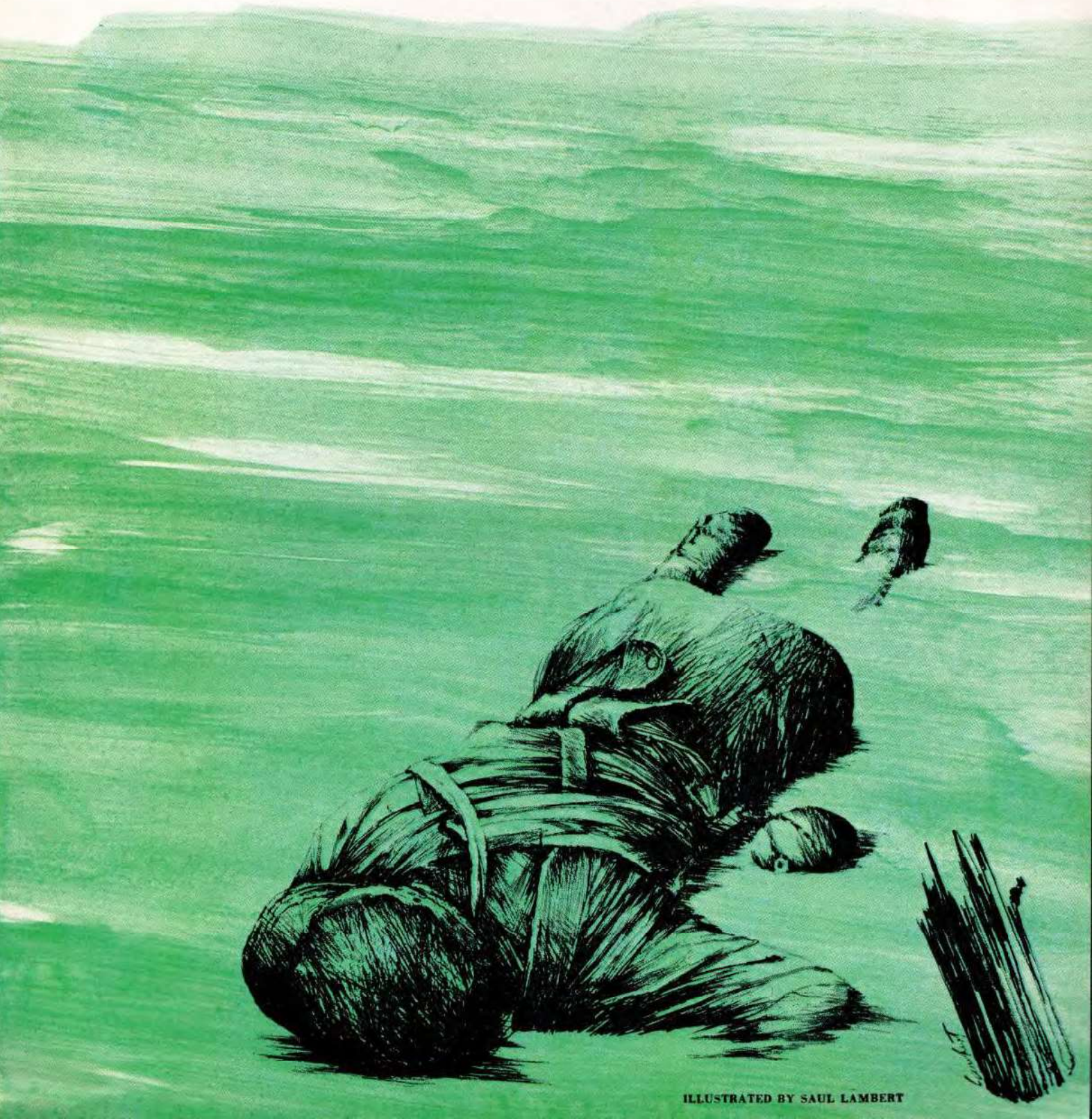
"A book to make one's flesh crawl," says *Saturday Review*. The Cuban patriots were sure they could liberate their country from Castro. But a series of lies and betrayals doomed their invasion even before they hit the beach

BY HAYNES JOHNSON
WITH MANUEL ARTIME, JOSE PEREZ SAN ROMAN, ERNEIDO OLIVA AND ENRIQUE RUIZ-WILLIAMS

Red Army," referred to the "Red masquerade," and told Castro how he "had heard from your own lips the complete plans to communize Cuba." The letter was the sensation of the day. After it appeared a Jesuit priest said he would put Artime in touch with an American who could get him out of the country. At the American Embassy, Artime met a man who called himself "Williams." In December Williams put Artime aboard a Honduran freighter bound for Tampa.

As a man destined to play so important a role in the counterrevolution, Artime was in many respects an unlikely candidate for history. He was then only 28 years old and he spoke no English. The son of a communist, he was a devout Catholic, a product of Jesuit schools. Though he had a degree as a medical doctor and was trained as a psychiatrist, he had been working with the peasants to improve agricultural production. He was short, stocky, black-haired, possessed a rasping voice and liked to write poetry.

When Artime's freighter docked in the bright morning sunshine at Tampa, he was met by "Mr. Burnett, a friend of Williams," who said he worked for a large group of



ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

Ike created it; JFK launched it. Three days after invasion's failure they met at Camp David, Md., to display unity in an hour of national crisis.

Fidel Castro's militiamen (right) counterattack near Laguna del Tesoro. Contrary to CIA predictions, the militia was well-prepared and loyal to Castro.

Capt. Pedro Luis Rodriguez of Castro's forces denounces the 1,199 captured members of the 2506 brigade at mass trial in the basketball court of Principe Prison, Havana.

wealthy capitalists who were fighting communism.

From then on, Artime was in the hands of the CIA.

In Miami more "friends" interrogated him, said they would help him get weapons, and gave him a lie detector test. After the test was over, the Americans withdrew to another room. It was late at night when they returned. He remembers their words: "Okay, Artime, you are our friend, and we are going to be very close friends of yours."

Artime was sent out of the country to tour Latin America and rally support for action against Castro. Then, on March 17, 1960, President Eisenhower authorized the CIA to organize, train and equip Cuban refugees as a guerrilla force to overthrow Castro. One of Artime's CIA contacts immediately had him fly to New York.

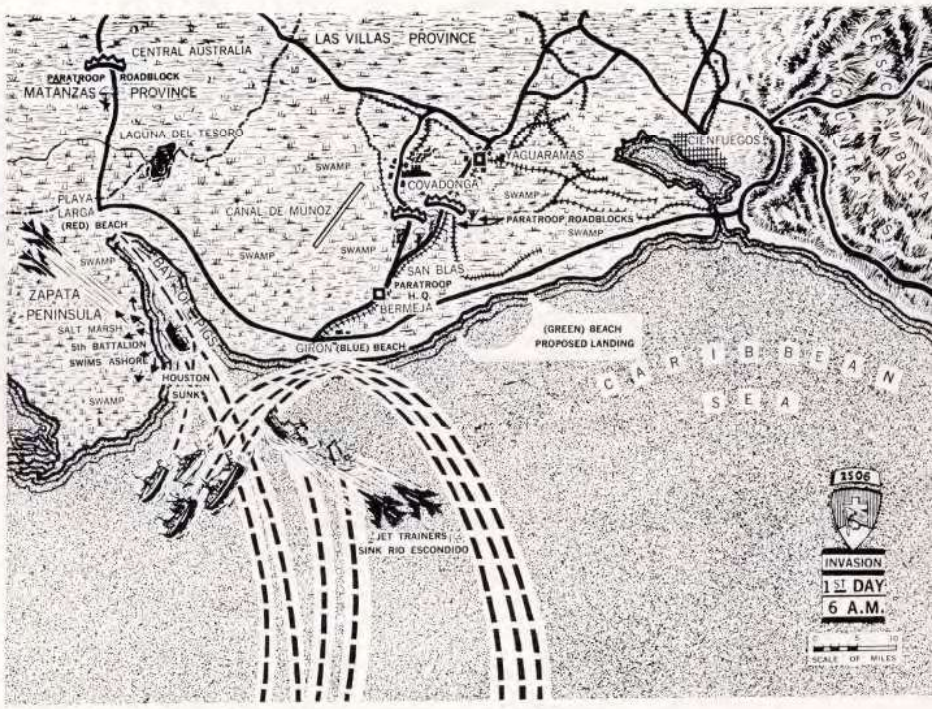
Here, in an expensive hotel, Artime met a Cuban friend accompanied by a tall, well-dressed American. The American introduced himself.

"It was the first time I heard his name," Artime said later. "I was going to hear that name until the Bay of Pigs. Frank Bender. The Great Frank Bender. 'All right, Manolo,' Bender said, 'we've got lots to talk about. I am the man in charge of the Cuban case.' "

Bender asked for Artime's thoughts on the future of Cuba. He listened quietly as Artime discussed his ideas for a guerrilla uprising in Oriente Province, and then asked, "Why not an uprising all over the island?" Artime said he didn't have enough men or weapons for that.

"Well, Artime, what if I told you that we have men who will help you to prepare for guerrilla warfare and others who will prepare men to fight in a

Sparkplugs of effort to ransom captive invaders were (left to right) Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy, Enrique Ruiz-Williams and James B. Donovan.



Map (right) shows landing points of anti-Castro forces at Playa Giron and Playa Larga. In the first day's fighting two ships were sunk by Castro planes which supposedly had been destroyed.

Brigade leaders, including four who helped write this book, present medal to Robert Kennedy for his role in liberating them. Left to right: Roberto San Roman, Manuel Artime, Ramon Ferrer, Kennedy, Enrique Ruiz-Williams, Pepe San Roman, Erneido Oliva.

conventional war with army training?"

"And you will give us the weapons?"

"All the weapons you need," Bender replied.

As he left the room, Bender shook hands and said, "Remember, Manolo, I am not a member of the United States government. I have nothing to do with the United States government. I am only working for a powerful company that wants to fight communism."

Jose Perez (Pepe) San Roman, 29, was a regular army officer who had served Cuba under a democratic regime, a dictatorship, and most recently and briefly under Fidel Castro. Tall, slender, dark-haired, quiet and reserved, he was among those freed from a Batista prison when Castro came down from the hills on New Year's Day, 1959. Before that year was out he had broken with Fidel, was again imprisoned, and finally succeeded in escaping to the United States. In Miami he was one of a group of 10 former officers planning a campaign against Fidel.

On June 2, 1960, San Roman and his fellow officers met Manuel Artime, who recruited them to go to a secret camp where men were being trained to liberate Cuba. On an island leased by Frank Bender off the west coast of Florida, Pepe and his friends joined a larger group of recruits who were being extensively tested by an American cadre. Each soldier received a serial designation starting from 2,500. That, the Americans said, would confuse the enemy; it would make Castro think there were many men instead of only a handful present. By next spring the serial numbers would be in the 4,000's.

On June 22 Pepe San [*Continued on page* 113]

BY MAX GUNTHER

Every other month a leading women's magazine stands up before its seven million readers, adjusts its rose-tinted spectacles and asks in tremulous tones: "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" The magazine then tells the story of a marriage on the rocks—a new marriage and a new pile of rocks each time. Ah, the woes! The tears! Paul won't give Paula enough spending money. Will doesn't like Wilma's mother. Henry doesn't go to bed with Henrietta any more. Oh dear, oh dear! It's enough to make a strong woman weep.

But don't cry too hard, dear readers. Everything turns out all right in the end. You see, in every case the unhappy couple ends up taking their problem to a kindly, old marriage counselor.

That solves everything, of course. The counselor always knows exactly what to do. His keen analytic mind quickly penetrates to the heart of the problem. He tells the couple just how to straighten out their mess. In a bright flash of wonder they see he has found the key to the happiness they've been missing all these years. A year later Paula's tightwad husband has given her a pink Jaguar with built-in bar and mink upholstery, Will is taking his mother-in-law to the movies and Henrietta is bag-eyed from lack of sleep.

This is the picture of marriage counselors that women evidently carry in their minds: a picture of utter benevolence and infinite wisdom, of esoteric knowledge and an almost magical ability to solve human problems that nobody else can solve. Your wife, old friend—yes, your wife—undoubtedly subscribes to this view. She believes a marriage counselor can untangle any difficulty that may arise between you and her. One day she may grow dissatisfied with the way you think or act, and she may suggest going to a counselor.

The suggestion may sound reasonable to you. After all, you think, often an intelligent third party can step into a dispute and see truths that the two disputants are too closely involved to see. You automatically assume that, if anybody can turn this trick, a marriage counselor can. You've absorbed some of your wife's feelings about marriage counselors. Our society has raised them up on a pedestal.

Well, it's time we kicked them down where they belong. It's time we exploded the Myth of Marriage Counseling. The fact is, old friend, if you let your wife talk you into visiting a counselor it could be the worst mistake *[Continued on page 84]*

the newest gimmick for hoaxing wives

Gullible women are being conned out of $500 million a year by marriage counselors who practice a "science" that's rapidly becoming a national scandal. The fact is that many of the "scientists" practicing it are boobs or crooks. And in some cases, the only sex life they improve is their own

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRV BAHRT

STEELERS
STEELERS
STEELERS

PRO FOOTBALL'S GASHOUSE GANG

"Stay loose" is their motto and they do their best training in saloons. The Pittsburgh Steelers are clearly the drinking man's choice for the NFL title

BY MYRON COPE

■ Contrary to general belief, it was not Y. A. Tittle's passing arm that hoisted the New York Giants to the Eastern Division title of the National Football League last year. There is sound reason to believe the Eastern race was, in fact, decided by a Pittsburgh quarterback's impetuous decision to go on the wagon.

That is precisely what Ed Brown did. On the final day of the season the Steelers played the Giants in New York, winner-take-the-money. The Giants led the standings by percentage points, but the Steelers, who earlier in the season had humiliated them 31-0, needed only to win this game to become Eastern champions. To the utter dismay of those who know their Steelers best, quarterback Brown, a strapping former Marine buck sergeant, took the big game too seriously. On the Wednesday preceding the showdown battle, he disappeared from his favorite saloon. He went into training.

Now Brownie is not the kind of guy who has to dry out before a game. On the contrary, he is rather a high-class drinker, favoring liquid ensembles—for example, Scotch whisky on crushed ice with a thin layer of Drambuie added. He has black hair, a chiseled jaw, and broad shoulders, and he is a bachelor who can name all the good songs from Armstrong to Kenton. So it is not in his nature to lock himself in a room.

Moreover, although his intentions were good when he decided to train for the big game, he contravened the very motto that had carried the Steelers to the brink of the title: "Stay loose." He vanished from the nocturnal stamping grounds of his teammates.

Brownie's defection went unnoticed amid the general hilarity with which other Steelers approached the crucial contest. Indeed, the New York press, covering the Steeler and Giant workouts in Yankee Stadium the day before the game, was startled by the contrasting composures of the two clubs. The Giants appeared grim, high-strung. The Steelers crackled with noisy confidence, tickled by the prospect of kicking the daylights out of all those New York players who pose for Madison Avenue's shirt ads, and then celebrating their victory up and down Broadway.

Sunday came up cold and wet. The field was a great pigpen of mud. But our Steelers—and I say "our Steelers" because I have been privileged over the past few years to spend many a robust evening with the boys—were undeterred. Our pass receivers galloped ebulliently through the slop, leaving New York's defensive backs flat on their muddied faces. Our boys held their hands aloft and yelled, "Here I am, Brownie! Put 'er here!"

But Brownie did not put her there.

He threw long yards beyond his receivers. His body, well rested, his insides dry as a temperance union president's, his head disgustingly clear, he totally lost his timing and sang-froid. Time and again he overthrew receivers who [*Continued on page* 106]

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

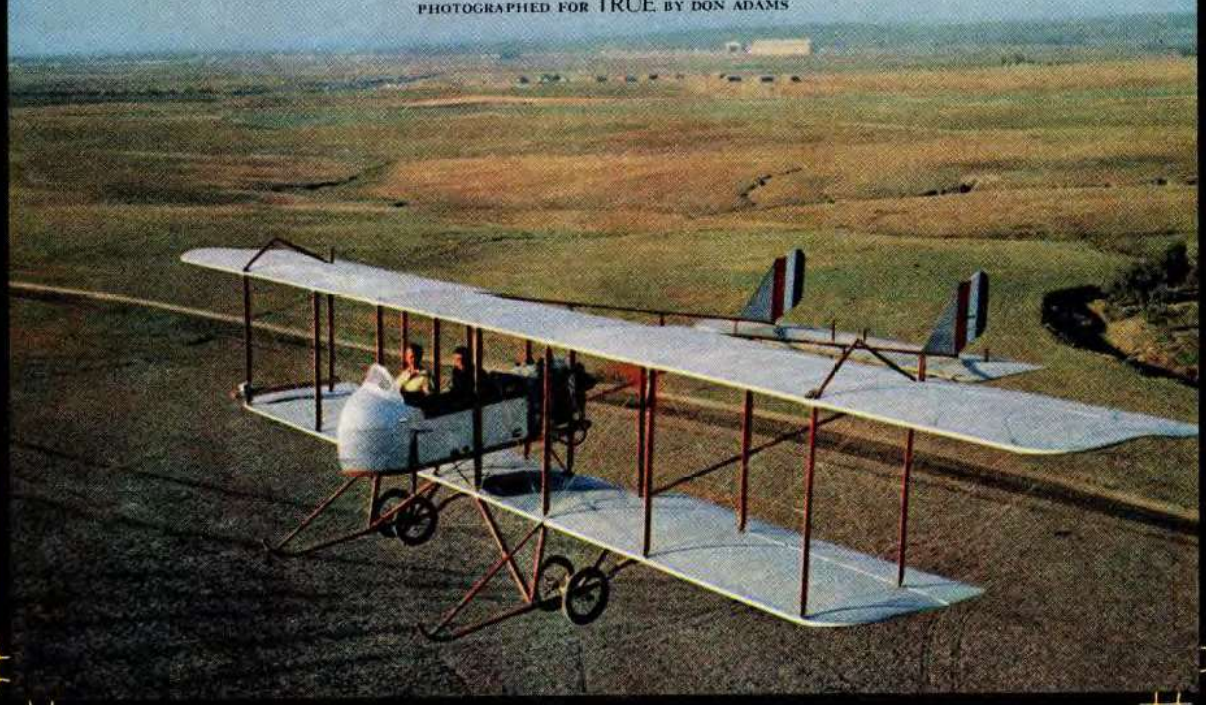
A PORTFOLIO OF

PIONEERING PLANES

In this special section, the fabulous flying machines that heralded an adventurous new age take to the skies again in photographs made exclusively for TRUE. The planes are from the world's largest private collection, now in the new Movieland of the Air museum

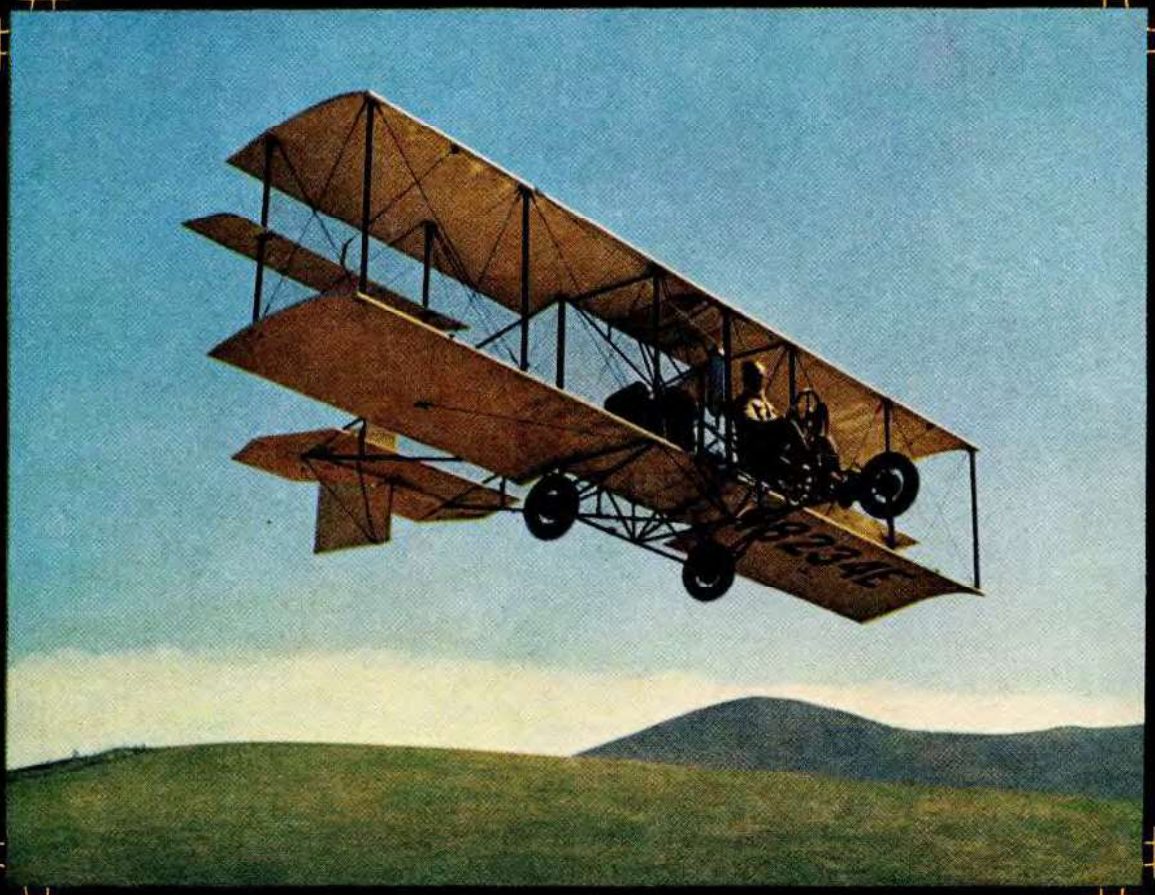
■ Many men collect history—some do it with rare coins, exotic stamps, old whisky bottles or pipes. Frank Tallman and Paul Mantz, two veteran stunt pilots, collect airplanes. Three years ago they joined collections to realize the dream each had cherished: a museum to display the whole brief history of the air age. This year, their Movieland of the Air Museum opened in Orange County, California, containing a couple of million dollars worth of aviation's past. Nearly every plane has a personal history that reflects the spirit [*Text continued on page* 62]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON ADAMS



FARNAM

Enormous Farnam has 54-foot wing span and top speed of 58 mph. Built in 1912, model above was flown throughout WWI.

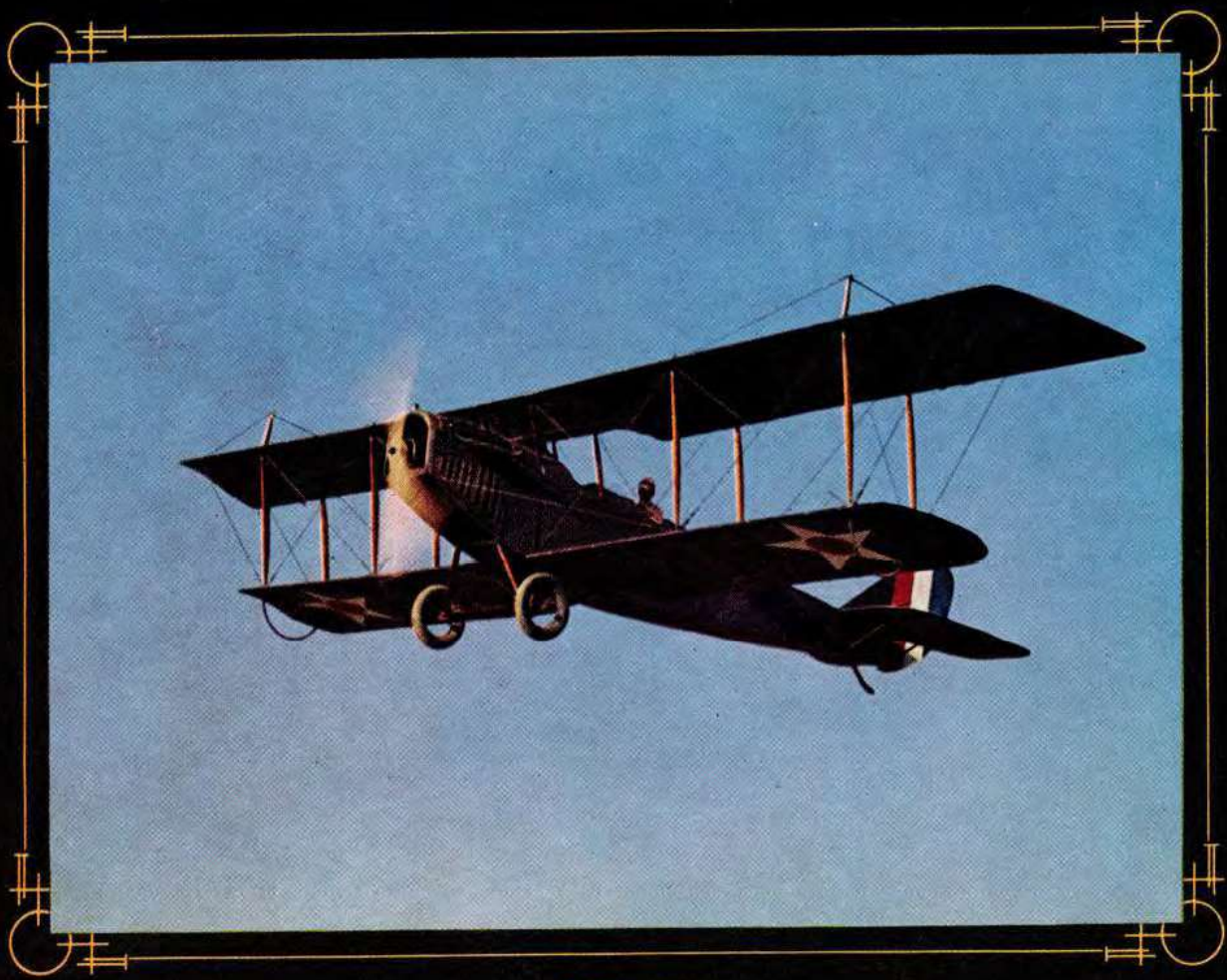


CURTISS PUSHER

Barnstorming pilots amazed crowds with steep vertical dives in early Pusher, but drag of wire maze kept diving speed down.

BLERIOT

Replica of original 1909 cross-channel Bleriot has been flown on Channel crossings itself and has same top speed of 52 mph.

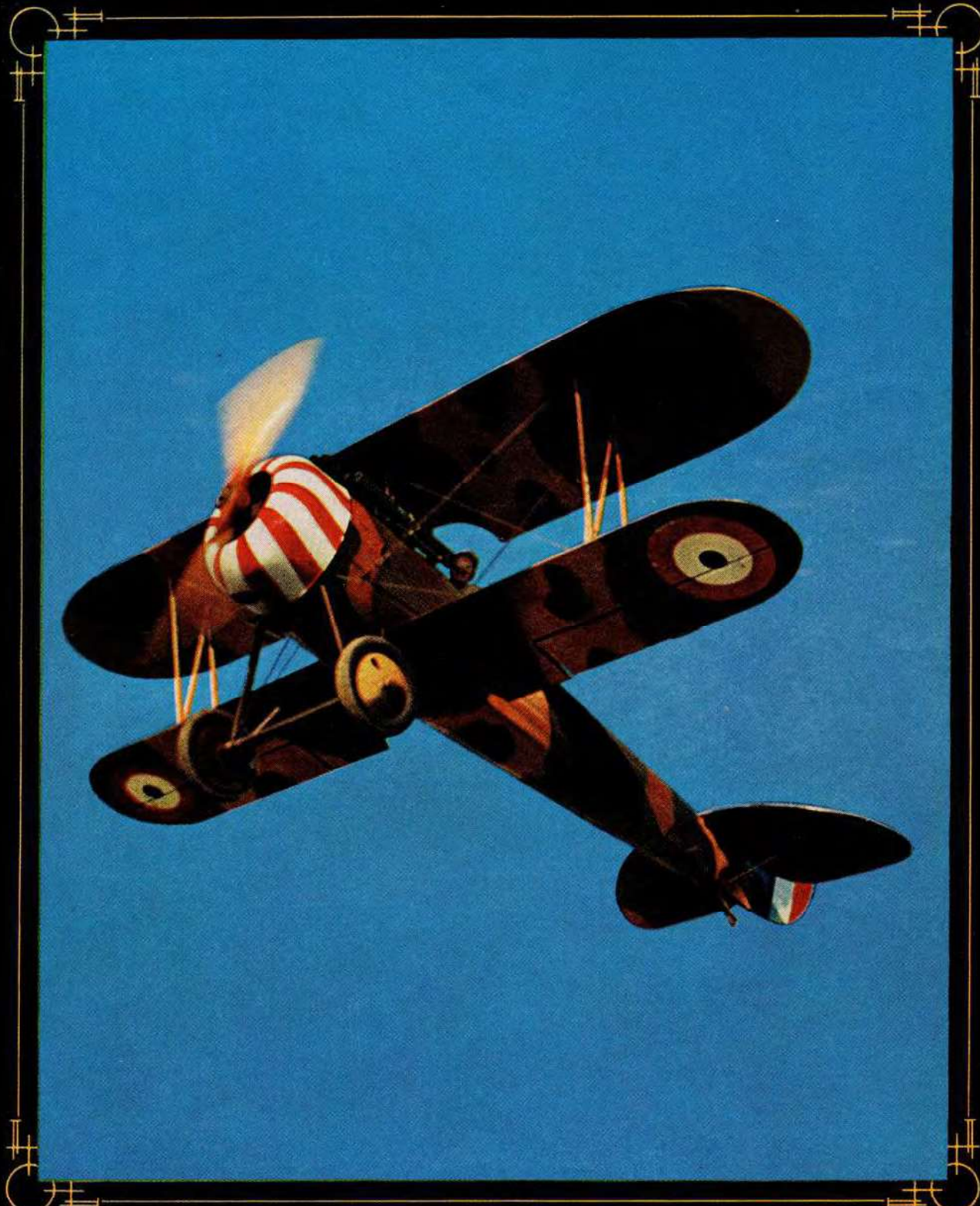


JN-4

Top speed of U.S. Jenny trainer was about 70 mph. Landing speed of 30 mph made it easy to fly out of any farm field.

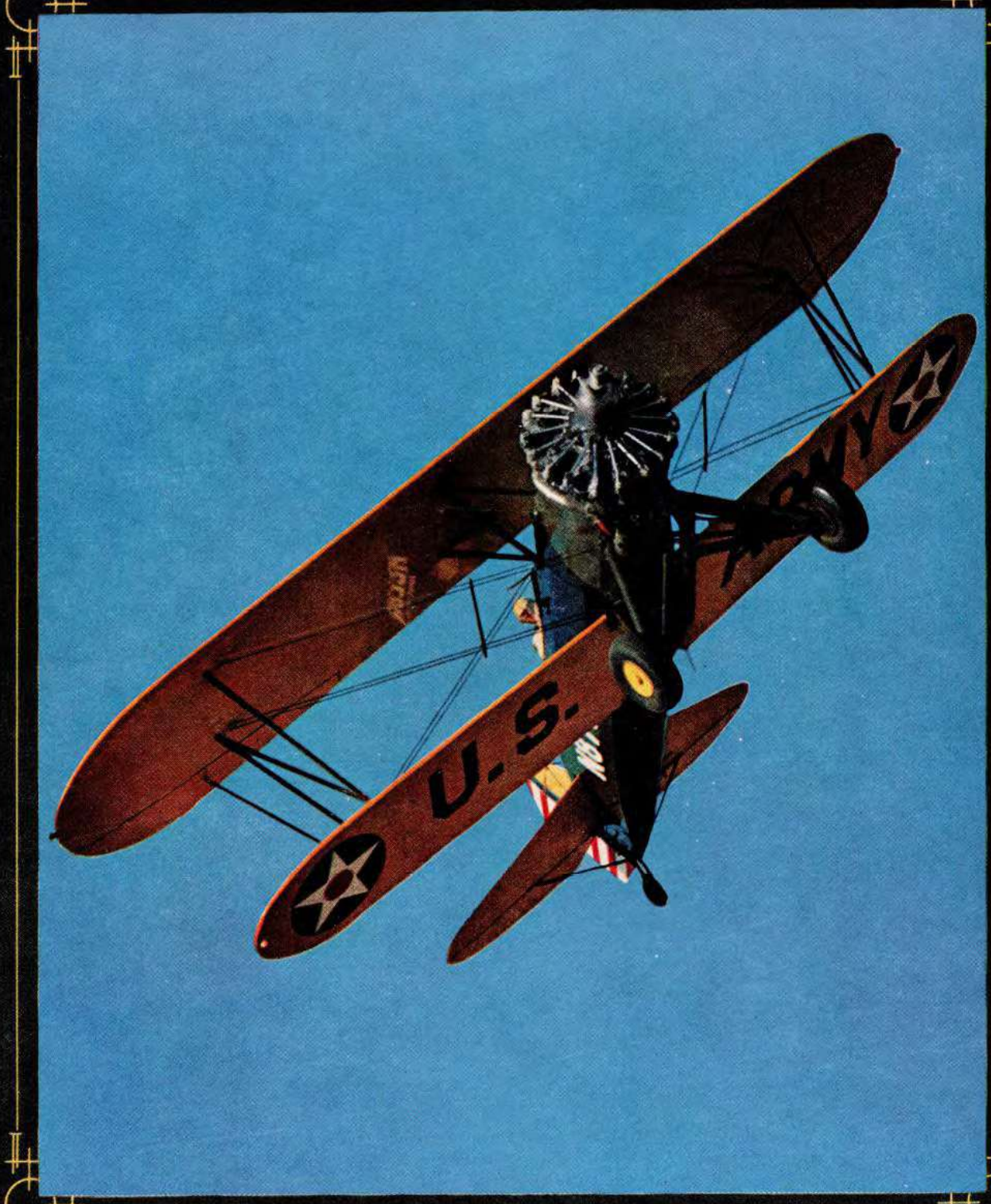
FOKKER D-7

Outstanding WWI fighter on either side. German Fokker had steel tube fuselage construction, very unusual for its time.



NIEUPORT 28

France's best WWI fighter was fast and responsive but apt to shed upper wing fabric when diving speeds approached 200 mph.



BOEING P-12

Famous for maneuverability, P-12 was flown by many current Air Force generals. This is only model still in flying shape.

CURTISS HAWK

This Hawk, which is last one now flying, has performed in more acrobatic exhibitions than any other single plane.

LOCKHEED VEGA

Vega was greatest over-ocean record-holder and was flown by Amelia Earhart in 30's. This model carries her colors and number.

UPI

Marriage hasn't changed Tony—soft drinks still confuse him.

CHAMPAGNE TONY LEMA: SMOOTH SWINGER IN A ROUGH GAME

He has teed off from a 12th-floor hotel room, danced all night before a tourney and smiled at pressure putts worth thousands. On the tension-filled pro circuit, he's the big-money winner who proves the game is made for fun

BY BILL LIBBY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

■ The Imperial Valley Open in El Centro, California, early in 1957 was a bag of few tricks, not even an official PGA tournament. But some of the nation's best golfers had dropped in, fellows who cut throats, as well as strokes, for small change. Tony Lema, who had never beaten the best anywhere, who had no money and no sponsor, wanted to win. But he did not think he could. As usual, he was swinging loose. After three rounds, he trailed Paul Harney by six strokes. On the last round, he shot an eagle with a 45-foot chip shot on the ninth, nailed three more birdies coming down the stretch and finished with a 65. But he was still three strokes down and Harney was wrapping up. Lema retired to the bar for consolation.

After three cocktails, he was informed Harney had faltered and finished in a tie. Tony had to stagger back onto the course for a sudden-death play-off. While an upset Harney was pressing, Lema was feeling no pain. Harney drove farther and chipped closer on the first hole, but could only break even when Lema sank a tricky 14-foot putt. Harney drove farther on the second hole, but when Lema chipped closer, Harney hung his head. From 25 feet away, he putted a foot short. Lema knocked in a nine-footer to win. "I was drunk all right . . . with power," Tony says. "First prize was a piddling thou-

An exuberant Tony Lema (left) with symbols of his trade and fame. The champagne that accompanies his triumphs really flowed when he won $67,000 on the golf tour last year.

SMOOTH SWINGER IN A ROUGH GAME

Youngsters at a tournament site recognize a kindred, happy-go-lucky soul in Tony. He likes big cars, drives as hard on a highway as on a fairway.

No believer in economy living, he always brings a handsome wardrobe to tourneys, says that he now makes almost as much money as he spends.

sand, second just $300 less. But the difference was not bread. The difference was me and him, victory and defeat, everything and nothing."

At the Westchester (N.Y.) Country Club's Thunderbird Classic this past June, the difference *was* bread—eight thousand dollars' worth of it. First prize money was $20,000 and the second place purse was $12,000. With the pressure on, Tony birdied the final two holes and won by one stroke. A week later, Lema became the first pro since 1962 to score consecutive tournament victories when he posted an 11 under par 277 to win $8,000 and the Buick Open.

It is perhaps easier to choke up in golf than in any other sport. It is not a sport in which you can get fired up and go out and hit someone. It is a sport of touch and timing and control. When Ben Hogan, considered the calmest of competitors, admitted he had quit when he had grown afraid to hit the ball, it was something all golfers could understand. So it is not surprising that Champagne Tony Lema, the game's coolest cat and biggest swinger, has become one of its most attractive and hottest players.

Like other low-pressure guys in this high-pressure sport, such as Walter Hagen and Jimmy Demaret before him, Tony finds his fun off the course and on. Tall, thin and handsome, looking somewhat like TV's Johnny Carson, Tony is the playboy of the pros. The parties he throws are legend. One night, Lema and fellow celebrants drove golf balls out the window of a 12th-floor hotel suite down St. Paul's main street. It has been reported that on another night, the first joint round of the Men's and Ladies' PGA was played. On still another night, the boys and girls twisted so hard and so late that one of the pros

TONY'S TIPS TO MAKE

1. Get a girl friend or get married. Soft words and soft lips can make you forget a bad round quicker than anything else. But keep her off the course. If she's not worrying about her game, she can help you forget yours. There's room for only one golfer in a family. Except if you have a son, encourage him to play. There's so much loot in the game these days, he may make enough so you won't have to bother.

2. Don't take advice from anyone you can beat. If you do take advice, don't take much. Quit looking for some secret to the game. There's no secret. There's only practicing and playing. Quit fooling around with your game. Most golfers experiment so much, they remind me of the fellow who keeps sawing legs off a table: It's never going to come out straight.

3. Play for a little money. The only way to really improve is to put yourself under pressure. But

recalls, "We all wound up looking like pretzels."

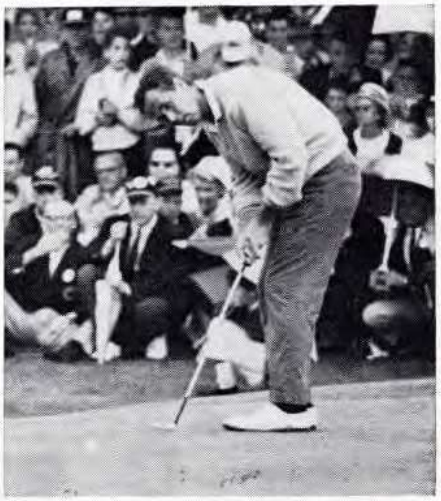
Lema's image as The Boldest Bachelor was fashioned publicly a couple of years back—prior to his marriage early last season—when Los Angeles sports writer Bud Furillo regarded him as another Bo Belinsky.

"What does Bo do that I don't do?" asked Tony in a classic interview that caught the interest of the nation's press. "I may not be a daily item in Winchell's column, but I've never needed publicity to get a date.

"Females are the spice of life. If someone asked me to choose between a round of 63 and a date with a beauty-contest winner, I might lean toward the latter. . . . Ballplayers may have their 'Baseball Annies' waiting at the stadium door. You better believe we have our 'Golfing Gerties,' too. I'm not what you could call a strict abstainer from the fun life."

No one ever claimed he was. In fact, it wasn't so long ago that one of the pros suggested, "If Lema hasn't made the most of his ability, it's because he likes wine with his meals and feminine companionship with his meals and he likes to dine late. I'm surprised if he's up before noon, much less able to tee off. He plays all night, so how can he play all day, too? He still thinks this blank game is fun."

Which Tony does. But for a couple of years now he has been contradicting his critics by scoring steadily with his personal philosophy. "I'm considered a carefree sort," he explains. "But people don't realize that carefree guys can have hot temperaments, too, which I do. I used to get plenty hot. I couldn't forgive myself for a bad shot or a bad round. I'd blow myself out of the money time after time. [*Continued on page* 71]



$20,000 shot: Lema sinks final eight-foot putt in rain to win 1964 Thunderbird.

Tony shows the casual style and the swing that make him a headliner. He started this year with three-stroke victory in the Bing Crosby Open.

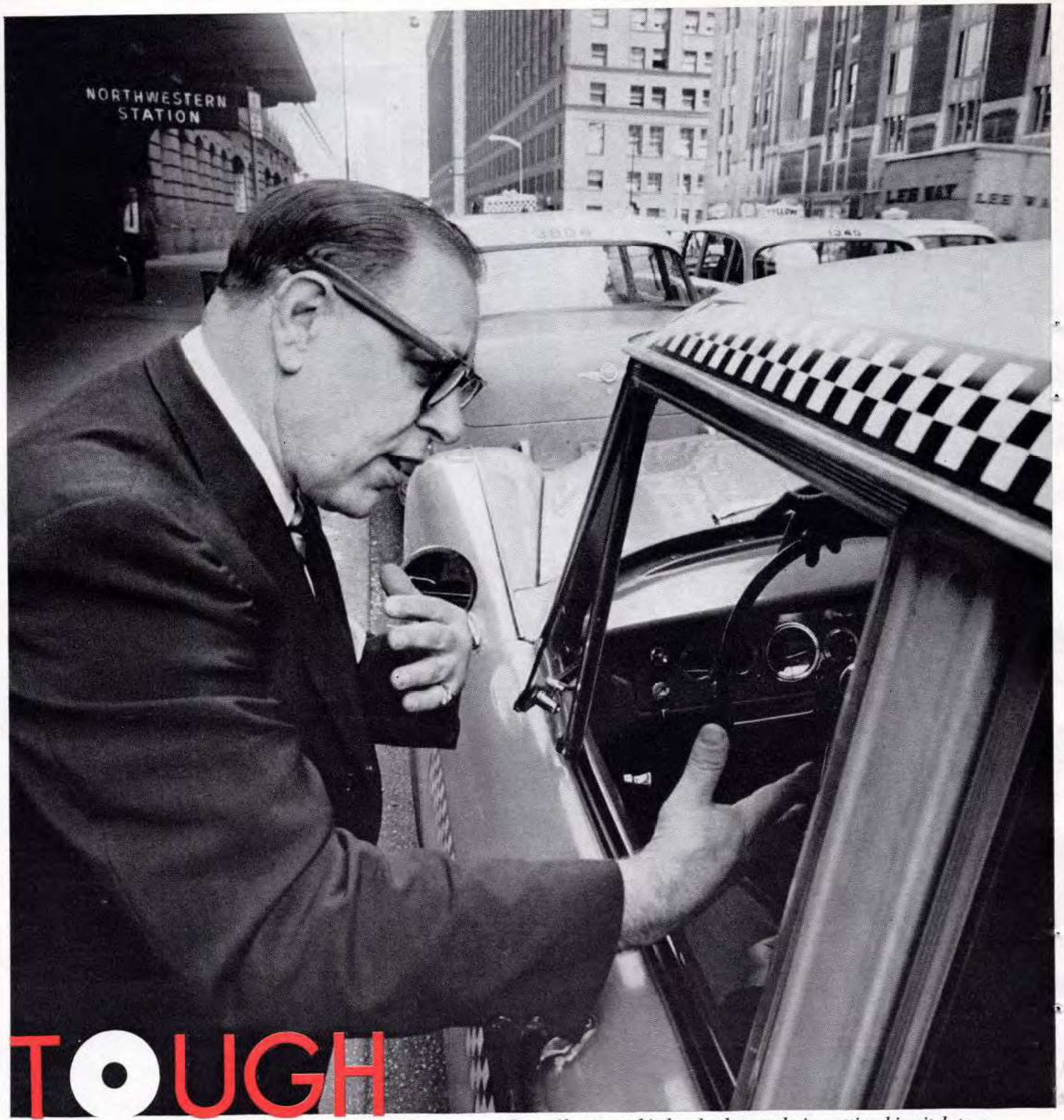
A Lema gallery usually is dotted with girls of all ages. He enjoys large followings—and if someone winks, he makes it a point to wink back.

YOU A CAREFREE GOLFER

never play for so much it'll hurt you to lose. And never bet with someone you can't beat. And if it's someone you can beat, always offer him one stroke less handicap than he needs.

4. Don't try to bear down from the first hole to the 18th green. No one's nerves can take it. Relax between shots. Talk with the other players as you walk around the course. And don't talk golf. If they're grouchy, find someone else to play with. Save your concentration for the shots themselves. Learn to turn it on and turn it off.

5. Get so you're as proficient at playing the 19th hole as you are the other 18. A good golfer can hold his liquor. A carefree golfer leaves his golf on the course. If golf gets to be your whole life, give up the game. There are other things in life besides golf. Go out and look for them. And if you find them, let me know. Maybe there's something I've missed.



Dom Abata uses his hands eloquently in putting his pitch to a cabbie. He uses fists when arguing with a Hoffa organizer.

TOUGH TOPPLER OF HOFFA'S TEAMSTERS

Big boss Jimmy Hoffa has lost a trial round for jury tampering, but his greatest threat isn't a prison term—it's an alley-brawling organizer named Dominic Abata

Optimistically, since James R. Hoffa, the motorized Napoleon, was convicted last March of tampering with a Tennessee jury, editorial writers and government officials have been talking as if his tarnished career were over. At last, they trumpet, the most powerful labor boss in history has been gunned down in flight and the 1.7 million Teamsters can look forward to cleaner control. More sophisticated observers, however, point out that Hoffa is not yet in prison, that he may never be, and that even if he is at some vague date in the future, he may still keep his foot on the Teamster throttle.

Many labor experts believe the best *real* hope of knocking Hoffa on his silk-suited can lies elsewhere. And some point to a cussing, cigar-chewing alley brawler named Dominic Andrew Abata. For more than five years, Abata has been hammering away at the Teamster dictator. And a reporter who has chronicled the careers of both men told me recently, "Dom Abata just may be the most dangerous character Hoffa has ever run across."

Abata's weapon is revolt by the rank and file. He was president for 14 years of Teamsters' Local 777, representing some 6,000 drivers and garage workers for Chicago's two biggest taxicab companies. According to testimony before a Senate committee, he was forced out in 1951 when crime-syndicate mobsters, represented by the notorious Joey Glimco, seized control. Then six years later, at the risk of his life, Abata began fighting back.

With only a skeleton crew of organizers, he fanned rebellion among Chicago cabbies. Hoffa poured more than $200,000 into a vicious anti-Abata campaign. Violence flared in the streets when some of the toughest labor goons who ever swung blackjacks tried to stop the revolt. But Abata managed to gain enough support to demand a representation election. On the eve of the balloting, the Terrible Teamster himself appeared at a cab drivers' rally and bragged, "I'll be waiting for that telephone call tomorrow, telling me we've won."

When the call came, it was a wrong number for Jimmy Hoffa. The man the Teamsters had derided as "Dummynic" and "Duncey" had buried the trucking tyrant in a landslide. It was the first such defeat in Hoffa's spectacular career. But not the last.

More blows to his ego and the fabled Teamster invincibility came thick and fast:

- In Cincinnati, Abata's Chicago revolt built up a psychological reaction. For several years three Teamster locals, representing nearly 4,000 beverage-truck drivers, developed pressures for disaffiliation; finally, in August, 1961, they withdrew from the independent International Brotherhood and obtained an AFL-CIO charter to replace it.
- In St. Louis, several months later, 300 cab drivers bolted from Teamster control and joined with Abata, who by then had affiliated his Chicago drivers with the Seafarer's International Union and had become SIU vice president in charge of transportation workers. (Last year, Abata again won support of the Missouri drivers, despite Hoffa's personal on-the-street campaign for their votes.)
- At Bakersfield, California, in January, 1962, Abata and the SIU entered a three-way slug-fest with the Teamsters and the Longshoremen for representation of 3,500 oil-field workers in an independent union. Abata was on the scene offering "invaluable strategy advice," says the workers' president, and reaped a 9-to-1 victory for the SIU.
- In San Diego that April, nearly 500 cabbies broke from the Teamsters. The rebels' leaders modeled their moves after Abata's Chicago revolt and consulted him frequently. (This year, they applied for an SIU charter.)
- Then, in Detroit, Abata took on Hoffa in his home territory. He helped trounce the Teamsters in August, 1962, in an election among taxicab garage helpers in which Hoffa got only two votes. A year later, 190 Detroit drivers also joined Abata, although Hoffa's agents were urging them to vote "no union," and the majority of some 2,000 workers in another Detroit cab company have asked to follow suit. (An NLRB election among these men, held as this was written, was won by Abata's group, which is now awaiting certification as bargaining agent for them.)
- Back in St. Louis, a group of moving-van drivers last year defied Teamster pleas and voted in with Abata. And last January, 400 drivers from the city's biggest taxi firm also dumped the Teamsters and moved into Abata's growing stable.
- The newest fight may be brewing in Reno, where disgruntled ex-Teamsters approached Abata last April to organize 300 heretofore-non-union cabbies, and where Teamster legmen now are beginning to beat the streets for members.

Hoffa's recent conviction in Chattanooga, his first in at least 20 courtroom battles, in no way lessens Abata's continuing significance. With the Teamster boss's proven talents for beating the rap he may well win out on an appeal that will take two years or more to reach a decision. And he says he'll stay at the Teamster helm throughout. "I've never given up a fight yet," Hoffa says, "and I don't intend to now."

Furthermore, top Teamster leaders have suggested that Hoffa could continue to run the vast union even from the penitentiary (*à la* gangster Vito Genovese and his Cosa Nostra). If not, one of his hand-picked henchmen could run it for him. Some labor observers see pint-sized Joey Glimco, identified by Senate investigators [*Continued on page* 90]

By CHARLES REMSBERG
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ART SHAY

Wide World

In 1937 driver Abata led rioting Chicago cabbies in revolt against starvation pay, brought them together into the local that set off his union career.

BY ROBERT CHRISTIE
ILLUSTRATED BY MORTON KUNSTLER

Scrambling up the icy cliff was like climbing a ladder without rungs. But the worst battle lay ahead.

ARCTIC ORDEAL ON THE HEARTLESS ROCK

Eskimos call it Umanarsuk, "the heart-shaped rock." Before long the three castaway fliers were cursing its Godforsaken barrenness, knowing that it would take a miracle to keep their lives from ebbing away

■ It happened three hours out of Iceland. At 11,000 feet with the Greenland peaks visible a hundred-odd miles ahead, the port engine quit.

The elderly Hampden bomber, tugged along by her two 1,025 hp Bristol radials, had been ticking as smoothly as a watchmaker's dream. She minded her business, and her three-man Royal Canadian Air Force crew minded theirs. It was just a routine west-bound flight from bomb-battered Britain to Canada where the Hampden was to be used as a training ship.

Then the port engine stopped between one beat and the next. It didn't choke or splutter or make any of those distressing noises departing engines so often do. It simply died and went wherever good Bristols go.

Pilot Bob Coffman of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who in 1940 had quit his job as a TWA first officer to ferry bombers to and from Britain, knew that a Hamp with half its plant gone loses altitude. These old crates weren't built to stay upstairs without all their horses.

"Maybe we can sneak it out," Coffman said over the intercom. Then to Ronald Snow of Digby, Nova Scotia, the radio operator: "Anyway, Ron, it might be an idea to SOS our position."

It was his way of saying they were in trouble.

The transmitting gear having gone with the engine, Snow had only the emergency battery left to get out his distress signals. He wondered if any stations would hear him. They were in a part of the North Atlantic where transmission was often bad.

While the signals went out, the navigator, RCAF Pilot Officer Norman E. Greenaway of Alberta, tried to reduce the ship's load by throwing overboard everything he could move or lift.

The starboard engine howled in protest as Coffman nudged its throttle forward. But as the Hampden continued to lose height, the pilot was forced to reduce power to avoid a spin. Fine as he was cutting it, his altimeter told him he was running out of sky. It kept backing down—first to 9,000 feet, then to 6,000, finally to 5,000. The brief sub-Arctic day was already gloomy with twilight, but it was not too dark to see the ice fields below.

The Hamp, its remaining engine now cut back and laboring, was teetering on the edge of a stall when Greenaway said something over the plane's

ARCTIC ORDEAL ON THE HEARTLESS ROCK

intercom. Coffman took his eyes from his instruments for the moment it took him to reach for his mike. That second of distraction proved one second too many.

The stalling-point, close anyway because of the struggle to maintain height, came as the aircraft shuddered and then rocked over in a tight left-hand spin. The men were pinned fast by the centrifugal force of the plane's spiral down. Nothing Coffman could do checked their fall. The Atlantic rushed up like a glad-hander.

Then for no reason readily explained, the ship sobered up, lurching out of her spin with less than a thousand feet left to go. The scene at their feet was not comforting. The dirty light revealed a sea rumpled with swells and spotted with floes and bergs. Though it was only October, the winter of 1943 appeared to be already in business. It didn't seem to Coffman that there was enough open water for a man to wash his hands in—much less enough to ditch. But there was no choice.

"Okay," Coffman said when they had 200 feet left. "We're going to ditch."

Tail-down, the Hamp smashed into the water with a cloud of spray and bucked to a stop. The three scrambled out of the hatches, relieved to see the emergency dinghy—the self-inflating kind—had been automatically released from the engine nacelle and was bobbing at the end of its line there under the port span like a yellow doughnut. They hastily made for it, leaping from a wing already under water. They got off none too soon. Sixty seconds later the Hampden rolled over and disappeared.

The men in the dinghy spun away. The Greenland coast was somewhere 20 miles to the west and to be reached only if the vein-like channels were clear of both floes and inshore packs.

Just before darkness came, young Snow looked up at a berg whose base they were skirting. "Anyone take ice in his drink?"

That was their last laugh. The radio officer did not voice his worries about his signals not getting through. There was enough anxiety, he felt, without his adding more.

Darkness came almost at once and the long northern night began. And yet the 18 hours that followed were not altogether dark. There was some light from the moon and a faint, ghostly shine from a sky crowded with stars. The scene they vaguely lit was not a comforting one.

The men were adrift in a world whose architect might have been a maniac. The dinghy bobbed and spun and slid as the rollers did what they pleased with it. Bergs the size of castles, white and grim in that light, towered over them and seemed to be doing a weird, ponderous dance as they heaved on the swells and then dipped in the troughs. Chunks of ice the size of freight cars rushed past from every direction, the dinghy nervous and skittish in their wakes. It was like being caught in a sea-going thimble and under constant torpedo attack. The three, cramped as they were, grew stiff as the night got colder.

They talked little, the subject first in their minds needing no comment. Nor was a toteboard needed to tell them what the odds were. Greenaway did say once, "Wish somebody'd give me a chance to play with fire right now."

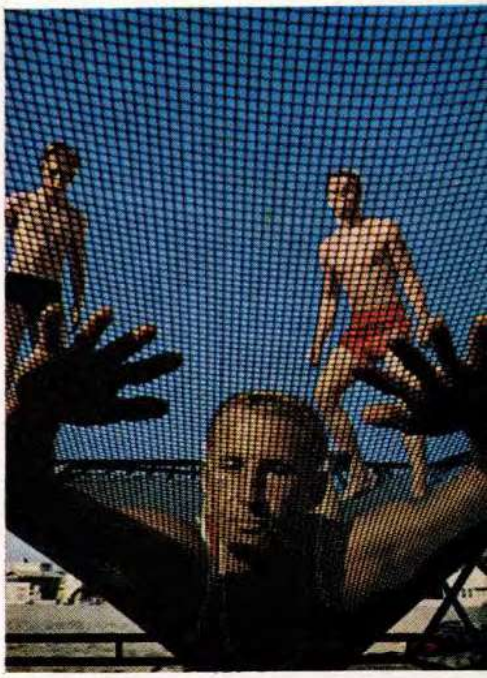
Time had already begun its tricks. An hour's worth was packed into five minutes and finally, because it was too discouraging, they ceased looking at their watches. The changing positions of the stars told them they were headed somewhere roughly southwest. But none knew where.

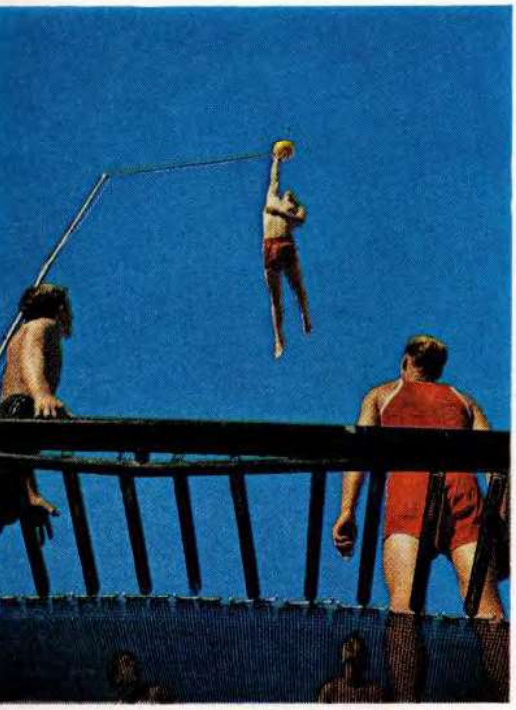
They were at first puzzled about why the night should be so noisy. It was like being caught in a giant's shooting gallery. They suspected that somewhere close by a naval engagement was taking place, or that perhaps a convoy was fighting off an enemy submarine attack. Salvo after salvo cracked and rumbled through the darkness. Then they realized the sounds came from thunderous collisions between icebergs. The pig-squeal of floes scraping one another shrieked across the water. [*Continued on page 76*]

KOOKIE KIPPERS

IN U. S. VERSION OF AUSTRALIAN GAME CALLED KIPPING, A HOT-BED TRAMPOLINE IS SENDING FLIERS TO NEW HEIGHTS—AND NEW LOWS. HIGH FLIER DAR ROBINSON, REACHING FOR YELLOW PAINT TO PROVE HE'S BEEN THERE, AND ROD PACK, MAKING DEEP BELLY LANDING, ARE SETTING RECORDS IN A BRAND-NEW KIND OF TRAMPOLINE SOARING.

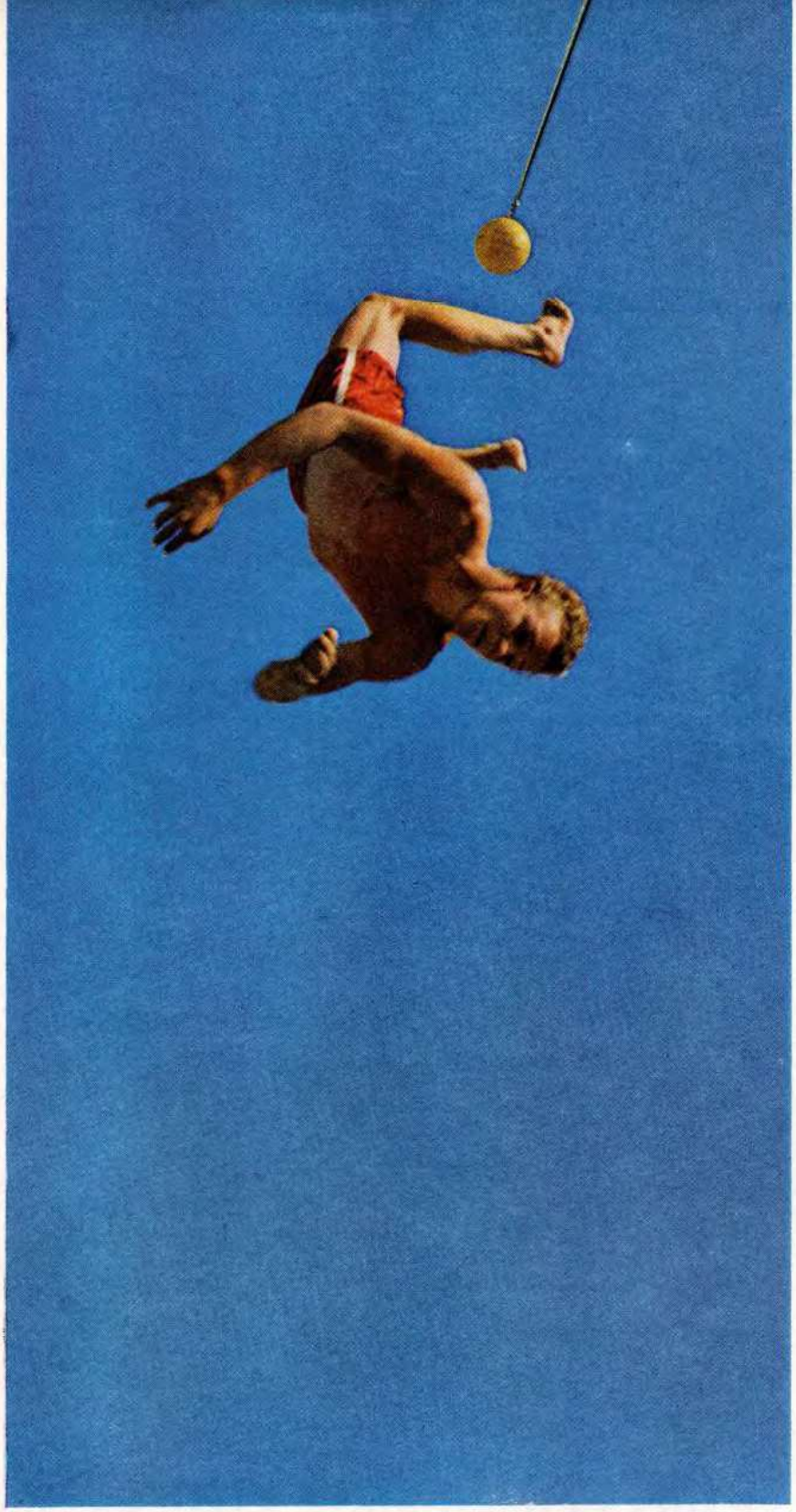
MORE →





KIPPING COMPANIONS

THEY HELP BY GIVING DOWNWARD PUSH ON TRAMPOLINE BED AS SOARER BOUNCES. THEIR MOMENTUM HELPS SNAP HIM 30-PLUS FEET INTO THE AIR. VERTICAL SPRING MAKES IT EASIER FOR HIM TO RETAIN BODY CONTROL AND TO TOUCH YELLOW BALL. BUT SHOCK OF SNAPPING BED IS APT TO BREAK A LEG.



BELLY BOUNCES

THESE ALLOW SOARER'S BODY TO ABSORB SHOCK EVENLY, BUT HE MUST THEN FLIP IN AIR BY DOING SLOW ROLLS, CALLED "PORPOISES", TO TOUCH THE BALL. AUSTRALIAN HOT-BED TRAMPOLINE IS RAISED ON BLOCKS AND BEACH SAND IS SCOOPED AWAY UNDERNEATH TO GIVE CLEARANCE FOR SMASHING, CRASH LANDINGS.

Out of the fastest Indianapolis 500 in history comes an all-new

Fir

THE

INTRODUCING FIRESTONE'S NEW NYLON '500'

with wrap-around tread & gold-stripe styling

tire for your greater mileage and highway safety, from...

estone

GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING

A. J. FOYT, *1964 winner at 147.350 mph, shown above leading the pack, says: "Firestone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change."*

This year Firestone again proved it was the greatest tire name in racing by winning in the Indianapolis 500 for the 41st consecutive time. For the first time, the winning car went the full 500 miles without a tire change, and set a new speed record. In addition, every car that finished was on Firestones; not one of them changed a tire!

Now, the same Sup-R-Tuf rubber and Super-Weld body construction in durable Firestone race tires are available in Firestone tires for your car. And out of Firestone's history-making triumph at Indianapolis comes the all-new Nylon "500" tire.

Like Firestone race tires, the "500" features a wide wrap-around tread, bolstered shoulders and gold-stripe styling. The new wrap-around tread puts more rubber on the road for longer mileage and surer traction, especially on curves. The bolstered shoulders mean added rubber to reinforce the tread; you get arrow-straight stability even at turnpike speeds. The gold stripe marks the "500" as the tire built with the same durable Sup-R-Tuf rubber and super-strength nylon cord that made history at Indianapolis. And it's backed by Firestone's famous No-Limit, Road Hazard guarantee.

You can charge the new Nylon "500" at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

"500" ®, Sup-R-Tuf, Super-Weld—Firestone T.M.'s.

All Firestone passenger tires carry a guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials for the life of the original tread; replacements prorated on tread wear at then current Firestone prices.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
Photographed for TRUE by LEONARD NONES

Campus Check List: WHAT

Twice in a young fellow's life wardrobe requirements come into sharp focus—and in opposite extremes. He has to decide what *not* to take along when he goes in the service (pajamas are taboo), and what he *should* bring with him (sweaters are a must) when he heads off to college. Discharge firmly in hand, our concern now is the latter. We don't like to set down a long list of pretentious rules and regulations about what a man should or shouldn't wear. That's his business. If he feels comfortable, and

In photo above, model is wearing herringbone tweed Quadrobe outfit which comes with flannel vest and an alternate pair of slacks for suit-sports jacket variation, by Sears. Quadrobe outfit is also shown in foreground. Vicuna-colored all-weather coat, designed to serve as both raincoat and dress coat, is by Alligator. Suit shown on case at right is a Dacron and cotton wash and wear in natural-colored poplin, by Palm Beach. Hats are by Sears, Roebuck.

TO PICK FOR PACKING

looks good, that's all that matters. Colleges all across the country offer widely diverse standards of style—from the Levi lads at the University of Arizona to the tweedy set at Princeton. Following is True's college check list, the well-rounded, year-round wardrobe that will win an "A" for attire anywhere, North, East, South or West. ☐ Suits: three. The basic dark suit is most important. Others are optional. Be reasonable. It's nice to have seven

Ties shown in lower photo are by Wembley, Resilio, Superba and Beau Brummel. Shirts are by Manhattan, Van Heusen and Arrow. Blue sports shirt in foreground is Durene mercerized knit by F. A. MacCluer. Photo at right shows model wearing sports jacket and slacks by Michaels Stern; raincoat is a Lord Raglan in fabric by Klopman Mills. Shown drapped are sports jacket by Michaels Stern, slacks and sweater by Sears, and shorts by Arrow.

or eight suits, but even businessmen rarely can afford that many. ☐ Sports jackets: at least two, more if possible, but not too many or you'll be lending them out all over the place. Remember that some suits are available with an extra, alternate pair of trousers for suit-sports coat variation.

☐ Coats: one raincoat, one topcoat, one casual outerwear coat. Many companies offer fine selections in all-weather coats, the raincoat and topcoat combined. ☐ Jackets: one, two or three, depending on climate. ☐ Sweaters: a big item on campus, try to bring six. ☐ Slacks:

At left, model wears Butwin of Minnesota bouclé pullover, wool shirt by Pendleton, Frisko Jeens by Can't Bust 'Em. He holds reversible jacket by Pendleton. Drapped are mufflers by Pendleton, trousers by Metro in Klopman Mills fabric. Shoes at right are wing-tips by Bostonian, sneakers by B. F. Goodrich, saddle shoes by G. H. Bass, loafers, from top, by Johnsonian, Evans and Sebago Mock. Slippers by Evans. Socks by Burlington.

three dress slacks, six casual, chino type. ☐

Shirts: bring seven dress shirts, seven sports shirts, one formal shirt. ☐ Socks: twelve to twenty pairs. ☐ Ties: fifteen, with at least one five dollar tie. That one will work wonders for morale building on low grade days. ☐ Shoes: one pair wing tip cordovans, one black and one brown pair of standard oxfords, plus sneakers and loafers. ☐ Dinner jacket: one black, one white or colored. Dark suit will usually suffice, however. ☐ Other items: now add handkerchiefs, belts, cuff links, pajamas, bathrobe, slippers—and start packing.

Fleece-lined mallard blue stretch gabardine jacket, at left, woven by Klopman Mills, is from McGregor. Hooded green nylon print jacket is by Butwin of Minnesota. Sweaters, left to right at top, are by Sears, Pendleton and Robert Bruce; bottom three, Robert Bruce. In right photo, dinner jacket and trousers are by Lord West, accessories are by Ripley. Girl's cocktail dress is by Mister Mort. (See national store listing featured on next page.)

Campus Check List

A selection of the merchandise pictured on pages 58, 59, 60, 61 is available from the following stores:

ALABAMA, Birmingham
ODUM BOWERS & WHITE
ARIZONA, Tempe
CAMPUS MEN'S SHOP
ARIZONA, Tucson
DAVE BLOOM AND SONS
CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles
SILVERWOODS-SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and branches
CALIFORNIA, Richmond
ALEXANDERS
CALIFORNIA, San Diego County
THE HIGHLANDER-STORES FOR MEN
6 stores serving San Diego county
CALIFORNIA, San Francisco
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
COLORADO, Denver
FROST-WILSON
CONNECTICUT, West Hartford
WM. F. POWERS & CO., INC.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington
THE HECHT CO.
GEORGIA, Atlanta
ZACHRY
ILLINOIS, Chicago
LYTTON'S, CHICAGO AND SUBURBS
ILLINOIS, Evanston
LYTTON'S
INDIANA, Indianapolis
THE MAN'S WORLD
INDIANA, Muncie
SMITTIE'S
IOWA, Des Moines
BODIN VAN DORN
KANSAS, Topeka
RAY BEERS CLOTHING CO.
KENTUCKY, Louisville
LEVY BROTHERS
KENTUCKY, St. Matthews
LEVY BROTHERS
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston
KENNEDY'S BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND
MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN
MICHIGAN, Detroit
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN
MICHIGAN, Jackson
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN
MINNESOTA, St. Paul
THEODORE'S
MISSOURI, Kansas City
JACK NORMAN MEN'S SHOP
NEBRASKA, Omaha
NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO.
NEW JERSEY, Princeton
THE ENGLISH SHOP
NEW YORK, Buffalo
THE KLEINHANS CO.
NEW YORK, New York
AUSTIN LTD.
NORTH CAROLINA, Charlotte
J. O. JONES COMPANY
OHIO, Cincinnati
BURKHARDT'S
OHIO, Cleveland
DIAMOND'S MENS STORES OF CLEVELAND
OHIO, Columbus
THE UNION CO.
OHIO, Youngstown
STROUSS HIRSHBERG CO.
OKLAHOMA, Oklahoma City
ROTHSCHILD'S VARSITY SHOP
OKLAHOMA, Tulsa
RENBERG'S and branches
OREGON, Portland
WEINER'S
PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh
HUGHES and HATCHER
RHODE ISLAND, Providence
RICHARDS
TEXAS, Bryan
VARSITY SHOP
TEXAS, Dallas
VARSITY SHOP
TEXAS, Houston
RODNEY'S HOUSTON and branches
UTAH, Salt Lake City
AUERBACH'S (Town & Campus Shop)
VIRGINIA, Richmond
GREENTREE'S
WISCONSIN, Milwaukee
COLONY SHOP
WASHINGTON, Seattle
MARTIN & ECKMANN

PIONEERING PLANES

[*Continued from page 38*]

and adventure of the ingenious machines and their daring pilots.

Most of the planes are originals. Some have newer engines; some have original engines rebuilt with parts and pieces gathered over the years. A few planes are replicas. The collectors keep on collecting so there is a barn full of planes being put together for the museum and for use in movies. It's the film flying that pays for picking up a rare vintage plane halfway around the world. The Maurice Farnam on page 38, for example, was bought in Australia.

This enormous box kite of an airplane originally was flown as an operational plane and then retired to training status for Royal Australian Air Force pilots in World War I. A Farnam was once considered the most difficult of all airplanes to rig for flight. The Bleriot, on the other hand, could be set up for an air exhibition by an experienced crew in approximately 30 minutes. It was therefore popular with early barnstorming pilots.

Hangar displays planes inside against sets from famous films.

While the replica shown has a more modern and reliable engine than the pioneering Anzani, the plane has the original wing warping instead of ailerons which gives real meaning to "flying by the seat of your pants."

An equally popular barnstorming airplane of the early 1900's was the Curtiss Pusher. The replica on page 39 is an exact reproduction of the original type flown at state fairs by famous exhibition pilots who were among aviation's first heroes.

Among later exhibition planes, the modified version of the Curtiss F6-C4 Navy fighter of the late 20's shown on page 43 is probably the most famous single aerobatic airplane and is certainly the most flown. Its top speed was 180 mph and its rate of climb was 2,000 feet per minute. After a succession of engines during its flying history, the plane is at present equipped with a 600 hp Pratt & Whitney.

The spectacular fighters and their dashing aces were developed, of course, in World War I. Some of the first and famous duels in the air were between the French Nieuport 28—which could reach nearly 135 mph in level flight—and the German Fokker D-7. The Fokker on page 40 is the only one of its kind still able to take to the air. The German Pfalz D-12 on the cover was a contemporary of the Fokker although it was not so well liked nor so easy to fly. The Pfalz had a thin wing section and in combat was difficult to keep in rig. It was also extremely difficult to land.

Shown with it in mock combat is the French Spad-7, a very sturdy plane that shares with the U.S. Jenny the claim of being the best-known Allied plane of World War I. The Spad could outdive any plane at the front in its day, although it, too, was tricky to land. Both British and French squadrons flew the Spad, and a few were used in battle by White Russian pilots in Poland and Russia in 1919.

The reliable old JN-4, the Jenny, was the standard American trainer in World War I and was used actively in the U.S. until the 1920's. The Boeing P-12, a 1928 fighter and a natural descendant of these early airplanes, was one of the most maneuverable aircraft of all time. Still remembered fondly by many eminent Air Force officers today, it had a top speed of 185 mph and a climbing rate of 2,500 feet a minute.

Civilian history was made by the Lockheed Vega—the greatest over-ocean record holder of all time. Flown on more ocean hops than any other aircraft, the Vega could carry five passengers and cruise at 135 mph. The model on page 43 was a factory demonstrator, and as such it was flown by many of the great names in aviation: Jimmy Mattern, Roscoe Turner, Charles Lindbergh, and, of course, Amelia Earhart, whose colors it still bears.

—Pat Graves

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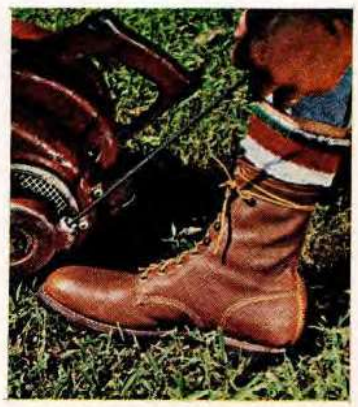

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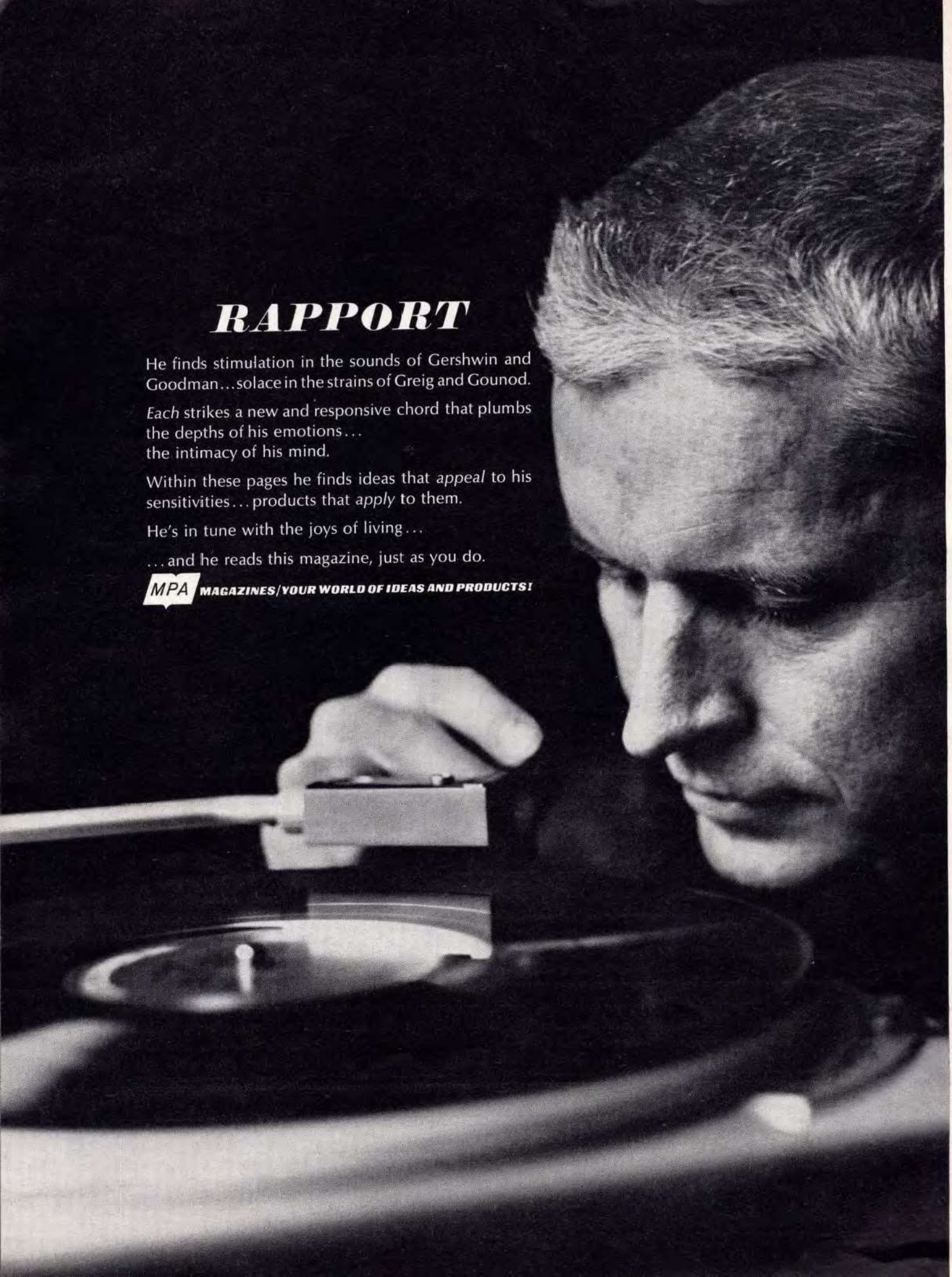
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CRAZY SPORT FOR A SPORTY BIRD

[*Continued from page 29*]

We had a fine hunt, with practically everyone taking close to a limit. The action had moved fast because the birds seemed to prefer to run more than fly—even at high tide. We had to push them hard with sprinting charges until. . . But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Pete McLain was the unquestioned captain of our hunt because he knows clapper rail as few men do. Since rail birds are largely unknown to most hunters, few professional game men spend much time with them. Pete is one of the exceptions, however, and his applied knowledge and promotional work has helped to make New Jersey one of the most rail-bird conscious sections of the country.

As the clapper rail is a migratory bird, it is governed by federal regulations and while a duck stamp isn't required, the possession, hunting and transportation of all rails, gallinules and Wilson's snipe are subject to federal law with the individual states setting their hunting seasons and limits within the framework laid down by the Fish and Wildlife Service.

Generally the service prescribes that seasons shall lie between September 1 and January 15 of the following year.

New Jersey's season almost always opens on the first day of September—if it is not a Sunday, when no hunting is allowed—and legally closes on about November 10, but for all practical purposes the actual hunting is long gone. As noted previously, cold weather pushes the birds south and it is a rare year when any rail are around after the first of October. Federal bag limits in all states are 15 clappers daily with a possession of 30. Shooting is from sunrise until sunset except on opening day when the season begins at 12 noon standard time.

We turned off the main highway and onto the road which becomes a sandy, built-up causeway to the Coast Guard station and fish factory. The roadbed drops away a few feet from the pavement and from there on it's good, old-fashioned Jersey tidal marshland—sand, mud, muck, old sea shells of all manner and size, grasses, shore birds and mosquitoes. It is fit land for neither man nor dog, but from all appearances as we drove out, this Labor Day, both species seemed to be crazy about it. Hunters in all types of fantastic garb and dogs of all breeds (though mostly Labradors) were seen traversing the marshes as far as the bay on one side and the ocean on the other.

We found Pete's car; they had gone on without us. We dismounted and adorned ourselves with the strange paraphernalia identified with rail hunters. I put on a rope for a belt with two cloth bags hanging on it, one plastic-lined for shells and one for birds. Over it all I tied on a six-inch-wide yellow water-skiing life belt of polyurethane foam. I was pleased to see both Ed and Dick had similar life belts, though admittedly not quite as dashing as mine.

"My, you're pretty," Dave murmured.

"Come on, let's get with it. I think I see Pete and the other guys out there beyond that first channel," Ed said.

Five or six men were pushing through the grass and water from one channel to another. The channels were like canals crisscrossing the marshes. Some were rather small, hardly more than two or three-foot ditches; others were large—20 to 40 feet across and of unknown depth. Many were navigable, so we knew we had some swimming ahead of us. At least, Ed and I knew. Dave was beginning to get some idea about it and wasn't noticeably overjoyed by the prospect.

Ed charged down the side of the road bank, his two Labradors ranging in joyous fashion about him. I followed with Dick. All three of us were soon calf-high in muck. I looked back and motioned Dave to catch up. With a game look of despair, he plunged toward us. After the first two or three steps, he gave up trying to avoid sinking at least ankle deep every other step.

We heard a shot ahead of us. One of Pete's party gave a whoop and we saw a Labrador bound forward, seize a drowned-looking something and head back toward its owner. We could make out four other Labradors besides Ed's.

Ed Zern is a great connoisseur of rail birds. While a majority of hunters—and their wives—are somewhat baffled about what to do with a bag of clappers the first time they bring one home, Ed greedily maneuvers for other men's birds at the end of a day's hunt. He maintains that they are "horrible—inedible—dirty—unpalatable" yet he may be seen secreting a number of birds (more than his limit, I suspect) in devious nooks and crannies of his station wagon. Confronted by this evidence and pressed for a recipe, he grudgingly admits that he "supposes" rail can somehow be got down the gullet if one were to first skin and clean them well, brown in a skillet with bacon fat—with maybe a dash of cognac—then bake or broil with a strip of bacon wrapped around the breast and a piece of orange inside the body cavity.

About 20 steps more and I heard a loud swat followed by a curse from behind me. "Wow! Where did these hellish mosquitoes come from? I'm being devoured," Dave complained.

"I told you to put on a lot of that bug goo, but you wouldn't listen," I smugly answered. "And it'll get worse before it gets better, but you'll be numb by then."

Suddenly—no, that isn't the right word, but with something like a lazy "who cares?" jump from the grass—a grayish bird flapped into the air and laboriously flew away. Dave gaped first at the bird and then at me as I threw my gun to my shoulder, swung on the bird and pulled the trigger. A silent curse, a jerky continued swing and another shot spurred on the airborne hobo, unhurt and apparently even unruffled.

I jammed in two more shells. Dave gave me a funny grin and I noted his step seemed a bit lighter as we continued across the marsh in pursuit of Pete's platoon of hunters. We hit the first channel—the one separating us from Pete and the main bunch—and Ed waited until all four of us were together.

"Well, nothing like a refreshing dip in the sea, I always say. Shall we, gentlemen?" and Ed slid down the bank until he was knee-deep in mud and water. His Labs pounced happily in beside him.

"You're kidding," Dave said in an awe-struck little voice.

"Nope, see you on the other side—I hope," and I followed Ed. Dick gave his water-ski belt a reassuring tug, girded his ammo and game belts a bit more tightly around his hips and with a heaven-directed last glance, stepped off the bank into the channel. He hit a deep spot and was up to his neck in seconds. Remarkably undismayed for a first timer, he proceeded to dog-paddle toward the opposite bank.

Quite professionally, he copied Ed's and my experienced crawl with one hand holding the gun above water like a torch of liberty and the other strenuously paddling below the surface. I looked at Ed who just managed to grin before swallowing a small wave of salt water. Dick would make it. I was less sure of Dave.

"I ought to go back right now, while the gettings halfway good." But he warily lowered himself into the channel.

"Lord, that's cold!—Especially NOW!" His water level had reached a delicate area sensitive to sudden chill. The rest of us were more than halfway across by now so there was no turning back. Dave kept coming slow and not too sure. His gun-holding arm kept getting lower and lower. Finally the gunstock was touching water. Then it was about three inches submerged. The water level was just about chin high, but he was making it. One of the Labs, perhaps temporarily overcome with mercy, decided to swim back and see how the rear guard was doing. Anxiously it licked the swimmer's face to show commiseration.

"Don't make waves!" the swimmer gulped frantically. Too late. Dave shot his head up three or four inches in a desperate, coughing explosion, spewing sea water. The dog turned and swam toward our shore. Dave followed.

"Here, let me give you a hand," I offered in a rare moment of compassion.

"Never mind! Where were you when that black beast tried to drown me?" Dave sounded a bit peeved, but then he grinned. "Boy, those shells really weigh a guy down. I could have used one of those life belts at that, even a yellow one."

"How many shells have you got?"

"Two boxes."

"Good Lord! no wonder you almost drowned! Here, give us some. We'll divvy 'em up and spread some of that weight around," I said.

"Yeah, and quit making cracks about my dog," Zern said. "Wool was only trying to help you. Why didn't you grab his tail and let him pull you in?"

"The humiliation of it! Pulled in by a dog's tail." Dave shook his head in wonder. Water sprayed his shoulders. The Labradors vigorously shook themselves in sympathy.

After everyone had his wind back we started off again. Pete and his bunch were waiting for us some 100 yards ahead. They had obviously derived much

amusement from our tortuous progress.

Pete runs a tight, well-organized hunt at a fast, tough pace, a world away from the leisurely turn of the century pursuit of rail when the sportsman, firmly enthroned on a chair in the prow of a flat-bottomed boat, was eased through the marshes by a professional pusher guide.

We were spread out in an irregular skirmish line for approximately 100 yards. Occasionally this line would bend, stretch, bulge or contract when an obtrusive patch of water—pothole or stream—would intervene. Through it all, Pete maintained contact with the outlying points so we could resume our steady push as soon as circumstances permitted. The Labradors—all six of them—ranged back and forth in front of us.

Suddenly a shot cracked out to the right of us. Two Labs were racing for a partly seen quarry that seemed by the motion of the reeds to be scampering ahead toward the next wide channel, indistinguishable even in the short distance separating us from the dogs. We could not truly make out what the winning Lab was carrying triumphantly back to its master. We pushed on. Soon we were nearing the last 30 or so yards of tidal marsh before the channel waters began.

"Let's push this one hard! They're running on us!" Pete called.

Looking ahead, I saw a grayish, long-necked head pop up for a second, then scoot forward in a long-legged scamper. The other hunters must have spotted birds as well for they were all hurrying. The pace quickened and I found myself starting to break into a lope. I glanced to my right. Dave was running beside me, his interest centered on the ground ahead.

"There one goes! Good shot, Ed!" Obviously, Zern had connected somewhere down the line.

The distance was narrowing. Suddenly a languid, ghostlike bird with long flapping wings lazily jumped up ahead. It was almost as if the effort were too much, but the bird kept going. I motioned Dave to take a shot.

His pump rang out with a concussion that reverberated over the flat. The bird flew on unperturbed as two other gunners threw shots after it. Now rail were jumping up or diving into the channel water along the whole line. Three more shotguns were heard. Curses and joyful shouts signaled hits or misses. Labs cavorted and dashed in rival retrieves. Men, panting and bedraggled, charged forward in a last burst of speed for the remaining few yards. As the first hunters stumbled to the water's edge, a ragged cheer broke out down the line to the left. The troops halted in somewhat broken fashion by the channel.

"Whew! Let's take 10," someone gasped.

"How goes it, Dave?" I asked.

"How could I miss that damn thing anyway?"

"There goes Pete into the drink!" Dave yipped and jumped in behind him. I couldn't make up my mind whether he was carried away with enthusiasm or was just plain scared of being left for last. In any event, he was paddling forward with vigor. The rest of the hunters were sliding into the channel with a mixture of groans and flip repartee. I slid down the bank and into the water. At least the mosquitoes couldn't get most of me now.

When the party reassembled Pete laid out the tactics of the next attack. We had had a good drive last year down the point of the small peninsula we were currently crossing. Pete suggested that we swing and drive it hard and fast straight to the ocean's edge.

The last few yards would be over a sand flat crisscrossed with tidal rivulets and honeycombed with clams and other shells. We all agreed and quickly swung into line. It would appear that a collective second wind or a mild case of mass hysteria was pumping up everyone's adrenalin. Old Dave was really chomping at the bit. Off we went.

Just before the sand flats at the shore line, there were a great many clumps of sea grasses and reeds interspersed with water-filled depressions left over from tide that was beginning to roll out. Occasionally small fish or other sea creatures would be left marooned in these small ponds. This little sidelight of life was brought home to me as I plunged through a small pond and found that for some strange reason my right foot was considerably heavier on leaving the pond than it had been on entering. My mind being occupied with rail birds at the time, I ignored this excess weight until I found myself becoming increasingly hung-up on the passing grasses and reeds. Finally I glanced down to my foot impatiently and stopped cold—a huge blue crab was firmly attached to the rim of my right sneaker.

"Dave, help! I've got a crab on my foot!"

"Tough," my old friend said as he passed at a fast clip.

With a bit of careful maneuvering I took care of the crab myself. However, I was not to forget Dr. Call's callous behavior in the face of my adversity.

I quickened my pace and managed to catch up with the other hunters. Dave was intent on the territory ahead and in a moment I was, too. Pete started to jog a bit faster. A scattered babble of shouts was heard as we advanced with our shotguns now held at a running port arms. Occasionally a man was seen to leap a bush here, a pothole there. A bird seesawed away in the wind at the edge of my vision; I heard a muffled shot. Another bird got up. Then another. Shots were sounding to left and right. I suddenly saw a lazy phantom jump into the air ahead of me. In a moment it had cleared the grasses and was silhouetted against the water. I swung to a halt and threw my shotgun to my shoulder. I fired and the bird crumbled and fell to the sea to drift toward shore. A Labrador—Ed's Rocky—came in from the right and plunged into the waves. Old Rock, the father of my own Lab bitch, Chula, bore down on the hapless rail.

Birds were getting up all around me now. And then suddenly I found myself waist-deep in the surf, the water shoving, crashing, swirling all about me. Rocky was treading water beside me. Without fully realizing or counting, I had shot and he had retrieved I didn't know how many birds. I hefted my game bag: it was practically full. I stopped and stood there for a moment. A shot rang out fairly close and I turned to see a bird fall between Dave and me. He was lowering his gun with a satisfied grin as Rocky churned away from me toward the downed rail floating on the crest of an incoming wave.

The waves were breaking over my backside as I turned back toward shore. The shooting was over now and the hunters were assembling at the middle of the point. There was silence—at least of man's noise. An occasional muffled bark, a whimper now and then from a dog suddenly shivering in the wind, the steady gentle crash of the surf. Water gushed from the many holes of my sneakers. My sweat socks hung down like old laundry caught in a storm.

"Well, that was certainly something," a quiet voice intruded. Dave was standing beside me checking his game bag. "Four birds. Man, that was real action just now."

"Worth it?"

"Sure. Especially when you were waltzing with that crab."

Our return swing back to the road and our caravan of cars took about half an hour on a more direct route. It was a filthy but happy bunch of rail-bird hunters that pulled onto the roadbed for the last time that afternoon. Dave had shot the last rail of the day in the final yards before the road and everyone was overjoyed that he didn't puncture one of the cars with bird shot. And on that happy note we decided to call it a day.

Later, after changing clothes on the roadside by the cars—which, as one might guess, involved some rather dexterous posturing and ducking when marauding cars intruded into our area—the whole convoy converged on a pleasant watering spot we know in the town of Tuckerton. This place is known to sell such delights as steak sandwiches and, it must be admitted, a nobly barreled tap beer. In the spirit of the occasion, a number of rounds of draught were purchased. It was noted by all present that the good doctor was seen to buy a round himself. I commented on this to Dave.

"Heck, so what if we struggling residents are a little poor right now. . . . Consider the day, my boy! . . . What sport! What companionship! What beer! . . . Say, how about next year's rail-bird season? There must be some sort of medical convention or something going on next September?" —**James C. Rikhoff**

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STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Reclining on dining couches, young gentlemen and ladies of classical Greece ended gay dinner parties by indulging in one of their favorite indoor sports that would be banned at any respectable party today. In the center of the room, a 3-foot rod with a flattened tip was fixed upright on a pedestal; on this a slave balanced a light metal saucer. The guests then took turns slinging drops of wine from almost-emptied cups at the saucer, trying to knock it clattering to the floor. For an athletic nation devoted to Olympic games, a more languid and frivolous pastime is hard to imagine. Yet the wine game, named "kottabos"—a nonsense word in Greek like "tiddlywinks" in English—was the rage for three centuries from about 600 B.C. A dining-room game at first, kottabos acquired a room of its own. Guests moved after dinner to a circle of couches and, propped on one elbow and sipping wine between shots, strove for prizes. The Greek wine cup was a shallow bowl with two flat loop handles. The player poised it with fingers hooked outward through one handle and the bowl level behind the hand. A forward flip sent the blob of wine flying at the target with force and precision. The game got rough among the more amorous Greeks and *hetaerae*, or courtesans. They played for clothing forfeits and then aimed their shots at naked anatomical targets—until they went on to more passionate pastimes. Kottabos became extinct, unfortunately, 2,200 years ago. *By Gustave Kavach, Detroit, Mich.*

Spanking an adult was common practice during the past 100 years, though it's one of the least known American prison punishments. It wasn't administered haphazardly but with brutal efficiency, and usually took place in the guardroom. Paddles consisted of a blade shaped like an oar, made of two edge-stitched thicknesses of sole leather on a shaft of twisted leather. The recalcitrant prisoner, pants down, was bent over a frame, his feet fastened into fixed shoes on one side and his wrists tied to a low bar on the other. Straps over his back and thighs prevented squirming. The keepers then laid on with a predetermined number of blows, ordinarily up to a maximum of about 30. But a special committee investigating New York prisons in the 1880's found hundreds of cases where the limit was often exceeded. After due consideration they concluded in their report: "The proper maximum limit would be 5 to 10 blows, if the punishment should be assumed to be legal and right." It wasn't. A law pronounced it illegal, and by about 1890 spanking stopped. *By P. T. Cheever, Columbus, O.*

The oddest boat ride ever taken was a 37-mile voyage to the center of New York City through a water pipe. It was no ordinary pipe, admittedly. When completed in 1842, the Croton Aqueduct was the world's biggest conduit: seven feet wide and eight and one-half feet high in horseshoe-arched cross-section. Built of cemented masonry, it started from Westchester's dammed-up Croton River, ran at ground level beneath mounded earth, and sloped gently—1.1 feet per mile—to the city, where parched New Yorkers had only smelly wells to drink from. One June morning at 5 a.m., a dam gate was opened and water flowed into the dry aqueduct 18 inches deep. Immediately four men in a specially built small boat, the *Croton Maid*, lit torches and floated on the current into the dark tube. It was an eerie trip, monotonously unscenic, and slow. Thirty-three miles away, a welcoming crowd waited all day and into the night. At 3 a.m.—after 22 hours, at 1½ mph—the tumbling crest of water emerged and, right behind, the tired but triumphant boatmen. A few days later, they portaged across and re-embarked in the final four miles of aqueduct through upper Manhattan. At a newly dug reservoir, the tunnel spewed out the *Croton Maid* on a spreading pool as thousands cheered, bands played and guns saluted. New Yorkers at last had plenty of good water—a whole navigable river of it, as the *Maid* had proved by her unique voyage. *By B. M. Bannister, Rye, N. Y.*

Using helmets as cooking pots has been tried by soldiers of many lands and ages, but only one people are known to have used cooking pots as helmets. As late as 175 years ago, rugged descendants of ancient Sparta living on the rocky Mani Peninsula of Greece were so poor they often didn't own much more than a pot to put food in. However, they made this utensil—a three-legged metal cauldron—do double duty. Turned upside down, it became a handy headpiece for pirate raids. Wearing their pots and waving scimitars, a party of Maniots would sail out in one of their small swift vessels after an infrequent Turkish or Italian merchant sloop incautiously skirting their shore. The three-horned pot-helmets gave them a fearsome appearance and good protection in a fight; sailors seldom had courage to raise weapons against them. Mostly of iron, some of the pots were of brass; from these came possibly the earliest use of a modern term, "the brass-hats"—in their own language, *chalkoskouphides*, with which the Mani Peninsula men were long nicknamed by fellow Greeks. *By Thomas L. Ebbutt, Toronto, Ontario.*

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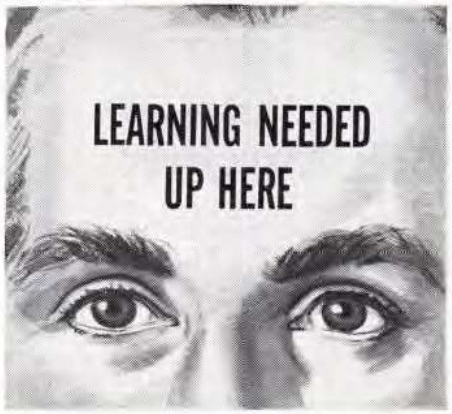

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

ANITA ESTE—F.P.G.

Not as harmless as it looks, this little fellow's appetite causes world-wide havoc.

The famed depredations of rabbits in Australia arouse the interest of Alvin Wirtz of Pittsburgh, who wants a man to man answer to this zoological query: What is the most destructive of all animals—the rabbit, or what?

Assuming that Al means destructive to vegetation, the rabbit is a piker compared with a critter that, offhand, you probably wouldn't suspect. It has denuded vast areas of the earth, changing climates and the economic history of countries. The culprit? The experts of several outfits—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural organization; the Food and Agriculture Organization; and the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—say there's no argument about it. "The goat is man's worst enemy."

For evidence they cite large blighted areas in such widely scattered places as North Africa, the Near East, New Zealand, Venezuela, Hawaii, Morocco, Cyprus, Israel and Spain. "It is largely due to the goat that the whole of the Mediterranean basin has been stripped of trees," reports Dr. Raymond Furon to UNESCO.

The goat, who will eat most anything, will also go to great lengths to get it. He doesn't crop grass; he tears it out of the ground. He pulls up saplings by the roots, rips at branches by standing on his hind legs, even climbs trees if need be, turns over stones to get at hidden vegetation, digs up the soil and eats the seeds of grass and trees.

Committees of the UN are trying to get governments of the denuded countries to do something about it, but there is strong popular opposition to doing away with goats, which are able to find food on steep slopes and in barren country where other animals, even sheep, would starve. It's pretty hard to convince natives that the goat, who provides them with meat, milk, and hair for weaving, made the country barren in the first place and continues to make it worse. Why blame the goat? How about changes in the weather cycle?

No climatic factors were responsible for what happened to the island of St. Helena, say the scientists, pointing to this south Atlantic island as a perfect case history. When it was discovered in 1502 this uninhabited speck of land was covered with dense forests. In 1513 Portuguese mariners brought in some goats. Two centuries later, long before Napoleon was exiled to the island, hardly a tree was left on what is now described as "a naked and sinister crag."

It doesn't take 200 years for the goat to get in his licks. In 1936 government officials in Madagascar thought it would be a good idea to raise goats. They turned loose 1,000 of them. Twelve years later, thousands of acres of land had been turned into desert. In that dozen years the original 1,000 had increased, by actual count, to 276,585 of the most voracious vegetation eaters alive.

Q: What breed of dog proved most useful to the U.S. military forces during World War II? ***William H. Brenzel, Haworth, N.J.***

Walter Chandoha

A: Because of their stability under fire, German shepherds were designated as the official Army dog during the second World War. Among the 32 breeds used by the military during this time, says the Gaines Dog Research Center, the Labrador retriever, Doberman pinscher, collie, Belgian sheepdog and giant schnauzer also won their ribbons. The dogs served principally as sentry dogs, messenger dogs, ambulance dogs, and for the sad task of detecting mines.

Q: When did Bill Tilghman, a lawman of the Old West, die? ***Mrs. Frank Shardelman, Aransas Pass, Tex.***

A: He died on November 1, 1924, at the age of 70. He was shot by another lawman, a prohibition officer whom he supposedly caught confiscating liquor. William Tilghman led an adventurous life, killing many men in the line of duty, but he never inspired the imagination as did many of the marshals under whom he worked as a youth—Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp and others. "Big Bill" was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1854. At 20, he was hired as a scout for the government during the Cheyenne and Arapahoe wars. Later he became undersheriff and then city marshal of Dodge City. During this period he firmly established his reputation for having a cool, steady hand with a shooting iron and a sense of fairness. He always tried to take an outlaw alive, resorting to violence only when absolutely necessary. In 1891 he became deputy U.S. marshal in the Oklahoma territory. For years later he was teamed with Heck Thomas and Chris Madsen, forming the famed "Three Guardsmen," who virtually cleaned up the territory.

Q: What bird has no wish bone? ***Mrs. Clara Schelb, Appleton, Minn.***

A: This forked bone below the neck of a bird, so popular with youngsters in many countries, does not exist in some parrots, the barbets, toucans, ostriches, cassowaries and rheas.

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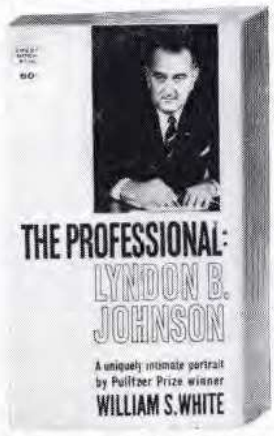

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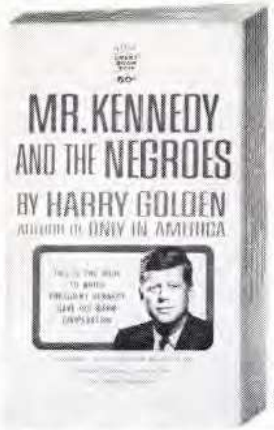

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Q: Where in the United States has the greatest temperature change taken place in the shortest length of time? ***John E. Frieling, Fort Benton, Mont.***

A: In the Black Hills of South Dakota on January 22, 1943. The temperature went from 4 below zero to 45 above within two minutes. This happened about 7:30 a.m. at Spearfish, South Dakota. After continued sharp variations, the mercury then plunged from 54° at 9 a.m. to 4 below during the next 27 minutes. As the shifting cold and warm air tides began drifting southward, similar phenomena of temperature occurred elsewhere in the state, but to a less marked degree. At 11 a.m. on the east side of the Alex Johnson Hotel in Rapid City winter was in all its glory, while around the corner on the south side, not 50 feet away, it felt like spring.

Q: When did butter first become known to the world? ***F. E. Henderson, Branson, Mo.***

A: Butter has been in use since the beginning of recorded history. First mentioned in the Book of Genesis, it was used as food and medicine, as an ointment, and as a fuel for burning in lamps. The Greeks probably learned of butter from the Scythians or Thracians, and the Romans from the Germanic tribes. Butter was made from the milk of sheep and goats, and later from cows. In one of the first methods used to produce it, cream was placed in skin pouches and hung over the backs of trotting horses.

Q: Is the American Spirit Honor Medal an authorized military award or decoration? To whom is it awarded? ***George Ballard, Nienak, Wisc.***

A: The American Spirit Honor Medal, awarded by the Citizen's Committee for the Army, Navy and Air Force, is a bronze medallion, the approximate size of a half dollar, enclosed in a distinctive blue case. A certificate with a gold-embossed replica of the medal and a blue ribbon accompanies the award. Although approved by the Department of Defense for presentation to and acceptance by military personnel, it is neither an authorized military award or decoration as prescribed by military directives nor is it authorized for wear on the uniform. It is awarded to either male or female personnel who display outstanding qualities of leadership.

Q: Approximately how many baseballs are sold each year in the United States? ***J. Lumber, Portland, Ore.***

A: If you're planning to go into business, it's a good one. In 1962, the last count available, 10,980,000 American-made baseballs were sold in the United States. This does not include the 4,584,000 softballs that were also sold that year, nor the 3,260,064 baseballs that were imported.

Q: Who made the first non-stop flight from New York to Berlin? ***Carter Fields, Miamisburg, Ohio.***

A: Although they didn't quite make it all the way non-stop, credit goes to Clarence D. Chamberlin and Charles A. Levine. Flying a Bellanca monoplane, *The Columbia,* they went nonstop from New York's Roosevelt Field to Eisleben, Germany, a distance of 3,905 miles in 42 hours and 15 minutes, touching ground in a wheat field when their plane ran out of gas. (This was the 5th of June, 1927, a month after Lindbergh's historic flight, but 300 miles farther.) They refueled and took off again, only to be forced down by engine trouble, still 100 miles from Berlin. Although not intentional, this touch-and-go system gave cheering Berliners enough time to prepare a most tumultuous welcome.

Q: What is the belief about the seventh son of a seventh son? ***H. E. Barns, Long Beach, Calif.***

A: It was once widely believed that the seventh son of a seventh son was endowed with notable talent and supernatural powers. In the Middle Ages, the seventh son of a seventh son was supposedly endowed with the power not only of curing diseases and disorders but also of practicing magic and foreseeing future events. Although there is nothing to support this theory, the ancient belief does have a slight foundation in fact. Some students of eugenics are of the opinion that later offsprings of an unusually intelligent man are likely to inherit more of his mentality than the earlier children. Also, younger members of a large family often have the advantages of more experienced parents as well as the help and training of older brothers and sisters.

Q: When did American forces first utilize motor vehicles for combat use? ***Walter C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.***

A: May, 1916. That's when Gen. George S. Patton, then a cavalry lieutenant, used three touring cars to rout a party of Pancho Villa's bandits from their stronghold on the Mexican border. Striking at dawn, Patton's 15-man force surprised the sleeping Mexicans, killing their leader, Colonel Cardenas, and his two lieutenants.

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SMOOTH SWINGER IN A ROUGH GAME

[*Continued from page* 47]

"It's the easiest game in the world to replay. You say to yourself, if I'd hit the better shot here, or taken a four instead of a five there, or played the way I should have played yesterday, everything would be great now," Tony says, smiling wistfully. "We have brooders on the tour who are useless because of this. There's a lot riding on every shot, but you can't let it get to you or you'd go out of your mind."

These are common faults of all golfers, whether the stakes are a beer or a bundle, and the lesson Lema has learned is one that probably applies to you. "I still get plenty hot, but I've learned to throw it away. It doesn't stick with me. The next stroke counts as much as the last one, and missing a short putt doesn't mean I have to drive the next ball out of bounds. I came to see that today is a brand-new day, as important as yesterday.

"So, I'm not the perfect golfer. There is no such animal. It is almost guaranteed that I will hit a few bad shots in every round, and play some bad rounds. But I can cancel these out with good shots and good rounds. If I can't win, it's not the end of the world. Maybe I can finish second. Maybe I'll win next week.

"They used to say I couldn't win because I cut up too much, but that's why I *do* win. You can take yourself too seriously, you know. It's supposed to be a fun game, but for most guys, even those on the public courses, it's not. When it's not fun for me any more, I'll get the hell away from it. After you reach a certain point in ability, golf is mostly mental. There are guys who play to 70 percent of their ability, and others who play to 130 percent."

For a couple of years now, Tony has been playing 130 percent. Twenty years ago there were less than a million golfers playing regularly; they spent $38 million a year on equipment and were lucky to find a Coke machine on the course. Today there are 10 million golfers who spend $250 million on equipment and blow another $380 million on booze in the clubhouse bars, annually. Clearly, golf is now big business.

In those 20 years, the number of fans attending pro tourneys has grown from 300,000 to 1,320,000, while the audiences for the various TV shows is counted in many millions weekly. The value of the publicity the sponsors and causes, the courses and clubs receive defies estimate, while the fringe benefits golfers receive cannot be counted. But the stakes in official tournaments, alone, have now reached $1,360,000 yearly.

Fifteen years ago the leading money-winner earned around $30,000. Last year, 20 golfers made more. Sixty made at least $10,000. Jack Nicklaus earned $152,000, Arnold Palmer $135,000 and Julius Boros $98,000. When Tony Lema turned pro in 1956, he made $385. Last year, he pulled down $67,000 and almost equalled his '63 ante in the first half of this year.

There are more than 100 good pros contesting the 40 or so major tournaments and in 1963 no one could win two in a

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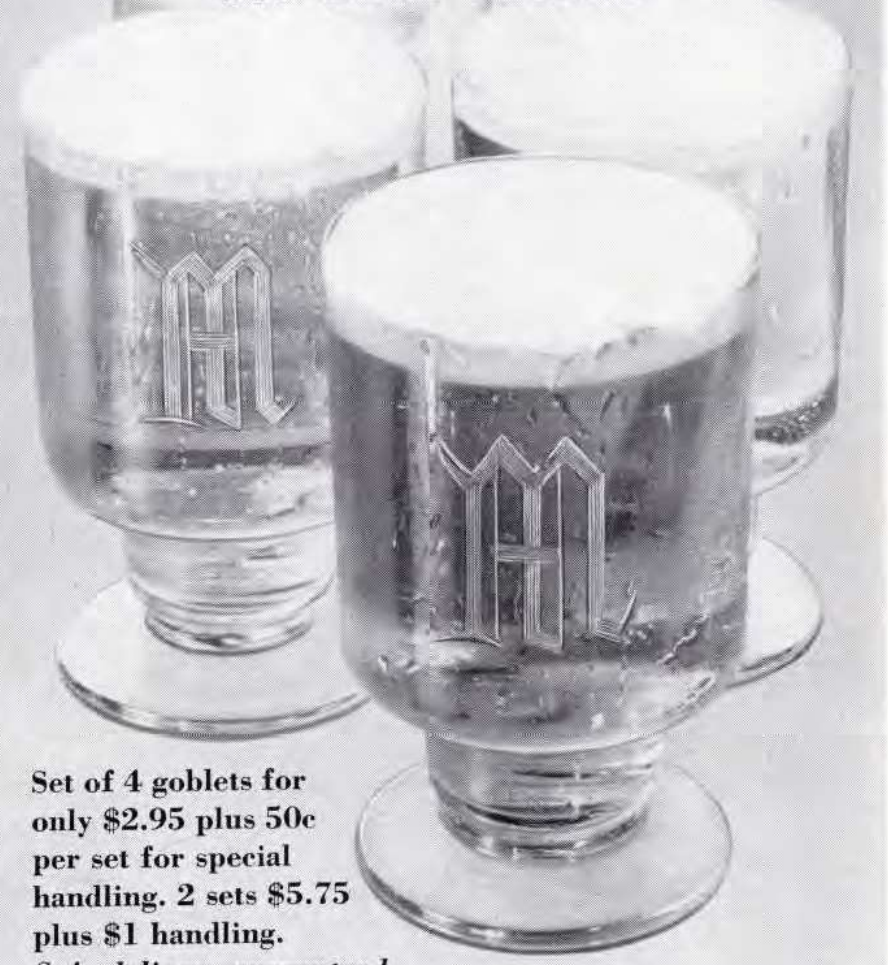

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row. Many pros who make a good living on the tour have never won even one.

In the past Lema has won such big tourneys as Mexico City, Las Vegas and Memphis. He started this year with a victory in the Bing Crosby at Pebble Beach—had a few slow months—then took four in quick succession, the Thunderbird and Buick, Cleveland and British Opens, for nearly $60,000 in six weeks. In '63 he was the most consistent player on the tour and was voted the most improved pro. He was close behind the leaders, Player and Casper, with an average of 70.8 strokes each round, placed in the money in 33 straight tournaments, and made the Ryder Cup team, which is symbolic of having "arrived."

At 30, he has become one of the five or six best golfers in the world. But where today's top golf pro is a generally a serious, conservative businessman, Tony, of course, is about as serious and conservative as a red Jaguar.

When he was on the verge of winning his first big tourney, a sports writer offered to buy him a beer if he won. "Beer, hell," Lema said, "I'll buy champagne for every writer in the joint." He did, too. A few wins later, he substituted imported champagne for "that domestic kid stuff." The newborn tradition lured bigger crowds of free-loading writers each outing. Facing a full house recently, a victorious Lema said, "I've counted heads. Will you fellows settle for soft drinks?" They wouldn't, so an attendant was waved in with a case of the bubbly.

After one hot round, the locker room man presented *Tony* with champagne. In recent tourneys, Lema has sometimes served champagne on his arrival. "You fellows created a fine image for me with this 'Champagne Tony' bit and I'd like to keep it alive," he told one group. "I shouldn't limit the champagne to my first-place finishes. If I hit a dry spell, we all will."

Tony was born Anthony David Lema in Oakland, California, February 25, 1934, at the tail end of the depression. The Lemas lived in a poor section, where the railroad serenaded them to sleep. When Tony was 3, his father, a laborer of Portuguese descent, died of pneumonia. Tony's mother went to work in a drugstore to raise her family of four. Tony was her problem child. He resented poverty and ran with a tough gang. He recalls, "We'd booze it up. It gave us a lot of false courage. We'd look for trouble. I'm lucky I was never caught."

A laugh broke up his pixie face. "I'm only kidding," he said. "It was bad, but not that bad. I caddied. I worked in canneries, shipyards, drugstores, grocery stores, gas stations. I usually worked nights so I could be on the golf course days. I learned from anyone who would teach me anything. When I got good, I hustled—I even hustled pros. I could pick up a few bucks on the putting greens, maybe $25 or $30 on a round out on the course."

He paused, his eyes off on the distant past. "You know, when you're playing tournaments and you blow a thousand, it's a thousand you never had. When you're hustling, you can blow the money in your own pocket . . . if you have any. I bet lots of times without a buck to back me up. It's funny thing though, when I couldn't afford to lose, I never lost."

When he was 19 and aimless, he joined the Marines. "I figured, what the hell. I found out what the hell," he recalls. He found out that he was not cut out for taking orders. But he also found out he was good on the streets, with dames and fist fights, which he figures made him "a good Marine." But once his hitch was up, he fled. "I never had the slightest desire to re-enlist," he says.

He went to work as an assistant pro at the San Francisco Golf Club, then as a teaching pro at an Elko, Nevada, nine-hole course. He was a hot amateur who won one pro tourney before he even went on tour. Most young pros have to find someone to support them before they can afford the tour. Lema found someone in Portland, Oregon, who, however, extracted a higher price than most. He paid Tony $200 a week, but contracted for not only a third of any winnings, but also repayment in full.

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A MAN FOR YOUR FIELDS? A GIRL FOR YOUR BED?

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"There's no other way, but there should be," Tony says bitterly. "There's no guarantees you're going to win a dime, and you usually don't, not for a while anyway. The tour's a terrible place when you're not winning. I didn't know anyone or anything. The pros are a good bunch of guys, but they didn't care about me. They had their own troubles. I felt like a little fish in an awful big ocean."

Tony eased his loneliness with wine, women and song, until he went $11,000 in debt. "I didn't think about it much," he says. "I've always figured, why suffer today when you can suffer tomorrow? I've always stayed in the best places, ate and drank the best, flown rather than gone the car route. If I'd have fallen too deep in the hole, I'd have quit. It's my nature: If I don't live good, I don't play good. I believe in going first class. If not, I'd rather not go."

Tony's sponsor ran hot and cold. Sometimes he suggested Tony quit. "Sometimes, I wanted to quit myself," Lema recalls. "I had some lousy nights thinking about it. But the guy was only buying my time. He couldn't tell me what to do. No one can tell me what to do. So, I kept hacking away."

After five years, the tide turned. Tony began to win. "I paid him back what he'd spent on me and I gave him some of my winnings, but he wanted so much more it was ridiculous," Tony says. He finally bought out his contract for $50,000. "Let's say I paid a very high price for a certain amount of experience," Lema concludes dryly. "There is no substitute for experience."

Last year, on the 10th hole of the first round at San Diego, he dropped a 90-foot chip shot for an eagle-three for what might be the best shot of his career so far. On the first hole of a play-off at Memphis, while Tommy Aaron was struggling into one rough and two traps, Tony smacked his first drive inside the narrow fairway, chipped to within 40 feet, then to within three feet, and rolled in his putt to win.

This year, in the Crosby tournament, he managed to carry a lead into the final round, only to find the rainy, windy weather even more murderous than usual. On the eighth, Lema went over the green into a rough, pitched short into a trap and missed an eight-foot putt to take a double-bogey six. On the next hole, he fell 20 feet short on a chip, then blew a three-foot putt. He laughed and went back to work.

He played steadily until he bogied the 13th with a bad chip. "I figured I needed a birdie to start a rally," he said. He got it on the next hole, coming out of a trap to within six feet of the pin. He closed strong, finished four over par, but still won because the three men closest to him went from seven to 16 strokes over. While he was laughing and staggering, the others had been suffering and collapsing. "The only thing that saved me was my sense of humor," he said.

He is fast becoming the strongest finisher since Palmer. No matter what he may do on one round, you can't write him off. In 1962 and 1963 he opened with 77's or 75's, but closed with 65's or 63's to win or take high money in a dozen tourneys. Last year, he came from 77 on the third round to 67 on the last round to grab second in the PGA, finished with a 70, including an 18-foot putt that broke two ways on the 18th hole, to grab second in the Masters. Early this season he charged from way back to take second at San Diego.

Lema won two tourneys in 1962. He tied for first twice in 1963, winning the play-off from Aaron at Memphis, but losing one to Palmer at Cleveland. He was second five other times, and lost six tourneys by one, two or three strokes. He lost the Masters to Nicklaus by a stroke and the Open to Boros by two strokes.

Because of the broadened and intensified competition, most pros believe that the days of the dynasties, from Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen to Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Ben Hogan and Palmer are about over. "Even though Nicklaus almost took over last year, I think so, too," says Lema. "The pressure is too great from too many angles for one man to stand alone now."

Palmer, Nicklaus and Player have come to be known as "Golf's Big Three," which offends many pros, including Lema, who has said, "I'd like to make them The Big, Two, Three and Four." He explains, "Hell, they're nice guys, but the promoters don't seem to think they have a tourney if they don't have them. It's not so. There are a lot of good golfers around, as Boros proved last year."

Many pros dislike "Daddy Warbucks" Palmer, who has won a half-million dollars in prize money in his career. Lema

is one who admits it: "You'd think he had to beat himself, that we couldn't beat him. He's a great guy and a great golfer, but he's won too much, and we're only human and we're jealous of him." Of "Baby Beef" Nicklaus, Lema says, "I want to see if he can keep winning, now that he's expected to win." Of "Black-Shirt" Player, Lema says. "He doesn't even belong up there with the other two. He's good, but what's he done lately? He's only won a couple of tourneys the last few years. He has the name, but not the game."

Lema says, "Most pros won't admit it, but they root against the other guy. You have to learn to appreciate the other guy's accomplishment, but when you're all done, standing by, watching him go after your money, you're not going to be wishing him well. The other day when Palmer was in trouble, I was tickled. I didn't want him to break par. The only thing I wanted him to break was his putter."

Lema felt he had truly arrived when he could tee off with unknowns and still lure a large following. In the San Diego Open early this year, he arrived at the Rancho Bernardo first tee late one windy, cold morning to find a sizable number of spectators awaiting him. "Lema's Legion" does not yet match "Arnie's Army," which follows Palmer about, but it has become so big this year that Tony's wife, Betty, feels lucky if she gets to see half his shots.

Betty has been learning some hard lessons in fan psychology. Shaking her head and frowning, she complains, "I keep hearing things like, 'What happened to Palmer? How come he *only* finished second?' Once I heard one fan say, 'Make way, here comes Tony Lema, the playboy of the western world.' The other day, I heard one say, 'The way Lema's playing, he must still be drunk from all the champagne he put away last night.' I wanted to punch him."

Tony smiles, "We play under some bad conditions sometimes, and we are only human. No one cares whether you are sore or sick or tired, maybe worried about something, they just expect you to play . . . and play your best. It's very hard sometimes, even for me."

He is, however, very good with galleries. He is an attractive, casual person, whose golfing attire has been described as that of "a rich Dead End kid." He has a dry wit and keeps up a steady chatter: "My caddy gave me that club. If he hadn't been right, I'd have fired him. . . . No, don't worry, Smiley, if anyone gets fired, it will be me, the way I'm going. . . . I'm supposed to be at some store Tuesday to push some slacks I'm endorsing. I'll probably get the joint closed. . . . If I see one more sand trap, I'll have my wife run home and get my toy shovel. . . . I couldn't catch a birdie with a net. If I was a cat, I'd starve. . . . Hey, there, now, that's better. If Palmer could hit shots like that, I'd caddy for him. . . . Get the champagne on the ice, boys. . . ."

In contrast to such as Hogan, who never said a word to anyone during a day's play, Lema talks to everyone who will listen—the fans, his playing partners, his caddies, his wife. "Lots of times I don't talk golf, which is why I like to have my wife follow me around. We can talk about what we're going to do that evening and so forth and it relaxes me. The fans are fine, but they're not part of me, if you know what I mean. I can't walk a whole round with my tail between my legs. Concentration is the most important thing in golf, but it is not possible to concentrate from the first tee to the 18th green. I save it for my shots and relax in-between. You have to be able to turn it on and off."

"Of course, tomorrow's papers will report that after a long and fruitful career, he decided to hand over the reins to a younger man."

He plays in streaks, bunches of bogies, then bunches of birdies, from hole to hole, from round to round. It's just not his nature to be consistent about anything, he says. It's the temperament of the lover, always hot or cold. It is the thing which compelled him to control his temper, to take advantage of his natural devil-may-care manner before he could become outstanding.

He considers his tee shots the strongest part of his game. He is a long, straight driver. A few are longer, but few are straighter. He rates his wedge shots the weakest part of his game. But he has no major weaknesses. He is a good, unusually fast putter, and agrees with most pros that tourneys are usually won and lost on the greens.

Lema takes an unusually narrow stance because he finds he maintains a steady balance better, is able to turn on his backswing more easily, can swing and follow through more freely than with a wide stance. He considers this tip more valuable to tall players than short ones.

He used to be a chronic low-ball hitter with all his clubs, particularly the long irons, and he could not get enough bite on the ball to hold the greens. He corrected this by lowering the arc of his right shoulder so that it passes directly under his chin at impact. He thus hits down on the ball and lofts it high and with considerable backspin. Although he considers this the single most important correction he has made in his game, he now hits the ball unusually high and has trouble on windy days.

When Lema's day is done, he retreats rapidly into the night. Less and less these days is he part of the nocturnal fun and games which occupy the pros and their followers at the country clubs during tournaments. "I want to get as far away from golf and golfers and golf talk as possible," he explains. "Between tournaments, when I'm home, I don't even practice. I just talk about it. I'm lazy. I may drag myself to a driving range, but I'll hit half a bag of balls and then forget it. On the tour, most tourneys start with pro-ams these days, and I use them for practice. My nerves are pretty good, but if I didn't get away from the game whenever I could, they wouldn't be."

When Tony got married last year, it was a major upset, a body blow to bachelorhood everywhere, and it caused his friends to view him with alarm. After he had concluded his round at San Diego, while the country club party proceeded without him, he stood in the almost deserted clubhouse lobby studying lists of the standings and schedules, when one of these alarmed friends came up to him:

"Tony, you should've stuck around the other night. The party was just beginning to swing. We twisted to dawn. But, what the hell is it without the twist champion of North America? What kind of party is it without Champagne Tony Lema?"

"It's nothing, I guess. I'm sorry," Lema apologized. He began to twist to imaginary music, his cashmere cardigan flopping on his narrow hips, a big grin on his pixie face. "You really got going good?" he asked. "I should've stayed."

"Sure you should've," his friend said. "You were never with it all night. You're so quiet these days, I hardly know you."

"I know. I'm so quiet, I hardly know myself." Tony stopped twisting and his grin turned into a wistful smile, and he said, "It's no good, is it?"

"Of course it's no good."

"But my wife doesn't twist. She doesn't dance at all."

"So you dance with someone else. Your wife's a good kid. She wouldn't mind."

"No, she wouldn't mind," Tony said. "But she'd kick me in the butt."

His friend laughed. "Come on, Tony, she married you because you're you. She knew what kind of guy you were. If she'd wanted someone else, she'd have married someone else. You shouldn't change."

"You're right," Tony said, very seriously. "I shouldn't change. I should go up to her now and say, 'Honey, I've got a date tonight. I'll see you later. Don't wait up for me. . . .'"

Once, when Tony was still a bachelor, he had said, "I enjoy playing before a large gallery, especially if it's sprinkled with pretty women. If one of them winks at me, I'll wink back." Now, many months, many victories, much champagne and one marriage later, he sat on a San Diego motel room bed alongside his wife and said, "I still wink back sometimes. It depends on the wink." And he turned an outrageous grin on his wife, who made a face at him.

It was early evening and they still wore their day's golf course clothes—sweaters and slacks. Show music throbbed from a speaker on the wall. They held highballs in their hands. He lit a cigarette for each of them, then leaned back:

"The more important pro golfers become, the more women there are chasing them," he said. "After a story like I gave out about 'Golfing Gerties,' they came on like gang-busters. I broke two clubs beating them off. But, don't get me wrong: these are fine ladies. They're not golddiggers. They're not looking to get married. Some of them, I might point out, are already married. They just like golf and golfers. They like glamorous people, and we're glamorous people."

A grin as big as a wedge of pie spread over his face and his lips seemed to drip sweets: "I think they're doing a marvelous job. They have their place. A golfer makes some bad shots, has a bad round, some female companionship, soft music, soft words, soft lips, and life brightens up again. When you're feeling low, they can make you feel like a king. Overnight, they can change a fat 77 into a fine 66.

"Has marriage changed this for me? No reason for it. Not if your wife has soft lips, and mine has. Just because she's my wife is no reason she can't get the job done. Look at her—isn't she the most beautiful thing you've ever seen? Do you have any doubt she's capable of getting the job done?" She blushed as he leaned to kiss her. Clearly, he had made his point.

The former Betty Cline is a trim, slim, red-haired, green-eyed honey from Oklahoma City. She was an airplane stewardess he met on a flight between Dallas and San Francisco. "The plane was empty," he recalls. "We played gin rummy. She won my money and my heart. And she married me."

"It was," she points out, "the only way I could collect."

Champagne Tony's earlier success had been considered a testimony to sin. For him, marriage defied the devil. But it did not divert his rising star. Nor did it entirely subdue him. For a honeymoon, he took his bride to Las Vegas. "One good gamble deserves another," he said. There, he played in a tournament. "All young married people need money," he explained. Obviously, marriage had ruined him. Money never mattered to him before. Even after the golf gold began rolling in, he remained happily in hock up to his hips.

"When you first get money, you throw it away. It's only natural," he says. "You buy everything you see. You buy things for other people. If it's five to six and you want to call long distance, you call, you don't wait for the rates to change. If you want to fly to Vegas for a weekend, you go." Money began to matter when marriage reared its horrid head. "I wouldn't want any woman of mine counting pennies," Lema says. "I believe they were put on earth to serve a nobler purpose."

Tony insists unrealistically that he simply would not have considered marriage until there was sufficient cash. "I wouldn't have a wife if I couldn't afford to take her with me wherever I go," he says. "And if we have a kid, he'll go right along with us, in the first-class section. Of course, he'll have to shine shoes. . . ."

"Of course," Betty Lema said. "In fact, if I shine shoes the next couple of trips, can we afford to have me go along with you when you play in Europe?"

"Could be. A fine idea," Tony said with obvious admiration.

When Tony was first wed, he estimated that with a wife he could probably reduce his yearly expenses to $15,000. Now, a year later, he has found that such economies are not possible. "No way. No way in the world," he laughs. "Unless I stay at the YMCA and she stays at the YW, which is not my idea of a jazzy arrangement. It costs us twice 15 grand. Two can live as cheaply as two . . . maybe . . . if they're not on the golf tour. The golf tour is a very expensive way to go. My heart goes out to some of the kids, the way they have to live. Fortunately, I am now making almost as much as we are spending. In any event, we will never starve. My wife is a whiz at stealing chickens. . . ."

She shook her head in sorrow. "Champagne Tony . . ." she said, "and all he could get for a wife was a chicken thief."

For Champagne Tony, there have been consolations. "I have not really changed," he pointed out. "I do the same things I always did, only now I do them with the same person. And when I want to stay home, and, believe me, there are nights when even I want to stay home, I don't have to stay home alone. It is nice to know that someone cares enough for you to wash your dirty clothes. It is nice to know that someone cares just as much for you when you shoot a 77 as when you shoot a 66."

"Not a 77," Betty Lema said.

"Well, a 73, then," Tony Lema grinned.

When they stirred, they groaned. Obviously, they were tired from the day's play. How far did they really walk on a round, she wondered. Seven or eight miles, he supposed. And she groaned again. "Maybe we could put it to good use," he suggested. "Maybe you could sell hot dogs and soft drinks . . . or champagne. . . ."

"Maybe I could wear one of those sandwich boards advertising Tony Lema golf products," she said.

"That's the spirit," he applauded.

The attention of press and public he receives and she as his wife receives bothers her. "We have no privacy," she sighed. "I'm not used to being the wife of a celebrity. I don't know how to handle it. I'm embarrassed by it."

"She's learning," Tony said. "For myself, I eat it up. I never wanted to be a 'who's he?' and I admit it. Oh, I don't like holding long conversations with total strangers, but I enjoy hearing them say they're my fans. I don't like giving up my free time for interviews, especially when reporters misquote me, but you find out who plays dirty pool quick enough, and for the most part, the reporters are real considerate guys, and to a certain extent they've made me what I am today.

"There are many things that enter into it, of course. I had to begin playing good golf or it wouldn't have come to anything. I had to begin at the right place at the right time: The Masters on TV was a dull show last year until I sank that tricky putt that almost beat Nicklaus. I lost, but I stole the show. There are a lot of good golfers, but I stand out. In some tourneys, I'm billed only as 'Champagne Tony,' no last name or anything. The writers did that, and I'm grateful."

Lema feels his public image is changing. "I'm the same guy I always was, but there are exceptions," he explains. "I'm older and more mature. I'm married now. And I'm an important athlete now. People watch me. Kids copy me. I'd be blind not to see that I have new responsibilities now. And I'm willing to meet them. My philosophy of life hasn't changed, but I do have to go about things a bit differently. I need a different publicity, not that cheap theatrical stuff.

"Actually, I've never been in any scandals and I never want to be. I don't dig those characters that go in for sensation. I'm as honest as I can be about the kind of guy I am, but I'm not looking to show off in public. If I ran around on my wife, I wouldn't broadcast it."

Betty Lema made a face, so he leaned over and kissed her again. "Not that I'd ever do such a thing," he grinned.

Dressed to the teeth, Tony and Betty Lema drove toward town for dinner. Tony pushed his new, expensive car hard, his headlights flashing ahead through the darkness on the narrow,

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By William Bradford Huie, author of "Hiroshima Pilot."

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lonely road. When another car wheeled past, Tony said, "Damn fool, why can't he drive a nice normal 85 miles an hour like I do."

The Lemas have a plush two-bedroom apartment overlooking a lagoon in San Leandro, California, but will get to spend only a few months there this year, and that in bits and pieces. Tony will play about 30 weeks of tournaments in this country, another five or six weeks of tourneys overseas, and another five or six weeks in exhibitions and TV matches. "The money's so big, it's getting harder and harder to pass anything up," he admitted. "It kills you to play without letup, but you're afraid the one you pass up might be the hot one for you. You take the TV stuff seriously, too, because the loot is large there, too."

Betty Lema fiddled with the radio dial, hunting some music to soften the dark, cold night. "We have a lot of fun. Life with Lema has to be fun," she said, "but there are a lot of small inconveniences on tour. Living out of a suitcase is hard. We're always leaving things behind. We're always having trouble with our laundry. But the worst thing is just not having a feeling of permanence."

"We're gypsies," Tony said. "There's two or three towns we play where we have good friends to stay with, where we can relax and feel at home. We stay with friends in L.A., for example. They have this bathtub as big as a pool. They could see we wanted to bathe in it, so they cleared out one night and gave us the run of the place. Unfortunately, there's not many like that."

He balanced the car precariously as he wheeled it around a sharp curve. The lights of San Diego loomed ahead. "I'm hungry," he said. "In fact, I'm starving. No one thinks of feeding the golf pro during his round, but everyone's feeding their faces around him. My wife had hot dogs in her mouth all day. One of the bad things for me is not being able to go to the icebox when I'm hungry at night. Most of the motels don't have room service. Aw, hell," he said, "it's all in what you get used to. There was a time I would have settled for two meals a day."

That time has passed. Now he demands three. In every respect, he has accustomed himself to the good life. In many ways, it is made easy for him. There is no denying the expenses a golfer faces on tour, but it is a fact of life that the more he makes, the less he has to put out. Pro golfers are the kept men of sports. They are the silent salesmen of a multimillion-dollar industry.

They are clothed inside and out, on the course and off, by concerns that want to capitalize on their influence. The *Palm Beach* and *Jockey* firms outfit Lema. "If it wasn't good stuff, I wouldn't be with them," he says. "No one could pay me enough to look bad."

Sporting goods firms provide the pros' equipment. When a pro gets good enough, he may be backed in his own line. *The Tony Lema Golf Company* is new, but promising. "My clubs will shoot only pars," he explains.

Even the car he was driving was not his own. Dealers provide many pros with transportation at every stop. "The tank people are missing a bet," he says.

By now he had wheeled the black Chrysler into a parking lot and we entered a swank restaurant. His particular reputation has made his stamp of approval valuable to the best spots in the country. "If you don't give us good service, I will tell everyone not to eat here," he said to the headwaiter. He was smiling very broadly. Obviously he was kidding. Obviously, the headwaiter would take no chances. "Yes, Mr. Lema," he said grandly.

Sometimes he dines on the house, but it is the mark of Tony's quality that if he has to pay to get a better meal, he will pay without hesitation. While he denies that he has made a natural tie up with a champagne firm, he smiled, "Let's just say the name of the best champagne is Moet, M . . o . . e . . t." This night, Champagne Tony drank Scotch.

He ordered crab legs, which he raved about, and steak, which he enjoys. "One way or another, I have always managed to eat steak," he said. All along, he got the "Yes, Mr. Lema. . . . Of course, Mr. Lema," treatment. His wife ordered chops, but ate them with difficulty. "Too many hot dogs on that course," she mourned.

While Tony ate, he spoke of his life. "If I hadn't made it, I'd have still had fun. Making it was even more fun. I enjoy being a celebrity. I enjoy leading a good life. I'd enjoy it more if I wasn't so suspicious of people. It's very sad. Now that I'm doing well, all sorts of people want to be friends with me. But I know their friendship depends on my doing well, so I don't want to be friendly with them. We have a saying on tour: 'Last week they drove me home to their house for dinner. This week, I can't even get a ride into town.' Sadly, there's a lot of truth to it.

"When I first went home, no one would have anything to do with me. All right, I was a wild kid, but I never hurt anyone. I found out people won't forgive or forget . . . until you make it big. Then, suddenly, it's different. But, why? I'm the same person I was. I'll be honest: I think I'm better than the average person, but because of my intelligence, my speech, my manners, my way of life, not because of my golf. I'm a good golfer, but what does that prove? I love golf, but it's not my whole life. Is it so wrong to want people to like me for myself, with all my virtues and vices, honest and above board, not just for my golf?"

He sipped his coffee, then leaned back. The old smile began to erase the regret on his pixie face. "Well, what the hell," he said, "I can't complain. I think my mother, my family, my friends are proud of me. I have a wonderful wife and I think she's proud of me. I've done well and I've got a chance to do better. For the rest of it, well, there's nothing I can do about it, is there? I'll just have to take it as it comes and enjoy it while I can. If I don't have fun now, it may be too late later."

He turned to his wife, who was big-eyeing a lavish pastry tray. "What say, beautiful," he asked her, "you want to live it up a little? You want some of those goodies? The chocolate cake looks good."

"It sure does," she said. "But I can't finish what I have. I couldn't eat it now. Later, in the motel room, I'll be hungry and so will you. We always are."

"That is the tragedy of our life," he said. He called the waiter over and asked if they could have some of the cake to take back in a bag with them. "Of course, Mr. Lema," the waiter said. He cut two large slices and put them in a brown paper bag.

And so they left, Betty Lema in a fancy evening dress and furs, one hand on her husband's arm, the other holding her brown paper bag, following him out to their car for the long drive back to their motel room.

"Whoopee," Champagne Tony Lema said.

—Bill Libby

TRUE

"I guess I won't be able to go to that big sale, Janice."

ARCTIC ORDEAL

[*Continued from page 52*]

The dinghy, spinning flatly this way and that, whirled and spooked across the black water. Its motion sickened them, though by now they were nearly all too cold to care.

Since the current made their efforts useless, they did not try to paddle. Sharp, drifting ice threatened the rubber dinghy. It was the same as running a worn tire over a nail-strewn road. Their hands lost all feeling from being plunged in the water to parry ice, which probed to find an undefended spot and sink them. That attack never let up; their flying suits were soaked through; strain and exhaustion were beginning to tell. A 40-mph gale was blowing.

"Ever I see Louisiana again," Coffman remarked, his teeth rattling as he spoke, "this boy's sure goin' to stay right there."

"I'll settle for any place just built the standard way," Snow said. "Why'd I ever leave Nova Scotia?"

Greenaway looked at the heavens with a navigator's eye. "Wherever we're going we should almost be there." Then he added professionally, "I got a pretty good fix before the old girl quit, and we've been doing a couple of knots."

There was no question about it. The stars had tilted to the west. They should, the Albertan thought, be stooging toward Greenland, though in this tipsy world of ice and wind, of water and bergs, there were damn few certainties and absolutely no guarantees. Whatever a man took, he took on what was left of his faith. And faith in an arctic nightdress isn't as voluptuous as she sometimes is made to appear.

Daylight finally appeared as a smudge graying in from the south. It was enough to reveal the cliff shooting up ahead of them. That thrust was a bold and rocky one, perhaps 2,500 feet high, and utterly bare of vegetation.

This was Umanarsuk. The word in the Eskimo dialect means "the rock that is shaped like a great heart." The three fliers were later to question Eskimo accuracy. There are, they were to find, few spots more heartless than Umanarsuk.

Relieved and encouraged by the sight of land, they pushed into the current, now free of ice here inshore, and sought a place to land. There was no beach, not even a patch of gravel. There were no bays or coves. Instead, the spire of rock reached straight up from the sea like a skyscraper.

They did find some shallows, and Snow went overside with the line, clawing and clutching for a handhold on the stony face. It was a treacherous and risky business, for the footing was damp and greasy. It was like climbing a ladder without rungs. Coffman and Greenaway came after him, and the three men, pulling the dinghy behind them, finally managed to scramble and slither to a narrow ledge about 150 feet above the water. They were too worn and chilled to thumb their noses at the Atlantic they had foxed.

It was enough simply to have arrived somewhere. Their spirits came back as they rested and thought how it might have been. They did not know then that the big fight—a battle impossible to imagine and one nearly impossible to win—lay ahead.

Their champagne mood did not vanish at once. They took off their drenched flying suits and spread them out to dry.

The supplies the dinghy carried would be sufficient, they were certain, for keeping house until they were spotted and rescued. It contained a Very pistol with 24 flares, a metal mirror for helioing sun signals, and a yellow flag with its telescoping rod. For food they had some seasoaked chocolate in their pockets, and an inventory of the dinghy revealed a supply of 12 dozen malted milk tablets and a dozen tiny barley sugar squares. In addition, they were in possession of 12 sealed pints of water, some Benzedrine pills, chewing gum and a first-aid kit.

"We'll just have to sit it out, boys," Coffman said. He looked at their larder, his tone changing slightly. "But we might as well start watching the rations."

They agreed to limit themselves to three bits of chocolate and three malted milk tablets for each man per meal. They loaded the Very pistol, sharing watches to scan the sky for the rescue aircraft which by now must be scouting for them. Snow, whose flying helmet had gone with the Hampden, ripped the fur collar from his jacket and fashioned himself a cap. Coffman and Greenaway, never having beheld a bonnet like it, laughed.

"They're *my* ears," Snow said. "You guys too hot?"

An hour later they heard aircraft pounding in from the west. Search and Rescue worked fast! A Liberator and a Fortress appeared above them. The three jumped up—Coffman letting go with the Very pistol, Snow trying to attract attention with the flag. Cigarette smoke would have been as effective as the flares and Snow's flag could have been a cocktail napkin for all the effect either had. The two planes held course for Britain and faded from view. The three had not been seen.

Their hopes dived. Each could see in the others' faces that they were all thinking the same way. Optimism had quickly become something else. Then their bitterness and anxiety spilled over and Umanarsuk was treated to profanity it likely had never heard before. It was their first taste of despair.

"Ron, you sure you were transmitting okay?" Coffman asked.

Snow hesitated. "I don't know," the Nova Scotian said finally. "You know how it is with this part of the North Atlantic. Can't be sure anybody got us."

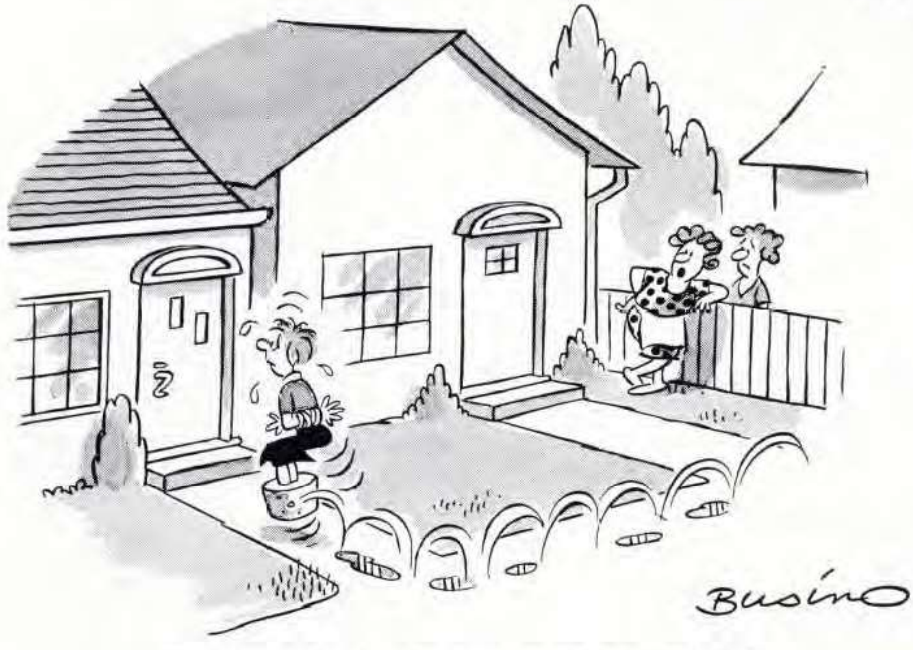
Greenland is the world's largest island, its east coast—avoided even by Eskimos—as bleak and inhospitable a spot as any on earth. Nothing grows or lives, nothing can live, nothing moves except the ice-charged Polar current sweeping south. It is truly a land God forgot.

It did not take the lost Hampden's crew long to discover this. The wind was rising again and, under its prodding, they hunted for a cave to shelter them. There was none. Except for lichens that tasted like iron filings, nothing grew. There were no trees or shrubs to serve as fuel. There was no flotsam which, dried out, could be used for a fire. The gulls knew better than to stay here, and so there were neither nests nor eggs. Even nature, it was clear, couldn't endure Umanarsuk.

Greenaway frowned. "Rates about as low as a flophouse can," he said. "Compared to this, Alberta's Badlands are a cinch."

They discussed trying to make it down the coast in the dinghy to Cape Farewell and then agreed, after last night's experience, that to attempt a 200-mile voyage in such a craft would be suicide. Their need for shelter decided them to deflate the dinghy. Their feelings were mixed as they watched it become flabby and collapse in yellow wrinkles. Their last means of escape wheezed away as the carbon dioxide was valved out.

TRUE



"It's disgraceful how she keeps going back to him!"

"Never sunk anybody's navy before," Coffman said, looking at the bright, loose fabric.

Darkness came again and the men settled down for their first night, Using their flying suits to cushion the ledge, they sardined themselves together in order to share each other's body heat, and pulled the dinghy over them. They were wet and cold but their discomfort could be borne. They were tired enough to sleep.

A storm wakened them around midnight. A barrage of sleet and flying water came at them. The wind rose to gale force and tugged at the dinghy covering them. It got so cold they thought their blood had stopped. The storm kept up through that first night, through the following day, and continued through the second night without abating. The Hamp's crew was as much dead as alive. Life seemed to have quit.

Surprisingly, the third day was clear and the sun shone brightly and even—if one didn't look at the ice-covered rock—with a suggestion of warmth. Coffman, Greenaway and Snow felt their morale improve. They might, they thought, still have a chance. Hope fluttered again.

It was then Greenaway remarked that his feet felt strange. The others took off his stiff boots as gently as they could. They were appalled by what they saw. Frostbite had already done its job on both the navigator's feet. His toes, the color of liver gone bad, were swollen and rubbery. He was barely able to stand and then only for a short time.

Coffman and Snow, first making him as comfortable as was possible, left Greenaway with the Very pistol and set out for the rock's summit. They hoped they might find a cave or even a trough that would be better shelter than their exposed shelf. They each swallowed a benzedrine tablet and then tackled the cliff. Their progress was slow and tricky.

They were winded and weak by the time they reached the top. After they had put up their distress flag they looked west. They could see a wide stretch of ugly water between them and Greenland with its coastal glaciers and the peaks beyond.

The two looked at one another without speaking. There was nothing here to support life—not a sea bird, a twig or a berry. They could not discover a fold or furrow to shelter in. It was the wrong place to mention in the same breath as a heart. Eskimos, they figured, must have a deformed sense of humor.

Weather, considering October was running out, held good another 36 hours. Then around noon, the fifth day of their stay, a storm again blew down from the north. The wind increased until it was brutal, the sleet was like cold buckshot, and waves smashed at the rock's base. Water was flung high into the air and, hurled by the wind, drenched them. The storm grew worse after nightfall.

Coffman shouted to be heard. "We can't stay here!" He knelt over Greenaway. "How's your feet, Ted?"

Their climb was nightmarish. It was like trying to walk up a steeple in the dark with someone yanking your coat-

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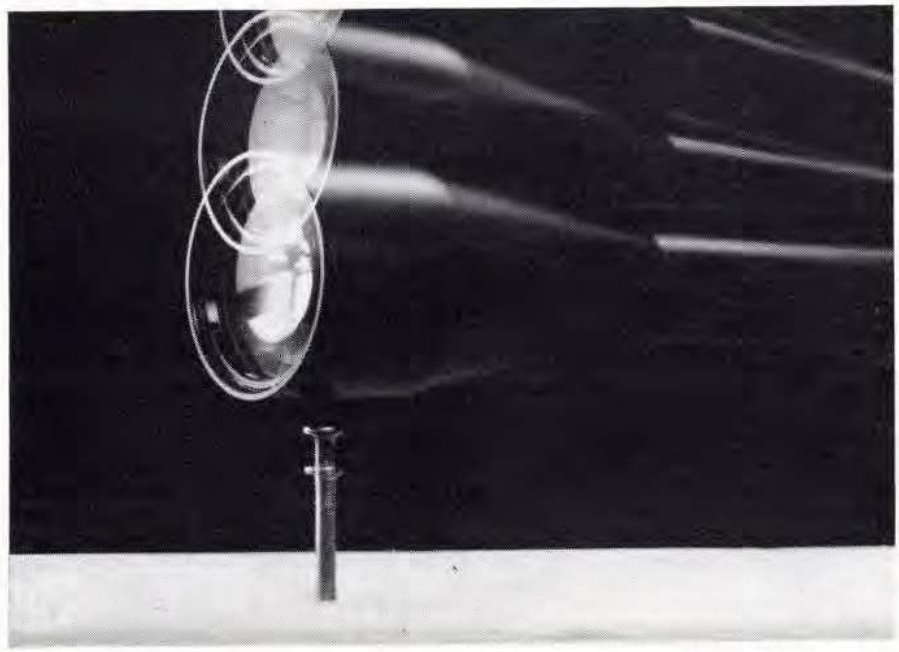

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"I've been lucky in love—never had to get married!"

tails every step. Though they could not see it, they could hear the Atlantic hammering below. They tried to shut their minds against the penalty a misstep would exact.

The wind snapped and whipped the dinghy so that more than once they were almost dragged from what foothold they had. Their hands, nearly useless with cold, fumbled for projections to grasp. Ice and sea water coated everything. The three groped their way up, Coffman and Snow giving Greenaway what help they could. The Albertan's feet were by now badly frozen so that his progress was the most risky of all. It was too dark to tell what headway they were making.

They finally reached a ledge above the spray's reach. Exertion had brought them to the cave-in point. They toppled down, miserably huddling together, and drew the dinghy's icy fabric over them. The polar storm whistled throughout that night.

The sixth day a blizzard of sleet swept Umanarsuk, pushed by strong winds. What daylight there was, held for only three or four hours and then snow came. The air sharpened. Their clothes stiffened and froze. They lay under the flimsy protection of the dinghy without moving. Uppermost in their minds was the fact that Transport Command wrote off a missing aircraft after a five-day search. They'd had that time and a day to boot. Snow blamed himself that their SOS had not been heard. Coffman tried to cheer him.

"Could've happened to anybody," the pilot said.

"But it happened to us," the radio officer replied bitterly.

The next day around noon a plane, flying high to clear the Greenland cap, went over. Coffman stiffly struggled to his feet and fired several flares. The craft bore on west. They were as impossible to sight from that altitude, the pilot knew, as so many peas at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

A blizzard came again later that afternoon, the snow blowing and drifting over the three men. They were too tired and indifferent to brush it away. All were close to giving up. Occasionally, they would reach out for some snow and eat it. They were cramped and sore from having to lie for hours in the same position.

It was at this point that their minds slipped and for a space they lost touch with reality. From time to time, one of them would hear an aircraft that wasn't there or, looking out to sea, excitedly spy a nonexistent ship. Greenaway once fancied he could smell coffee and later Snow took his oath someone was broiling a steak. Their greatest enemy was the dangerous softening of their wills. They were reaching that point at which men no longer care whether or not they live.

Greenaway's feet were by now so badly frozen he could not stand. Both Coffman's and Snow's were nearly as bad. They decided a hot hell could never touch a cold one for misery.

"We got to do something," the pilot said. "Stove in or not, we can't finish this way. We got only one problem."

Greenaway turned his head. "What's that?"

"To stay alive," Coffman replied.

They recited all the survival cliches: Don't lose your head. Don't worry about your situation. Keep warm. Don't strike out on your own. Remember you have a sense of humor.

They laughed feebly when Snow said, "We forgot one. 'Don't leave your aircraft.' "

Their spirits clouded again after that. It was then one of them suggested perhaps the time for prayer had come. The two Canadians were Protestants, Coffman was Catholic. But there was one prayer they shared in common—the Lord's Prayer. It is a good manly prayer with no sniveling in it, and somehow it gave them dignity and fresh hope. They repeated it together many times.

The eighth day was one of strong sunshine and Greenaway, suddenly rising on his elbows, shouted, "Ship!" They had been deluded before and this time they all scanned the berg-littered sea with care. They agreed that it was indeed a ship, firing a few rounds from their dwindling stock of flares. The vessel plowed north, finally bending from sight.

The ninth and 10th days passed for them in a stupor. The sunlight was too thin for warmth and they were down to a single malted milk tablet each. They were all nearly too weak to move. Then a four-engined plane roared in low and almost directly overhead. Coffman managed to rise to his feet and lift the Very pistol. His numb hands could hardly hold it. The flares arched up, sputtered dimly, and died. The plane had not seen them.

"The sonsabitches," Snow swore weakly, having learned that when it's your skin there is no such thing as being indifferent to fate.

Conversation stumbled after that, each man wrapped in despair he was unable to push away. The facts were talking for themselves. Yet, bluffing for what might be the last time, the three pretended everything would still come out right. And so they tried again. It was as good a way now of taking care of the other fellow as any.

"We're still on the payroll," Coffman croaked, his throat raw from the snow he had eaten. "Ever made dough easier?"

The sun was slipping down, what light there was was going fast, when Snow, chancing to look seaward, said suddenly, "Look! Ship!" He and Coffman fired off the last of the flares and frantically signaled with the helio mirror. The ship lying out to sea below them did not reply.

"Mirage," Greenaway muttered from where he lay. "Why don't you guys smarten up?"

The RCAF navigator, losing to the coma which now was muffling his senses, said no more after that. Coffman and Snow fired the last of the flares and then desperately jiggled the helio mirror. They did not try to send in code. They were concerned only with one thing, one vital and necessary thing—the ship's attention.

"No dice, Ron," Coffman finally said, his voice sagging. "If the damn thing's a ship, it'd've answered by now."

The Nova Scotian was not convinced that what they thought they saw was merely a phantom hulled down in the ice. "Let's give it one more try."

The mirror wobbled again in Snow's wooden hands. The thing out there in the pack below continued to sit still and mute. The two looked at each other and shook their heads. The curtain was coming down. So this, their minds fumbled, is how the big blackout ends the scene for you.

The last either man remembers is imagining a boat put out and the rhythmic dip and flash of oars. Then Coffman and Snow crawled back across the ledge and collapsed beside Greenaway.

What they did not realize was that this time fancy had not tricked them. The ship was real—a small Norwegian whaler, the *Polar Bjorn*. It was bringing back American officers who had been on a mission farther up the east Greenland coast. It was lying off Umanarsuk because its diesel had broken down.

The three dying airmen could not know that when the engine quit chunking, U.S. Army Maj. John T. Crowell dropped his poker hand, left the ship's tiny saloon, and hurried on deck to find out what had gone wrong. Crowell learned from the engineer that the breakdown was serious and that it would be hours before they could hope to be under way.

Crowell was unhappy at the idea of being marooned in ice and helplessly drifting, particularly should the wind rise, in a forest of bergs. He uncased his binocular and anxiously scanned the coast off to the starboard. It was then, just as he was about to return to his game, that the major thought he saw a bloom of smoke and then a strange light flashing off and on. His first impression was that it was simply ice reflecting the sun. But the light winked and blinked with odd persistence. It couldn't be ice. But what the hell kind of code was it?

Mystified, Crowell drew the Norwegian master's attention to the signals. "What gives, skipper?"

The captain's scrutiny was long and thorough. Someone on that rock, he said finally, was trying to talk to them. They were probably Nazis sent out to establish a weather station, who had been missed in the Greenland roundup of the previous year.

"Well, then," Crowell said, "let's go get 'em."

The major, two other American officers and three Norwegian seamen, carrying revolvers and tommy guns, cast off in a ship's boat. They rowed carefully as they came inshore, uncertain as to what reception they might meet. Looking up, they saw men on a ledge.

"Fritzies," someone said. "Decoying us, you figure?"

"Come on down, you!" Crowell shouted. He got no reply. He yelled up again. No answer came from the ledge. "Crafty bastards, eh?" the officer said.

The six men started up the cliff, the climbing tough because they were also trying to hold their weapons ready. The ascent was rough and hazardous. Ice greased every step. They slowly sweated upward.

The Nazis—for such they seemed to be—would have the advantage. It would be easy to wipe out the ship's party from

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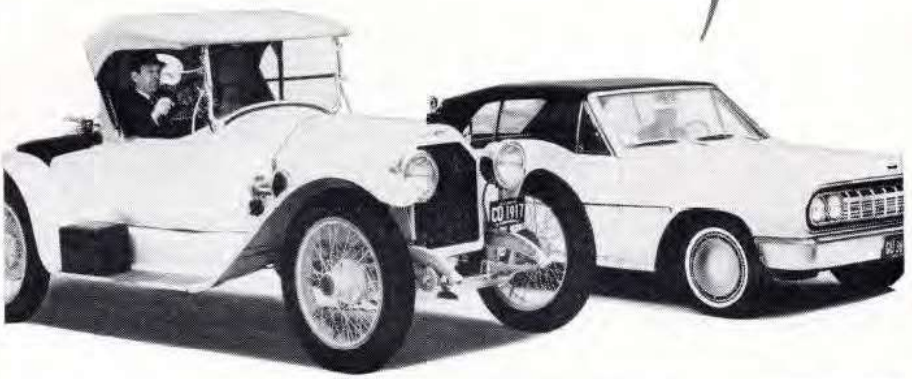

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where they sat. Crowell, when he and his men were nearly there, called up again. "You, there! Throw your guns away and come down! Hear that?"

Silence.

The *Polar Bjorn's* party scrambled up the rock wall and then, taking no wild chances, onto the ledge. They looked with disbelief at the three wretched men at their feet.

A Norwegian seaman took one look at the three airmen. "All dead." Then with a shrug, "Germans *kaput*."

Crowell bent over Coffman, looking at his identity disk. "German, hell! This guy's American. A dead one, I think." The two Canadians were thought frozen to death as well. That opinion wasn't far wrong, for the Transport Command crew had at last crossed the line. That night would have been the end for them.

The landing party, discovering that raw spirits brought faint signs of life, somehow got the three helpless men down the cliff and into the boat. That job, not unlike coming down an oiled pole with another man on your back, was fantastically difficult. Once aboard the whaler, they were wrapped in blankets and fed rum and steaming cocoa. The *Polar Bjorn*, its engine mended, carried them down the coast, later transferring the fliers to a U.S. Coast Guard cutter which took them to an American base hospital. From there they were flown to Montreal by a plane of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Frostbite having done its nasty work, most of Greenaway's toes were amputated. Snow eventually got medical clearance, returning to the transatlantic run, and—when his feet could again stand boots—Coffman again was pushing planes to Britain for Transport Command.

The last game these three played together was during hospitalization when, like so many actuaries, they tried to arrive at the odds against their survival. Time and again they recalled the crash landing in the Atlantic, their ticklish voyage in the dinghy, Umanarsuk's daily ration of starvation and exposure, the climb up the cliff in the dark. They attempted to figure out just how often a ship would be found in those high latitudes with winter approaching, how often an engine would conk out exactly where the *Polar Bjorn's* did.

They gave up when the zeroes, already stringing into trillions, threatened to stretch farther. When odds get that muscular, they agreed "miracle" isn't such an old-fashioned word after all. Umanarsuk is one word, however, they would avoid and forget—they would, that is, if they could. **—Robert Christie**

HOW TO STRIP A YOUNG JOB SEEKER BARE

[*Continued from page* 20]

cause he is too leftish or "stateish." If it is affiliated with the strongly conservative American Security Council, some insight may be gained by inquiring at the ASC, which maintains a vast library on suspect organizations and their present or one-time members. A few years ago it was reported to have information on 1 million individuals, though its president (an ex-FBI man) now insists it does not maintain a filing system on "individuals as such." As recently as 1961 its brochure said its files were a source of information for "the personnel screening programs" of defense contractors. And its files probably contain the various ready-reference check lists of names compiled by congressional committees and other official and unofficial investigation bodies looking for "lefties" or people assumed for some reason to be security risks.

2. THE USE OF LIE DETECTORS

Promoters of the lie detector for screening potential employees argue that the detector (or polygraph) can take up where regular investigative methods leave off. One leading user of the lie detector for pre-employment screening is Dale System, Inc., an investigative company that has headquarters in New York but advertises that its services are "available in every city and state." The polygraph, it contends, can "inform you with *more accuracy than background investigation* whether your prospective employee is what he claims."

Several hundred firms have leaped into the lushly profitable field of offering their services in polygraphic people-probing.

Until a few years ago the lie detector was used primarily in police work, in scrutinizing people assigned to highly classified defense installations, in testing guards for Brinks, Inc. Today more than three quarters of all testing is on employees or prospective employees for private companies. An official of John E. Reid and Associates of Chicago asserts: "We have done work for every major corporation in the United States." The significance to business of the lie detector is indicated by the fact that the *Wall Street Journal* featured at the top of its front page a report on the growing use of them.

A substantial number of firms now offer polygraph service at a variety of locations within the United States. For example the giant William J. Burns International Detective Agency, with 15,000 employees, has entered the polygraph field and now has machines at many of its 41 offices. It screens the personnel of clients at all levels either before or after employment. One official reports: "We have quadrupled our polygraph business in the past 18 months." Its big rival, the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, also has entered the polygraph field. Another large outfit headquartered in New York, now having polygraph examiners in many cities, is Lincoln M. Zonn, Inc. It boasts membership in the American Institute of Management.

The general theory behind the polygraph test is that people can't lie without creating physiological reactions within the body. A standard lie-detection machine tries to catch this lie at three points: in sweating palms, in the way the subject breathes, and in the reactions of his pulse and blood pressure.

For screening job seekers, the lie detector is widely promoted as being particularly effective in learning five things about the applicant:

1. Are there any latent tendencies toward dishonesty? The regular investigation plus the application form have presumably already established that the applicant has no *known* record of dishonesty. But the lie detector, it is hoped, will make the applicant confess any dishonesties that only he himself knows, or dishonesties that occurred before the events were permitted to become a part of any official record. One polygraph examiner explained to me that records of juvenile crimes are usually not available to an investigator because the courts try to protect the youngsters. He added: "But on the polygraph you get any undetected crime, and this will cover juvenile offenses."

2. What are his real intentions in regard to job "permanency"? Will he have a roving eye for more attractive jobs? Will he take advantage of what he has learned here to move to a better job elsewhere? *Printing Impressions* quoted a businessman who defended his use of the polygraph on job applicants in these words: "Now, when I hire a bright young man, I have the detection service inquire if he's planning to use me and my know-how as a one-year training course, or if he's seriously considering a career with my organization." Some of the polygraph testing services claim they can help a company reduce turnover by pre-employment screening. (People may hesitate to take a better job that comes along because they have vowed to the lie-detection examiner that they planned to stay.)

3. Does he have dangerous habits not uncovered in the screening process? Is he a secret lush, or does he gamble secretly, or if married does he have a girl friend on the side, or does he have a lot of unrevealed debts?

4. In his application did he falsify anything? Recruiters of managers report that about one managerial aspirant in 12 will on an application give himself a college degree he actually did not receive. This presumably happens because personnel directors are becoming quite rigidly insistent upon college degrees even for jobs where a degree has little relevance.

5. Is he a homosexual, or does he have any tendencies in that direction? Many personnel directors seem to want to know about this whether or not it has any conceivable bearing on job performance. Others are more tolerant of applicants for jobs at low levels in the company hierarchy provided they are not obviously homosexual.

During the course of my research I had several opportunities to watch through one-way mirrors while men were subjected to lie-detector tests. In one unforgettable case the young man under examination had applied for a job as an on-the-road salesman for a client company handling quite ordinary consumer products. This test took place at a polygraph testing center of an organization that does a good deal of such pre-

employment testing in several American cities. The organization has a number of examiners at the center where I was visiting. (The reason I have chosen not to identify the center will soon be evident.)

Apparently the room under view was a typical polygraph setup. It had a one-way mirror on the rear wall (behind which I sat) and a bug in the room so that observers such as myself in the darkened next room could both watch and hear the interrogation. We'll call the lad who hoped to be a salesman for the client company Bill. He was slim, blond, handsome, and understandably nervous; perhaps this was why he was so talkative. We'll call the examiner, a man about 45, Mr. Probe. He told me earlier that he had examined more than 3,000 people. (He also told me the name of a well-known college from which he had been graduated. A colleague of Mr. Probe's who stood with me in the darkened room behind the mirror and served as a sort of guide mentioned that there was one man on their polygraph staff who had a college degree. The man he named was not Mr. Probe. I was left to wonder whether Mr. Probe, the lie detector, had fibbed to me.)

Mr. Probe helped Bill light his cigarette and then said, "I know we all have skeletons in the closet, and I'm not trying to dig them up. I'm just asking you to be completely honest with me." He gave as an example the fact that some people lie a little bit about their college backgrounds. Some say they attended college when they went only one semester, and others say they have never stolen before and maybe they have. Then he told his new friend Bill: "I want to be able to write that you have a good, clean, smooth indication of truth. I'll be back of you all the way if that is the way it appears." Then he said, "Okay, Bill?" And added: "If you can't completely and honestly say 'no' to a question, let me know and perhaps I can rephrase the question."

And so Mr. Probe began his *pre*-polygraph questioning.

"Have you ever stolen from previous employers?" Bill shifted in his chair a little and said, "As far as stealing, the only kind I can remember is 10 years ago I stole some stationery from a company where I was working." Mr. Probe magnanimously waved this aside. He said: "I'm not interested in stationery and paper clips; there's a little bit of pilferage in all of us." Then he said, more solemnly: "Have you ever taken anything beyond what we discussed?"

Bill: "No."

Mr. Probe: "Any mental disorders?"

Bill: "What do you mean, mental disorders? I guess I'm nervous at times."

Mr. Probe: "I mean anything mental that would impair your work and prevent you from being a good salesman for this company."

Bill: "No."

Mr. Probe: "Are you in good physical condition?"

Bill: "Yes, as far as I know, except for sinus trouble."

Mr. Probe: "Are you seeking permanent employment?"

Bill: "Well, I guess. What do you mean?"

Mr. Probe: "Do you have any plans to leave in the near future if you get the job?"

Bill: "Not that I know of."

Mr. Probe: "Have you answered truthfully all the questions on the application?"

Bill paused and explained that there was that thing about having a college degree. He had attended two colleges in the Midwest for about four and a half years but had never, to be truthful, finally got the degree.

Now Mr. Probe began to explain the mechanics of the machine. He asked Bill to take off his vest, roll up his left sleeve, and sit in the subject's chair. Mr. Probe strapped the corrugated rubber tubing across Bill's chest (to check his respiration), attached a blood-pressure-pulse band to his arm, an electrode to his hand to check the sweating of his palm and muscular movement.

"This machine," Mr. Probe said jovially, "is a scientific instrument to record involuntary changes that occur when people lie." (He was persuading Bill that the machine was infallible.) He added: "In conversation, I can sit here and tell you one lie after another, but we cannot lie to ourselves, and we know that nothing we can do will prevent changes from being recorded. It is an accurate instrument in the hands of a competent examiner. I know you are a little nervous now. We're not measuring nerves; we are measuring changes. I will ask you some questions that are irrelevant. I'll give you two tests. Just answer yes or no."

I could see that three needles on the recording machine in front of Mr. Probe were already starting to make their squiggling lines on paper: the first recorded breathing, the second sweating, the third circulatory responses.

And now the questioning began with the machine in operation. In addition to the ones given in pre-exam, Mr. Probe asked such irrelevant questions as "Do you ever watch TV?" These presumably are control questions. Twice Mr. Probe admonished Bill not to move about so much. At least two new questions, according to my notes, were:

"Have you ever been arrested for speeding or getting a ticket?" (Bill tried to explain something about an incident in Indiana.)

"Have you ever done something that you are really and truly ashamed of?" Bill shook his head. My guide whispered: "That question will sometimes smoke out the homosexual."

When Mr. Probe repeated the question about ever stealing merchandise, Bill said, "No." One of the needles drew an emphatic peak line and my guide murmured, "That doesn't look so good."

Now the machine was turned off and Mr. Probe was explaining that a couple of Bill's responses did give him a little concern. There was a reference to stealing merchandise. Bill conceded he did feel sort of funny when that one came at him, and he said he had also become tense when asked about mental disorder. It sort of made him nervous. Also the drinking question. Mr. Probe talked re-

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assuringly and said, "All right, let's run through the questions again."

Now the needles were behaving more smoothly, and my guide commented on this. He called it "a smoother picture." And then came the final question for the machine. Mr. Probe paused dramatically and said:

"Now, Bill, I'm going to have to ask you a very embarrassing personal question. . . . Bill, have you ever . . ." Long pause, while the needles fluttered to high peaks, then ". . . I guess that question won't be necessary, Bill." My guide whispered that this was a deliberate jolter designed simply to test out Bill's "total reaction capability." Presumably a good or pathological liar would have taken this unfinished question in stride.

Now Bill was unharnessed from the chair and there was a discussion of the test. Mr. Probe noted with approval that all the responses that had caused him concern in the first testing had "washed out" in the second. The examination seemingly was over, and Bill was looking for his hat. Then Mr. Probe said pleasantly, "Bill, one more question before you leave. There is nothing personal or offensive about this, but because of the kind of business you are going in and the fact you have been in the summer theater work, I think I should ask it. Are you inclined to be homosexual?"

Bill looked startled. He said, "No." But the question so unsettled him that he felt compelled to explain his situation. "I have, of course, been surrounded by them in my work in the theater in the Midwest, and I've been exposed to this a lot in some of the Bohemian areas where I've lived, and I have been approached. But the answer is no." Mr. Probe didn't explain why sexual status had any significant relevance to the job for which Bill was applying.

The examiners wanted me to watch more tests; but I said I had had enough. I had had enough to the point of nausea.

Subsequently I dropped Mr. Probe a note requesting a summary of the report he turned in on Bill. He sent me an extract. It noted the discrepancy about a college degree and the fact that he had been unable to state flatly that he was seeking permanent employment. But he did give Bill credit for being honest and pointed out that while slightly nervous on the second test there had been *no specific* reaction to any of the pertinent questions. And then, in his letter to me, he concluded:

"In rendering a verbal report of results of the interview and examination to our client . . . I pointed out that I did not have any substantiating evidence on which to conclude that this man had possible homo-sexual [sic] tendencies, but that it was a great possibility. I then advised our client of the discussion I had with the applicant regarding homo-sexual activities. It was recommended that should the client organization be desirous of ascertaining whether or not this Subject had homo-sexual tendencies that we could conduct a background investigation or re-examine him on the polygraph at a later date."

In short, on no basis other than hunch based on facts already presumably stated in Bill's application about his environmental background, Mr. Probe had raised in the prospective employer's mind a terrible question (in our society) about Bill's manliness.

It should be further noted that most if not all of the derogatory points he reported came not from anything on the polygraph charts but were based on facts discussed while the machine was not turned on!

This fact alone would lead the author to concur with the statement of psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo that the lie detector is primarily a "tool for mental intimidation." Two Harvard psychologists and a graduate student in industrial management at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who made a study of the polygraph as an examining tool reported much the same conclusion. The squiggles intimidate. As for the machine itself, these investigators pointed out that, though lying *will* produce physiological changes, "other factors often produce physiological changes which are very similar. For example there is the real danger that the changes which occur are not the result of a 'feeling of guilt' itself, but rather of recalling some information, or of a shift in attention, or perhaps a sudden fear of the consequences of being pronounced guilty." Their report was entitled "Don't Trust the Lie Detector."

COMING . . .

THE BOY WHO BEATS THE RUSSIANS

Spotlight on champion Gary Anderson, sharpshooting favorite of the coming Olympics.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

As to the ethics of forcing job seekers to submit to such a degrading experience, one comment seems appropriate. Any company that treats its future employees to such an indignity deserves the worst from those employees in terms of loyalty, commitment and honesty—and probably will get it. One hopeful development is that unions are finally starting to fight the polygraph and seeking legislation to get it outlawed. Perhaps they became alarmed because the examiners in some instances were grilling employees or applicants about union activities. Such questions have now been ruled unlawful by the National Labor Relations Board. Unions in general have been so preoccupied with meat-and-potatoes issues in the past that they have paid too little attention to trends in the modern work world that are operating to undermine individual privacy and human dignity.

3. THE USE OF PERSONALITY TESTS

Each year considerably more than a million job seekers must bare themselves to a battery of personality and other psychological tests before they are hired. Since the wide-scale use of such devices for screening job applicants has already been quite thoroughly explored, I shall confine myself here to noting some of the privacy-intrusion aspects. For example, upon re-examining one of several batteries of tests and forms I completed or examined a couple of years ago while posing as an aspiring manager or making believe I was one, I find I was requested to supply the following quite personal facts about myself (along with many more):

—What I think of my mother and father.

—Whether I find my children upsetting.

—How often I am bothered by either constipation or loose bowel movements.

—The degree to which I am disturbed by marital troubles at home.

—How much I am disturbed by loneliness, feelings of guilt, frightening dreams.

—How close I think I am to a nervous breakdown.

—Whether I consider myself ugly.

—How much I am troubled by itching.

—How far my wife, father and mother got in school.

—Whether I am at all worried about my health.

And here are some of the sentences I was instructed to complete:

"One of the things wrong with me . . ."
"My greatest fear is . . ."
"I failed . . ."
"Most girls . . ."
"I suffer . . ."
"My greatest worry . . ."

A great deal of confessing is taking place. Most of the nation's major corporations as well as hundreds of smaller ones will employ only applicants who have been psycho-screened. Virtually every aspiring manager under the age of 30 already has gone through at least one testing of his personality at some stage during the past decade.

Many dozens of testing firms have sprung up to conduct for client companies "depth" interviews of applicants, to test applicants on check lists about their anxieties and on inventories of their interests and opinions, and perhaps on "projective" tests in which the testees unwittingly reveal themselves by the way they complete sentences or draw pictures of a girl or a house. At least one of these projective tests, widely used, is disguised as an application form. The way you place the initial in your name, make check marks, allude to relatives, and follow directions are all presumed to be revealing.

Here are some of the factors the personality testers, on behalf of their client companies, are most anxious to discover about people—especially salesmen or managers being considered for hiring:

Is he or she emotionally sound? This concern may seem odd in view of the fact that a number of respected psychologists have observed that many of the most successful entrepreneurs are hypochondriacs haunted by anxieties and verging on the neurotic. But in any case most of the testers—perhaps to be safe—give their highest scores to the well-rounded, stable, solid-citizen type. The tester measures toward the average.

Testing firms have rushed into print, and hawked to personnel officials, hundreds of testing tools. Currently the favorite tool for corporate screening is a tongue-twisting form straight out of the psychiatric clinic at the University of Minnesota Hospital called the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. It contains more than 500 items that probe how close your responses come to those of psychiatric patients. They delve into your marital problems, religious feelings, sexual anxieties, ailments, political views, and so on.

Is he or she sexually sound? The *he* applicants in business should ideally be all-he; but even the testers recognize that the gal going into business as a career need not necessarily be all-she. A number of widely peddled test forms promise to ferret out the overly unmasculine male or overly unfeminine female. One favorite is the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey. The tester draws up a chart of your "personality" on 10 different polar scales, which presumably determine how you range on ascendance-submissiveness, sociable-shy, and cooperative-critical scales.

The 10th scale is masculinity-femininity. The male whose masculinity chart line falls substantially below the norm may be considered suspect. It is used by testers for many dozens of companies, including one of the world's largest oil companies. Efforts to smoke out the overly feminine male or secret homosexual are also made by the use of the MMPI test mentioned above and the Strong Vocational Interest test. On the latter the true male is assumed to be interested in hunting and fishing and working with tools and to engage in other presumed he-man endeavors; the inadequate male is more cultural and sensitive in his interests. A number of outstanding psychiatrists and psychologists have dismissed the whole approach as fatuous, since the homosexual is frequently completely "masculine" not only in his body build but in his recreational preferences.

Testers working for corporate clients also show a special interest in trying to determine whether the applicant is adaptable enough to be a good team player . . . is money-minded (that is good) . . . is controversial or a "screwball" (those are bad) . . . and has a lot of steam in his boiler (this is considered not only good but crucial). This last can be caught, it is contended, on the "general activity, energy" scale of the Guilford-Zimmerman.

As to the validity of much that passes for the "personality" aspects of testing in screening personnel, I simply offer the comment of one of the nation's leading psychologists, Dr. John Dollard of Yale University. He recently stated: "There may be exceptions unknown to me, but generally speaking, projective tests, trait scales, interest inventories, or depth interviews are not proved to be useful in selecting executives or salesmen, or potential delinquents or superior college students." The *Harvard Business Review* carried a report (September-October 1963) of an analysis made by Professor Richard S. Barrett of New York University. He stated: "A dismal history has been recorded by personality tests."

And as for the ethics of it all, we might ponder the words of Dr. Douglas McGregor, distinguished behavioral scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who states: "I can only confess to a degree of disquiet over the possibilities for manipulation and exploitation of my fellow human beings inherent in the administrative use of personality tests and clinical diagnoses of adjustment for purposes of placement. . . . The critical point is whether management has any moral right to invade the personality." Even assuming that personality can affect performance, he questions whether management "has a right to go behind the performance to the diagnosis of its causes *when those causes are personal and private.*"

Our disquiet at the possibilities of manipulation and exploitation, I would add, should also extend to the widespread use of lie detectors and detectives in the selection of personnel for business and industry. The lie detector is vastly more of an intrusion on one's privacy and an affront to one's dignity than the personality test. And the use of detectives to pry into the private affairs of a candidate would seem to me to be a sad comment on the lack of respect for the individual that such firms are demonstrating.

—Vance Packard

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THE NEWEST GIMMICK FOR HOAXING WIVES

[*Continued from page* 34]

you've made since you told the minister, "I do." Marriage counselors are no smarter than anybody else, except, perhaps, at making money. About the best that can be said for them is that some actually believe they perform a useful service. As for the rest, the marital-counseling field in general represents what may be the most astounding agglomeration of incompetents, frauds, quacks and outright crooks ever assembled under the guise of a respectable profession.

Nobody really knows how many quack counselors are operating at this moment. Some years ago a member of the American Psychological Association was quoted as guessing that there may be as many as 25,000 of them, raking in $375 million a year from the unhappy and the gullible. The APA later denied that the estimate was official. "But if the estimate is wrong," one psychologist told TRUE privately, "it probably errs on the side of being too low." The real figures may be closer to 35,000 and $500 million.

But whatever the raw numbers are, the damnable fact is that, of all the men and women in this country who profess to cure ailing marriages, *at least half and maybe three-fourths* have no business professing any such thing. In New York, a member of a legislative investigating committee estimated in 1963 that at least six out of every 10 marriage counselors in that state are quacks, frauds and incompetents. And the picture looks even worse when you study the records of the American Association of Marriage Counselors. This is a small and rather lonesome group containing the top men in the field. It has only 500 members, for it won't let anybody in unless he can demonstrate that he's truly competent. "We had one admissions committee," recalls executive secretary Dr. David Mace, "which considered about 40 applications for membership. Out of that number, three were accepted." That's an indication of the general level of competence in the marital counseling business.

Some of these incompetents are well-meaning ditherers. But many are frauds, pure and simple. Take Dr. Carlos Arthur, for instance. He had a diploma proclaiming him to be a Doctor of Psychology (PsD), and this impressed his mostly female clientele. What they didn't realize was that the PsD is not a recognized academic degree. No major university ever conferred a PsD. Dr. Arthur had received his degree from a mail-order diploma mill. It cost him $125.

Dr. Arthur set up his practice in Chicago. He prospered. But in 1961 a man named John Midden, husband of one of Dr. Arthur's clients, went to the police with some serious charges against the counselor. Mrs. Midden had gone to Dr. Arthur for help with her marriage. After many counseling sessions at $25 each, Dr. Arthur decided there was no hope of saving the marriage. He counseled divorce. He warned Mrs. Midden at the same time that, if divorce proceedings got started, her husband might try to get out of the mess with as much money as possible. Therefore Mrs. Midden would be wise to take all the money out of their joint savings account and hide it in a safe place. Dr. Arthur knew just such a safe place: his own pocket. He said he'd hold the money until the divorce was final, then give it back to his client. Mrs. Midden promptly drew out $7,000 and handed it over.

John Midden got wind of the scheme, went roaring into Dr. Arthur's office and demanded the money back. Dr. Arthur explained he couldn't give it back because he was investing it for his client. He had, in fact, as it later turned out, blown the entire amount at a race track.

Dr. Arthur landed in jail on a fraud rap. But this was small consolation to John Midden. His seven grand was gone forever.

Is this a typical story? In some of its essentials it is. But in one very important particular, it isn't. It is not typical because Dr. Arthur went to jail.

Most quack marriage counselors not only stay out of jail but, in fact, are able to operate freely without any kind of harassment from the law. For only one state, California, has any kind of law requiring licensing of marital counselors. California's law went into effect on January 1, 1964, and requires that anybody offering himself as a marriage counselor have some sort of recognized training. In all other states, anybody at all can rent an office, buy a white doctor-type coat and call himself a counselor. The law can't touch him.

The California law resulted from investigations in 1962 by a State Assembly committee under bluff, outspoken Assemblyman Lester A. McMillan. "There are indications that considerable harm is being done by certain individuals posing as qualified to solve delicate marital problems," said McMillan as his committee's hearings began. His phrase "considerable harm" turned out, as the hearings progressed, to be a monumental understatement. What the quacks had been getting away with in California—and are still getting away with everywhere else—was absolutely outrageous.

For example, McMillan's committee heard the case of a counselor who set himself up in a plush office, was skilled at using psychological double talk and charged fluff-headed wives $50 an hour for his services. If the diplomas on his elegant walls had told the strict truth, they would have shown that his background included a seventh-grade education and a prison term. He didn't know the first thing about marital counseling. But there was no law to prevent him from saying he did.

His favorite method of therapy was to suggest to wives that they have sexual intercourse with men other than their husbands. The idea was that this would free them of their inhibitions, satisfy un-

"My advice is to give up cigarette girls."

fulfilled desires and make them more patient when they got back to the man at home. This weird brand of therapy isn't recognized as valid by any reputable school of psychology. But there was no law to prevent the marriage counselor from inventing his own kind of treatments. His whole operation was entirely legal.

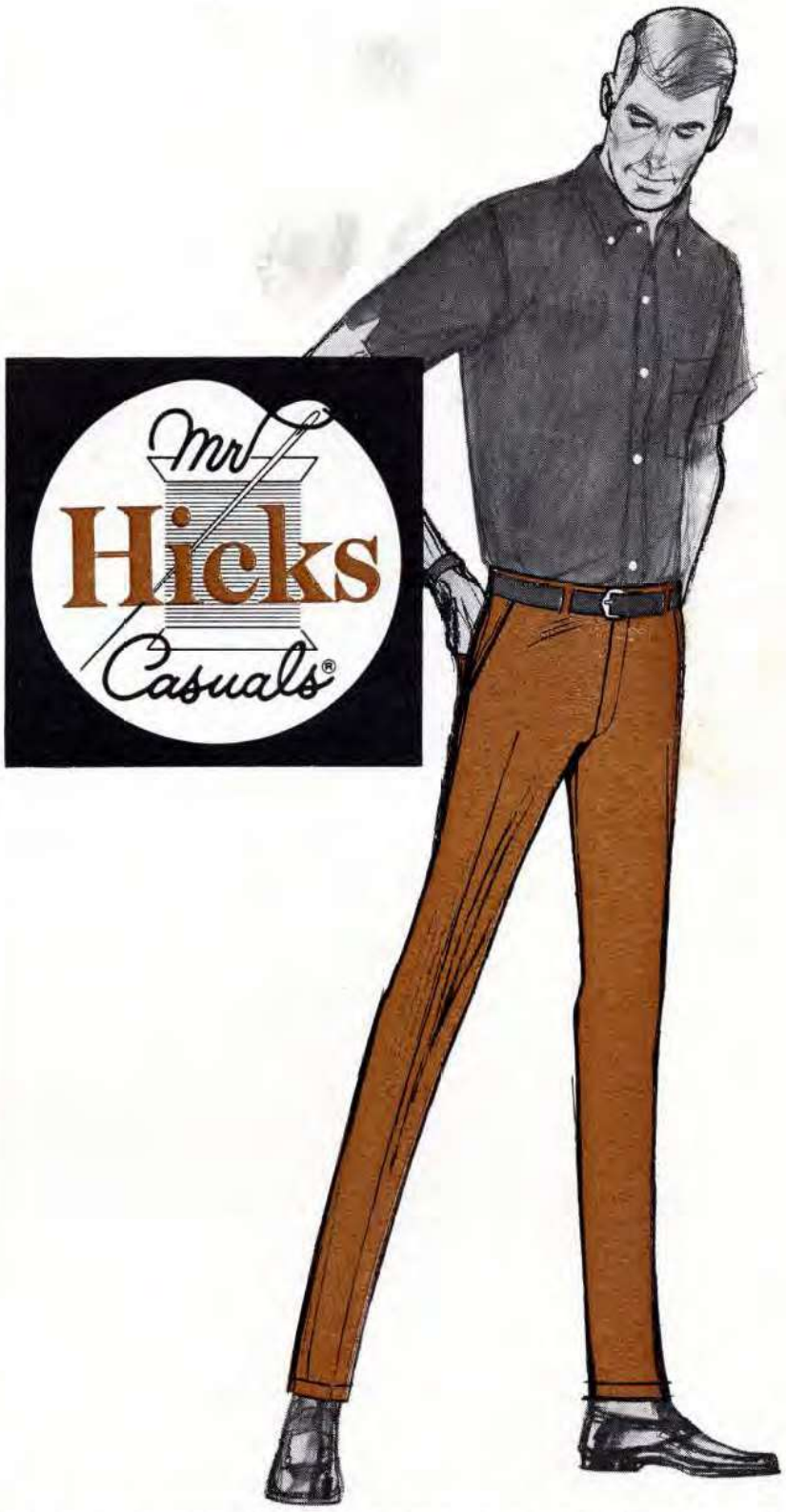
Until he began going a step further. When attractive young wives came in to consult him, he would not only suggest extramarital sex but would offer to cooperate in the therapy himself. Moreover, he was fond of unusual sex games. The law finally got him on a morals charge, and he was forced to flee from the state. But there was never any legal question about his counseling quackery itself.

California can now crack down legally on quacks like this, but no other state can. Take New York, for instance. Jeremiah McKenna, Assistant District Attorney for New York County, has been trying for five years to nail a fantastic marital-counseling outfit that operates around Manhattan. He refers to this outfit as The Group. The Group represents marriage-counseling fraud on a big-business scale. It occupies several floors of a New York City office building, has about 15 therapists and in a typical week collects fees from some 150 patients.

The head of The Group, who was once arrested for practicing medicine without a license, has somehow managed to work himself into a teaching job at a well-known university. He calls himself "Doctor," basing the title on a degree he got by mail order from a nonaccredited college in Washington State. All the therapists under him have similar connections that make them sound legitimate. One works as a vocational counselor for the YMCA. Another serves part time as a social worker at a major hospital. These connections not only make The Group sound like an outfit of high professional standards, but bring the therapists into contact with people who want marital counseling. The therapists steer these troubled people to The Group.

The Group's principal way of making money is to collect high fees for its totally useless counseling services. But it has other ways, among them a very lucrative matchmaking system. It works like this. Wife A is told she needs extramarital sex experience to make her marriage better. Meantime, in another counseling room, Husband B is being told the same thing. The reasons given are psychoanalytic mumbo jumbo and sound impressive to the layman. The suggestion is then made that Wife A and Husband B can help each other out. The Group arranges a time and place for the two patients to meet and perform the suggested act. For its trouble in setting up the deal, The Group collects an extra fee from one or both of the patients.

"Is it prostitution?" McKenna asks. "Not quite." If a payment were made directly by Husband B to Wife A, it would be prostitution and McKenna (if he had proof) could haul The Group into court. But the payments are cleverly



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concealed and always indirect. It isn't prostitution. It's marriage counseling. It's legal.

In some cases The Group has gone still further than that. Weak-minded wives have come completely under The Group's control. With the warning, popular among marriage counselors, that "your husband might raid your bank account," several women have been persuaded to transfer their entire bank accounts to The Group. The Group handles all their financial affairs and withdraws fees for itself at will.

Assistant D.A. McKenna has been watching The Group in angry frustration since 1959. But The Group hasn't demonstrably broken any laws. "I just don't have anything to base a prosecution on," he told TRUE. "The Group is still in business today."

So are thousands of other marriage-counseling quacks and crooks, in every state of the Union. The marital counseling field is wide open for con artists. In fact it is hard to think of any field that is wider open or one that offers a bigger payoff with less danger from the law.

Women are easy prey for this kind of quackery. Men as a rule tend to doubt that muddled personal problems can be solved by a stranger, no matter how crisp his white coat or how esoteric his language. But women trustingly swallow magazine material like "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" and "How to Make Your Husband Romantic," in which a benevolent white-coated man plays a complex kind of chess game with human emotions—and always wins. Women's great faith in counselors shows up in the frequency with which they write to newspaper advice-to-the-lovelorn columnists. At least 75 percent of the mail received by the typical mail-order marriage counselor comes from women, and in some cases it's as high as 85 percent.

So be on guard, old friend. You may have no more intention of visiting a marriage counselor than you have of visiting a voodoo witch doctor. But your wife sees things differently. And if she ever does visit a counselor, you could be in for troubles that you never thought possible.

Not only will it cost you money—anywhere from $10 to $50 per visit. That's bad enough, but it's nothing compared to what might happen later. For the counselor is likely to take sides with your wife. Quack counselors almost always side with whichever spouse happens to visit them, on the theory that it doesn't pay to argue with a customer. Whatever tale your wife tells about your marital problems, true or not, the counselor will probably agree that you, the husband, are at fault.

For example, consider an actual recorded interview with a New York marriage counselor. The interview took place in the spring of 1963. The counselor, Mrs. M., had advertised her services in the yellow pages of the phone book, and a young woman had gone to consult her.

"My husband is a gambler," said the young woman. "He plays cards, he plays the horses."

Mrs. M. thought this was a hell of a situation. She asked the young woman some questions about her marital sex life. Finally she gave her expert diagnosis and recommended a course of treatment.

"Your husband is a pig," she diagnosed. "A man like that—you shouldn't live with him. You shouldn't feed him. You shouldn't give him any sex. You ought to get all the money. Take it out of your joint bank account bit by bit so he doesn't notice, and put it in a vault where he can't touch it."

And that was Mrs. M.'s solution to the marital problem. "That will be $10 please," said Mrs. M.

The young woman went away. Luckily for the husband in this particular case, he didn't get the recommended treatment. For the young woman didn't really have a marital problem. She was an agent of Kitty Barry Investigations, a New York City private detective outfit. Kitty Barry, a former policewoman, was under contract with New York State's Joint Legislative Committee on Matrimonial and Family Law, which wanted to find out just how much fraud there is in the marital-counseling business.

"There's more quackery in this field than we dreamed possible when we started the investigation," Senator Henry Curran, the committee chairman, told TRUE. "The investigation showed us one thing very clearly. The marital counseling field is badly in need of some regulatory laws."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

That's putting it mildly. What the field is in need of is some hard policing and some stiff jail sentences. As things now stand, well over half the men and women in the field are frauds. This means the odds are more than 50-50 against your wife's finding an honest man and a good one when she decides she wants counseling. You expect some quackery in every profession, but 50 percent plus is fantastic.

California's new law will cut down those outrageous odds to some extent. So will the law which Senator Curran's committee has proposed for New York State. In both cases a man or woman who wants to practice marital counseling must apply for a license, and to get one he must (1) show a master's certificate in psychology from a recognized university and (2) prove he has served an apprenticeship under a veteran counselor who himself meets these requirements. The penalty for practicing without a license under the New York proposed law is a fine of up to $500 or a jail term of up to a year, or both. That's lenient, but it's better than what most states have—no law at all.

Legislators in several other states, for example Illinois and Florida, have been talking about writing similar laws of their own. Such laws, if strictly enforced, could drive many of the most obvious, out-and-out quacks into some other line of business. But even if your state passes such a law, don't assume the marital-counseling business will be cleaned up. It won't be.

"A law that cracks down on outright quacks is all right as far as it goes," says Dr. Mace of the elite American Association of Marriage Counselors. "But we're more worried about the not quite qualified, the fellow who has all the required degrees but still doesn't know marriage problems."

After all, most men (though not necessarily most women) can spot an outright quack when they meet one. But in the marriage-counseling field a hidden or twilight kind of quackery is rampant. The trouble is, no university awards a degree in marital counseling. Marriage counselors get a psychology degree, which is the same blanket degree that covers men and women in the fields of job testing, child guidance, criminal rehabilitation and several hundred other psychological occupations. Thus a man with this degree doesn't necessarily know any more about marriage problems than a pipe fitter's assistant. The diploma on his wall looks mighty impressive. But he may still be only a well-educated, high-toned phony.

California has tried to overcome this problem by requiring an apprenticeship under a veteran counselor. But the veteran himself may be only a fake. All the apprentice learns from him is how to pontificate impressively and how to add large numbers on a customer's bill. The laws as now conceived won't stop this kind of fraud.

Nor will the present laws stop plain bad-faith counseling. It isn't only the outright quack who will take sides with whichever spouse pays his bills. Counselors with psychology degrees do it too.

It's hard to see how any amount of law-writing could stop bad counseling by diploma-holding phonies. The trouble is, psychology in general and marital counseling in particular are not exact sciences. There are very few universally accepted principles or standard treatments. If you go to an M.D. with a broken arm and he sets it crooked, you have some basis for hauling him into court on a malpractice charge. But you can't easily sue a marriage counselor for malpractice because there are no firm standards of good practice. The field is mostly theory. One counselor's treatment may be the opposite of another's, but nobody knows which—if either—is right.

Another nearly insoluble problem of marriage-counselor laws is the Religion Loophole. Hundreds of thousands of ministers, priests and rabbis across the country give their parishioners marriage counseling. Both the California and New York legislators had to recognize this fact. In both cases the law says it's all right for a religious leader to counsel without a license, provided he charges no direct fee for the service.

The loophole is a big one, and it can't be closed. The U.S. Constitution guarantees anybody's right to invent a religion and call himself a minister. No

matter how wacky the religion may sound, a court of law is obliged to assume he's sincere. He now has the legal right to practice marital counseling without a license under the California-type law.

California Assemblyman Lester McMillan and his committee called a number of religious leaders to testify before them in 1962. One was a man who wore a turban, gave his name as Abn Donahji and said he was the spiritual leader of a church called the Palace of Brmhayati. He advertised himself in the phone book under the heading Marriage Counseling. His therapeutic methods included elements such as Yoga, "psychic vibrations" and the drinking of raw vegetable juice "to develop the aura around the body."

Actually, his real name was Don Wilson, he came from a small town in Kansas and he'd never gone beyond the 10th grade in school. The California lawwriters wanted to know if there was some way to make him conform to the more recognized professional standards they hoped to set for the marriage-counseling business. But there wasn't. Abn Donahji wasn't doing anything that was illegal in 1962 or is illegal now under the 1964 law.

They couldn't even snag him on the question of fees. When Assemblyman John Knox asked if he charged a fee for his marital-counseling sessions, Donahji replied that he didn't. He asked for a donation instead. A donation to a church isn't legally a direct fee. Thus there was no way for the law to make Donahji get a license.

Another spiritual leader called to testify before McMillan was Dr. William V. King, founder of an outfit called the Church of Modern Philosophy. Like Donahji, King offered a counseling service, and his patients paid in the form of donations to his church. His education was somewhat more advanced than Donahji's. He'd reached the 11th grade.

McMillan wanted to know where and how he got the impressive title of "Doctor." Asked McMillan: "Did you study for the ministry?"

King: "I am the founder of the Church of Modern Philosophy."

McMillan: "Did you issue yourself the degree?"

King: "The church issued it to me."

McMillan: "It's your church, though."

King: "Yes. I am the founder of the church."

McMillan: "Did you have any special training before you founded the church?"

King: "I founded the philosophy. It is my teaching."

The fact is, laws can't guarantee that a man or woman who hangs out a marriage-counselor's shingle is really competent to do the job. About the best that can be said is that laws may improve your chances of finding a good man. Whether or not your state has marriage-counselor laws now or in the future, the safest course for you is to look at the whole field with a sour and cynical eye. If you must go to a counselor, assume him to be a quack until he demonstrates otherwise. Demand to see his educational records, and if they're from a college you never heard of, walk out. Check his credentials with the state or county health department, the local Better Business Bureau and anybody else who may have information about fraud in the area.

And never let your wife go to see a counselor without you. In the files of U.S. Divorce Reform is the story of one more man who made that fatal mistake. He and his wife lived in Los Angeles. When their marriage began to fall apart she suggested going to see a counselor. The husband sensibly doubted the value of counseling, but when his wife kept nagging him he told her to go ahead on her own.

She found a counselor and began seeing him regularly. After about three months the counselor decided the marriage couldn't be saved after all. He suggested a divorce. To help things along he got on the phone to the husband and urged a quiet out of court settlement in which the wife got a big lump of cash instead of alimony. The whole affair would be less nerve-racking this way, the counselor pointed out. The husband went along.

Thus the wife came out of the deal with a juicy bank account. And like many divorcees with money she remarried quickly. Who was her new husband? The marriage counselor.

The Myth of Marriage Counseling will no doubt be with us for a long time to come. Your wife will continue to read her magazines with their picture of the counselor as a fount of strength and wisdom. But you know better.

As a last resort before divorce, maybe a counselor can help you. Divorce courts aren't generous to husbands, and if your marriage problems have degenerated to that point, at least a counselor probably won't make the problems much worse. But if you want advice at other times, just buy a drink from a sympathetic bartender. He'll counsel you for nothing.

—Max Gunther

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TOUGH TOPPLER OF HOFFA'S TEAMSTERS

[*Continued from page* 49]

as one of the 19 big guns of the Chicago crime syndicate and reportedly one of the first Teamsters Hoffa consulted after his Tennessee conviction, rising closer to the top. If Glimco and other hoods gain more control, Abata retains a good fuse for exploding revolt, and the upheaval, if there is one, could work in his favor.

"There'll be *plenty* of rank-and-file dissatisfaction with whoever is left," he thunders, striding around his carpeted office near Chicago's Loop. "We're going to keep moving in on the Teamsters whether Hoffa's there or not. If anything, his conviction will help us, even if he beats it on appeal." He flips open a file. "Letters are coming in from unions all over, wanting our help. Hoffa and his bums have sold their men down a whole river of hoodlums and 'sweetheart' contracts and scabby deals. The laws against organized labor are getting worse and worse because of that big faker. The rank and file are fed up." The rebel lights a crooked black Italian cigar and chews it fiercely. "This year and next, I'm going after the heart of Teamster power—the long-distance drivers. I'll win some. I've sailed into Hoffa's harbor, and I expect to float the cargo I came for."

The invasion could erupt into a wild showdown. Jimmy Hoffa, the tough-nut-to-crack from Brazil, Indiana, has shown no reluctance in calling out his heavy artillery. And Abata, a slum-bred, two-fisted, street-and-alleys type, thrives on conflict. "Fighting," says his son Joe, an officer of Abata's taxi local, "is the old man's biggest weakness." Yet Dom is 53 years old, short (about Hoffa's height, though heavier), wears thick black-rimmed glasses, is somewhat hard of hearing (possibly from severe head injuries he suffered years ago when smashed with a pool cue during a tangle), and is plagued with a recurring back ailment that sometimes forces him to walk with a cane. In other men these might be considered debilities. They don't even slow Abata down. He not only doesn't run from trouble, he often runs *toward* it, and if it tries to hide, he seeks it out.

A few months ago, he happened on a band of Teamster "public-relations" men doling out Michigan apples (compliments of J. Hoffa) to cab drivers at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, obviously with an eye to the next representation election. One Hoffa promoter handed Abata a newspaper of Teamster propaganda. Dom calmly rolled up the paper and slapped the Teamster man smartly across the face with it. Within seconds, he was slugging and kicking in a near-riot of 150 rival hackies.

More recently, he started swinging at 18 beefy Hoffa legionnaires whom he unexpectedly found picketing a cab garage. "He was dripping blood all over the place when we got there," a cop remembers. "But I'll be damned if he hadn't flattened *five* of those mugs!"

I happened to be in Abata's office later when a hackie reported that one of the Teamsters was left with "a scar he'll wear for life." Abata's face brightened. "Yeah? Where?" he asked eagerly. The driver sketched a line down Abata's cheek. Dom caressed the spot fondly. "I knocked all of one guy's upper teeth out," he told me with studied casualness. "That's the all-American way to fight."

He's as quick with his tongue as with his fists. Jerry Goldberg, a former member of his staff, says, "He thinks nothing of walking up to a guy and saying point-blank: 'I think you're a sonofabitch,' if he's sore about something." And he cares little about where or at whom he hurls his verbal poison darts. Last October he erupted in volcanic fury at the first fall meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Some of the state's top labor leaders were on hand, and the convivial brotherhood of workingmen permeated every speech and perfumed the air—until President Bill Lee grandly observed that the Federation was thriving and that it enjoyed "full unity."

Abata jumped up raging, *"There is no unity in labor!"* he bellowed. Without bothering to explain that he was peeved at Lee over a misunderstanding about an eye-care plan for his union, he lashed out at powerful labor leaders around him as "not true labor men," his ultimate epithet. Angry voices shouting, "Liar! Liar!" rocked the hall. One old firehorse wobbled to his feet and challenged Abata to fight. Abata lunged toward him, then turned on Lee, accused him of shenanigans with the Federation's finances and dared him to "step outside into the alley." By the time Abata finally stormed out of the place, the steins-and-songs atmosphere had evaporated in furnace blasts of raw temper. A month later, when I visited Dom at his office, he still had a news story of the incident on his desk. It was the first thing he showed me.

His fisticuffs and fury make him seem almost ludicrous at times, but one is never sure whether these displays are beyond his control or are part of his street-corner cunning. "If he wasn't the kind of guy he is," says Douglas Anderson, a former labor organizer and now an assistant to U.S. Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, "he'd never have taken all those cabbies and truckers away from Jimmy Hoffa. They love the scrapper image." When he spoke to rebel truck drivers in Philadelphia some months ago, they nearly tore the union hall apart trying to lift him onto their shoulders. Abata is one of the old-time Chautauqua fire-eaters, a Billy Graham of labor. "He has a great sense of animal psychology," says one observer. "He knows when to repeat a word, when to pause, and most of all how to make a speech that deeply stirs the emotions without really saying a thing."

Cabbies listen in union hall as Abata makes a point. They feel he's out for them.

At a recent union meeting in Chicago, I listened while Abata waded eagerly into an ocean of clichés. Lacing his words with an amazing repertory of profanity, he talked about "progress at the expense of the working man," "fakers posing as trade unionists," about putting Jimmy Hoffa "in a liars' contest," and about unions being "as sacred as a home." Cab drivers broke in with shouts of approval in true revival style. Abata waved a Teamster pamphlet like a message from Satan. "I don't care if Heaven comes down, I'll never permit anyone to step on you," he blared. "This organization will see you through Hell! No matter who gets in our way"—he slammed the pamphlet against the rostrum—"if they won't move, we'll run over them!" Then came the testimonials. Drivers rose and told how Abata stood up with them in court, how he battled with company superintendents to prevent firings. A steelworker-turned-cabbie launched a tirade against the Teamsters, calling them "the Hamsters" (because "they're on a treadmill"). In the end the whole hall was shouting, *"Damn the Teamsters!"* Through it all, Abata stood with his feet spread apart, glowering. Afterward he asked me, "Did you ever see anything like

that? It's militant! It's democratic!" The two adjectives are among his three favorite words.

The third is "I." "It goes without saying," observes a lawyer who has known him for years, "that Abata's smoking never stunted his ego." His massive vanity is one of several things—impoverished childhood, alley wisdom, size, refusal to buckle under pressure—that he shares with Hoffa. But despite the superficial "image of bluff and exaggeration," the Chicago *Sun-Times* once noted, "no matter how long Abata talks or how excited he becomes, he is remarkably consistent and obviously convinced of what he says."

And he puts his words into action. "The Teamsters just gave us a lot of hot air," one cabbie told me. "Dom is using his head and giving us things that will help us build a future."

For instance, he helped set up a union stewards' training program at Roosevelt University, in Chicago, where union members study methods of handling grievances and other labor-management problems. While the Teamster local had no established grievance procedures, Abata has organized a no-nonsense committee that meets with cab company officials twice a week. Under his guidance, beefs have been handled so well that not one has been submitted to arbitration and drivers report "99 percent satisfaction."

Dom also appears almost daily at traffic court, where cabbies often are literally fighting for their jobs. (Three moving-violation convictions in a year call for license revocation in Illinois.) "Abata reads law books in his spare time, and he knows the municipal code backwards and forwards," one hackie told me. "I've seen him argue cases for 15 drivers in a single morning. Just the other day, a driver was being tried for leaving a cab at a parking meter. Abata told the judge there isn't any law against that. The judge checked—and there isn't!"

Other popular Abata projects are a credit union that makes loans at 1 percent interest, death benefits for part-time drivers, a scholarship fund, a low-fee bail-bond system and an emergency blood bank.

Last April, he approached Mayor Richard J. Daley with yet another pet idea. He insisted that Daley order 1,000 cabs off the street immediately, "because drivers are forced to compete with each other too much for fares and have to work far too many hours to make a good wage." Says one of Abata's friends: "If the mayor does what Dom wants, it will cut the union membership and probably even keep Dom from getting a salary raise (he now gets $10,000 a year) because of fewer dues coming in. But Dom sees that it'll benefit the drivers in the long run, so he's pushing it. He's an honest man."

His honesty and courage in battling the Teamsters have prompted the U.S. Bureau of International Labor Affairs to recommend Abata for interviews with foreign labor leaders. They have come to his office from as far away as Iceland, Jordan, Uruguay. "Every place else we visited," commented Wajeeh Mango, head of a Jordanian trade-union federation, "we were met by intellectuals and thinkers, rathers than doers. Here, for the first time in America, I feel we are surrounded by our own kind—straight-talking, fighting unionists."

The story the foreigners always like most—indeed, the one that tells most about Abata—is the classic saga of the Chicago taxi revolt. It began in 1937—24 years before its climax—when Abata, then a driver for the Checker Cab Company, first emerged as a labor powerhouse.

In those days the cost of gasoline, repairs and wash jobs came out of the cabbies' cut of their fares. One driver, after all deductions, once was left 35 cents for 70 hours at the wheel. Others were paid off in whisky. "I was ducking the landlord all the time," Abata recalls. "I got sick of it."

On the morning of March 5, 1937, he and Oscar Kofkin, a driver for Yellow Cab, hit the taxi lines at hotels, railroad depots and department stores, shouting, "We're striking! We're striking! Go to Navy Pier!" Soon scores of cabs jammed the Lake Michigan waterfront.

Abata scrambled atop one and yelled, "If we organize, nothing can stop us! There'll be bloodshed and heartache, but we'll win! We want 50 percent of the meter price and *no deductions!*" The crowd cheered wildly.

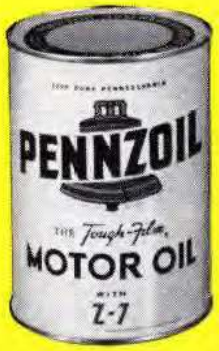
That Abata should command a rank-and-file following was ironic. He had a reputation as a vicious cab driver—cutting off other taxis, driving over curbs, pulling every fast play in the book to get a fare. "But the drivers weren't looking for popularity," says Joseph Jacobs, a fiery labor lawyer who helped run the strike. "They were desperate men. They turned to Dom because they needed a guy with lots of guts."

Abata was on the street constantly—"with a baseball bat in each hand,"—his son says. He needed them. Bitter and uncompromising, the companies shipped in professional strikebreakers from New York to split heads for $7 a day; trigger-happy guards rode rifle with the scab drivers who remained on the streets; city police, coping with the biggest strike the city had ever experienced, seized every chance to manhandle strikers (two of the most brutal cops later turned out to be cab company stockholders), and more than 900 arrests were made.

Then, on St. Patrick's Day, the strike reached a bloody crescendo. The 4,000 idle drivers were getting hungry, talking surrender, and Abata decided to make a drastic play for moral and company capitulation. "When you go outside this morning," he told his sluggers, "start shouting 'Downtown! Downtown!' to the drivers. Turn over everything in sight."

The strikers, 1,200 strong, swooped into the Loop. Flying squads of 10 men each descended on operating cabs, yanked out the scabs, and beat them senseless with crowbars and tire irons. The rampaging drivers overturned 50 taxis and stuffed lighted newspapers into the fuel tanks of others. When mounted police tried to break up the riot, the cops were dragged from their horses and

ASK...



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"You were right—it's a dirty word."

clubbed with jack handles. Some pedestrians were knocked unconscious by flying bricks. It was the worst melee in Loop history.

The chief of police broadcast an order that Abata be "shot on sight," but when Dom stormed into the chief's office and defied him to carry out his own command, he backed down. The cab companies caved in and negotiated an improved contract.

Shrewdly, Abata has seen to it that this strike is not forgotten. In 1962, months after he won the cabbies away from Hoffa, he led them in another walkout for a larger cut of the meter price. "We want no violence in this strike," he announced. Then he added pointedly, "But we do know how to fight. It's haunting to remember how much alike the two situations are." Within a day, Mayor Daley, visions of overturned taxis dancing in his head, was pressing the cab companies to accede to Abata's demands.

After the 1937 strike, Abata's new union was chartered by the International Brotherhood of Teamsters as Local 777, and Abata was elected president by an overwhelming margin. For two years he grappled with no stronger adversaries than booze-crazed cabbies who tried to shoot up the shabby union offices over real or imagined grievances. Then, in 1939, Joseph Paul Glimco made the scene. In recent years, Robert Kennedy has termed Glimco "an ornament of the city's underworld," and the Chicago Crime Commission has identified him as "a crime syndicate bigwig of varied interests, ranging from labor racketeering to jukebox distribution." Twice denied U.S. citizenship "for want of good moral character," he is now considered one of Hoffa's closest pals. At the time, however, Glimco was a Teamster slugger and a reputed shakedown artist.

At the request of a powerful Teamster boss who had been instrumental in getting the cabbies their charter, Abata says he agreed to let Glimco use the union office "as a place to hang out." Before he knew it, pal Joey was taking over.

Abata later testified under oath before the McClellan Rackets Committee that Glimco, capitalizing on fear after making it clear that he represented Chicago's savage crime syndicate, "shook down" all the union's officers for salary kickbacks. Abata himself surrendered more than half his $175-a-week salary, he said, because "I batted absolutely zero" in personal efforts to oust Glimco. Other union officers "finked out" when he asked them to rally behind him, he asserted. This "finking out" has left Abata distrustful of close associates even today. "He sees traitors behind every lamp post," a staff member says, "and he constantly thinks he hears a wire tap on his phone. He has to have the final hand in everything."

Finally, in November, 1951, after a barrage of death threats and the murders of several defiant officials from other Teamster locals had driven his wife to near hysteria, Abata pulled out of 777.

For three years he ran a delicatessen and liquor store with his son Joe, and brooded. Then in 1954 he decided to talk—first to FBI agents in a secret meeting behind the Adler Planetarium, then under oath before the McClellan Committee, which was throwing light on Jimmy Hoffa's hoodlum hangers-on.

In three trips to Washington in 1958 and 1959, Abata helped build a damning indictment of fraud, plunder and intimidation against Glimco, who had become Local 777's president. Abata "loved it," his son says. "He could have sat in that witness chair for six months." Glimco, by contrast, took the Fifth Amendment 180 times. The committee concluded that under his guidance Local 777 had become "the most corrupt union in America."

"When they were finished," says Joe Abata, "McClellan patted the old man on the shoulder and said, 'If all Italians were like you, this would be a great country. When you go home, the cab drivers should rally around you.' That's all he had to hear. He came home with blood in his eye."

Dom remembers: "I felt, 'Jeez, here's an organization I built and the gangs have completely taken over.' After all those years, I was finally mad enough to start greasing the garbage chute for Joey Glimco—and for Hoffa, too."

Crudely printed handbills lured about 75 curious cab drivers to Abata's first rebel meeting on April 2, 1959, in a rickety banquet hall. At least half the drivers there were Teamster spies. A reporter remembers that Abata unerringly fingered the finks, despite the fact that many made "anti-Teamster" speeches. His own blistering oration against Hoffa and Glimco won a core of half-a-dozen men to his cause. They called themselves the Democratic Union Organizing Committee, and their job was to get enough cabbies' signatures on petitions to force an NLRB representation election.

The task took two grueling years and fantastic stamina. Joe Abata recalls: "The old man would come home sometimes with feet bloody and swollen the size of balloons from tramping through the snow all day. He'd say, 'I must be crazy.' But at six o'clock in the morning he'd be out on the street again."

Almost every day brought some new terror. Rifle shots were fired into the homes of drivers who attended rebel rallies. Goons ripped up the DUOC petitions, slashed the tires of organizers' cars and dumped shellac in the gas tanks. Drivers were ambushed and beaten with fists and lead pipes. One night a truck plowed into the front of Abata's delicatessen; the vehicle was traced to a company in which Tony Accardo, then kingpin of the city's organized crime, reputedly held an interest. Fearful customers stopped patronizing the place. Eventually, Abata sold out at a $9,000 loss.

Threatening calls nearly jangled his phone off the wall: "Your wife's gonna be crying over your dead body"; "We're gonna break both your legs"; "Get your tombstone picked out." Cabbies who signed petitions found skull-and-crossbones drawings pasted on their dashboards; some were fired from their jobs. Spotlights from mysterious cars were played on the homes of DUOC organizers.

In a city where more than 900 gang-

style murders remain unsolved, such threats are not to be regarded lightly. Indeed, the police intelligence squad learned Abata was marked for assassination. Even after he was assigned around-the-clock bodyguards, he was followed everywhere by a white Cadillac driven by a Teamster payroller. In a chance meeting, Joey Glimco himself spat at Abata and warned, "You'll find your head in your lap yet." Soon after, police reported that a 300-pound terrorist named Barney Baker was hanging around Abata's home and the DUOC office. According to Robert Kennedy, "assault and mayhem in crushing opposition to Hoffa were often a part of Baker's work," and Hoffa has testified that the giant was employed by the Teamsters "under my direct orders."

Yet one of Abata's favorite pastimes consisted of timing his driving so that he lost his police shadows at changing traffic lights. The detectives often caught up with him outside Local 777, where he'd be shouting for Glimco to come out and fight. Even today he pays scant attention to threats, which still pour into his office. Last year, when someone sent him a news photo of a murdered politician with the notation, "You're next, Dominic," he merely folded it and worked it into the sole of his shoe as a patch.

The only thing that has kept him from being killed, Chicago's most knowledgeable crime reporter told me, is that his murder "would bring too much heat to the crime syndicate."

During his fight, Abata looked for financial aid from organized labor. In a secret meeting at the Blackstone Hotel, according to Abata, top AFL-CIO officials described him as a significant weapon against Hoffa and pledged "any kind of help we can give, including money." They never got in touch with him again, he says, and today he is extremely bitter toward nearly all the organization's leaders.

Despite setbacks in the battle, he won a steady stream of converts and presented an effective case to the NLRB. A representation election was ordered.

In a last-ditch effort to woo the drivers, Jimmy Hoffa himself, interrupting contract negotiations in San Francisco, flew to Chicago. Two weeks earlier, in a nationally televised debate, he had bragged that he was "unbeatable." Now, at a rally of 500 drivers, he virtually commanded the hackies to vote Teamster. Discovering that more than half the Checker-Yellow driving force were Negroes, the Teamsters hired Olympic champion Jesse Owens to tout Glimco on Negro radio stations. Then, before departing, Hoffa announced he would be waiting "wherever I am or whatever I'm doing" for that phone call of victory.

Hoffa's confidence was misplaced. "Dominic talks the cabbies' language better than anybody else," says Irving Friedman, a labor lawyer who represented Abata before the NLRB. And on election day, the cabbies talked his, 2,122 to 1,760. Abata promised, "The mob will never walk over me again, unless they go out and walk over my grave."

From that day to this, Hoffa has maintained public silence on Abata. (At this

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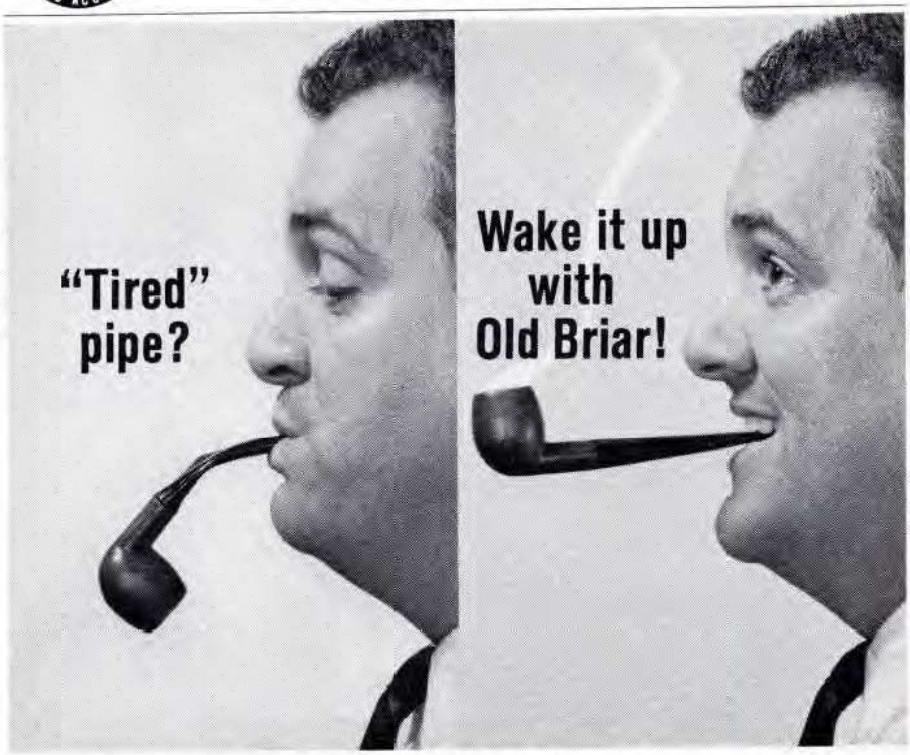

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writing the Teamster boss was not available for comment because of his trial in Chicago on charges of fraudulent use of union funds.) But he has been scuttling like a sand crab to keep "Dummynic" from widening his beachhead.

In 1962, when Abata tried to pull independent Milwaukee taxi drivers into his ranks, Teamster organizers, including one of Hoffa's top public-relations men, agitated furiously against him, even though the Teamsters were not on the ballot. The Hoffa men were quoted as saying that Jimmy himself ordered them to "stop Abata from getting a foothold in Wisconsin." (They succeeded in this case. The cabbies voted by a narrow margin to stay independent.) In Chicago, where another cab election could be held next spring, a confidential four-page memo outlining strategy to wreck Abata reportedly has been distributed by Hoffa to more than 200 business agents. When Abata called his 1962 walk-out, Hoffa even volunteered the services of strike-breakers. He told the companies he'd ship 1,000 jobless truck drivers to Chicago to keep the cabs running, but backed out on the deal, possibly after learning of a ban on ex-convict drivers.

Joey Glimco, for one, believes Hoffa can squash Abata. When I spent an afternoon with him recently, he pooh-poohed Abata as an adversary. "You might as well say someone at Dunning (a local insane asylum) is a threat," he sneered. His gaze alternated between a charcoal portrait of Hoffa on his office wall and a toy chimpanzee labeled "Duncey Abata" on a bookcase. He launched into a long story about a time Abata allegedly was conned into trying to buy a "French doughnut farm" in Florida, with a "high-school educated dog" thrown in. "Why, just to listen to him is enough to discourage anyone from joining forces with him," Glimco chortled. He pulled out a transcript of the Senate hearings and gleefully picked out several examples of poor grammar from Abata's testimony.

If Abata's so stupid, I asked, how does he manage to win?

"By a lot of deceitness," Glimco snapped.

The graying, dapper mobster then launched into a touching self-testimonial. He named priests, nuns and rabbis he counted among his friends, and announced that a Catholic priest had "blessed this very office." He ushered me into the health and welfare fund office and pointed to a huge crucifix on the wall. "This is the atmosphere you'll find around here," he said reverently. He even plugged the movie *The Cardinal*.

Then, Sunday school dismissed, he was ready to gamble. He tossed $20 on the desk and insisted I use it to ride cabs and find out first hand about the "disillusionment" of drivers with Abata and the "growing desire" to return to the Teamsters.

Joey should have stuck with showing me the crucifix. I rode with a dozen different drivers. Nine enthusiastically praised Abata.

Among Dom's strongest supporters, I discovered, are the Negro drivers. It may be that they admire him for having clawed his way out of Chicago's slums, just as many of them are trying to do. The oldest of seven children reared in the melting pot around Jane Addams' Hull House, Abata never went beyond grammar school. When he was 13, his illiterate father, an immigrant from Naples who worked as a construction company scaffold man, cut his thumb in a lunch-hour accident. Inadequate medical attention led to blood poisoning, and eventually the arm had to be amputated. The elder Abata received only $500 compensation and was reduced to working as a watchman in the stockyards for $12 a week. "I felt the rich class didn't do him justice," Abata says. "From then on I was for the working man, and I was bitter." Most immediately, however, the accident meant that young Dom couldn't attend graduation ceremonies at Andrew Jackson Elementary School because the family couldn't afford a blue-serge suit and a white shirt.

His formal schooling ended, Abata spent many nights poring over textbooks in the Hull House library. Even today he spends much of his leisure time reading books on history. He credits Jane Addams with having nurtured both his interest in study and his talent at leadership. She made him monitor for the Friday night dances, and he was responsible for closing up after another slum kid named Benny Goodman had blown his last wild horn of the evening.

The Teamsters are fond of referring to Abata as an "ex-convict." There were two convictions: one in 1924, when he was 13, for stealing a bushel of tomatoes; the other a few years later for filching a crate of lemons.

When he was 16, Abata lied about his age and applied for a driving job at the Yellow Cab Company. He got it, although he had to learn to drive first. By the time Abata switched to Checker some years later, he had ducked flying crank handles and professional sluggers in the vicious cab wars between Yellow and Checker, had been hailed by Bugs Moran and other Prohibition gangsters and ordered to deliver speak-easy booze, and had kept his nose clean with the cops, despite the fact that many fellow cabbies carried machine guns and indulged in free-lance holdups to augment their tips.

On the streets, Abata developed the brawling techniques and the alley wisdom that characterize him today. He used to lay sizable bets on neighborhood baseball games, then made sure of victory by hiring professional pitchers from other towns to hurl for his side. Once Sam Giancana, then greatly feared as a hot pistol in the old 42 Gang and today the reputed head of the Chicago crime syndicate, parked his car on second base to show off. Everyone else was afraid to ask him to move. Abata walked up and slugged him in the mouth. Giancana moved.

This kind of daring has worked against Jimmy Hoffa on a local scale. Whether it will topple the Teamster Goliath nationally remains to be seen—although everyone but Hoffa's men seems to agree that Dom has a long running start. Observers also agree that because of Abata's increasing efforts to raid the Teamsters "whenever and wherever I can," violence can be expected to erupt almost everywhere he goes. After the election in Chicago, cabs were dumped in the river and set afire; the cops blamed the Teamsters. In St. Louis, Teamsters tried to win by approaching cab lines and opening their coats to reveal guns in shoulder holsters. In Rochester, New York, where Abata lost a cab election, some of his supporters were crowded off the streets by speeding cars. In Philadelphia, where he was also defeated in an effort to help 8,000 over-the-road freight truckers bolt the Teamsters, wild melees erupted in the streets between rival union members armed with sawed-off baseball bats, bricks and bottles.

TRUE

"Weekdays, this is an easy par three."

Still, labor-relations authorities—among them former Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg, now a Supreme Court Justice—are convinced that Hoffa's ultimate downfall will come from revolt in the rank and file. "Right now," says one-time Abata staffer Jerry Goldberg (no relation of Justice Goldberg), "numbers aren't really important. Abata is important because he's a symbol of rebellion. And if you understand anything about power politics, you know it doesn't take much to get a thing like this snowballing. It can be much more important in the long run than Hoffa's sentencing to prison."

William Kirchner, an AFL-CIO regional representative, would apparently concur. When Abata was helping the Philadelphia rebels lay strategy last year, Hoffa personally solicited votes from drivers in a special hotel suite. He imported an estimated 150 Teamster officials from other cities to operate in "persuasion" teams on the street. He installed four special phone lines to carry his recorded campaign messages. He went to loading docks to hear grievances. He loosed a flurry of press releases and put 30 loudspeaker units on the street. In the end, he beat Abata two to one in the vote. But it took this kind of pressure to win an election that should have been a breeze.

As Kirchner told the press, "When the president of the Teamsters takes 15 weeks to squeeze out a two-to-one victory in the heart of his union, he's in trouble." Abata intends to keep him there.

—Charles Remsberg

THE BLUDGEONER IN THE BOUDOIR

[*Continued from page 26*]

officially pinned on him, the law had the feeling that it had gotten the shaft from a murderer.

Patricia Lonergan, five foot four and spunky at 22, had given her killer a good clawing while he was doing her in. There were blood and skin under two of her fingernails. Prendergast asked Dr. Milton Helpern, the deputy medical examiner assigned to the crime, if he would be able to tell whether the skin under the nails had come from the killer's face.

"Yes," answered Dr. Helpern, "I'll be able to tell when I examine the skin in the laboratory."

"What will you look for?"

"Facial skin is generally different from body skin. It's coarser and oilier and dirtier. We can usually recognize it."

"Let's hope she's marked the bastard's face," said Prendergast. "It'll sure help us a lot."

Prendergast, a quick-thinking, quick-talking fellow of 32, with two fingers deeply stained by nicotine, was to be in technical charge of this one, simply because he had picked up the phone and been first on the scene when the alarm was phoned in by a Marine captain who had discovered the body. The detective wanted Helpern to tell him how long the girl had been dead.

"Anywhere from eight to 14 hours," was the answer.

"In other words," said Prendergast, "some time between 6 this morning and noon. God, Doc, is that the best you can do?"

After separating from her husband several months previously, Patricia Lonergan and Billy, the couple's 20-month-old son, had moved into the house where she was to be murdered. Patricia paid $385 a month rent for the first and second floors and basement; a pair of young socialites and their baby lived on the third and fourth floors.

The boudoir, the rear of two rooms on the second floor, had two doors. One door, the outside door, opened onto a landing of a stairway that led from the first floor to the third floor. The other door, the inside door, led to a hallway separating the boudoir from a front room. This front room was occupied by the little boy and Elizabeth Black, his nurse.

Miss Black, a keen-eyed, sharp-eared little woman in her early 60's, enabled Prendergast to narrow the murder time from six hours to one. She had heard Patricia entering the boudoir, through the door that led in from the outside stair landing, at 6 o'clock on the Sunday morning after a night on the town.

"How can you fix the time?" Prendergast asked the old nurse.

"I was awake and looked at my watch when I heard her come in."

"Was she with anybody?"

"It was always hard to tell about that."

Miss Black, a creature of habit, had taken Billy down to the basement, where the kitchen was, and spent the hour between 8 and 9 preparing and eating breakfast. Then the nurse and the child had returned to their room next to the boudoir and remained there until 2 in the afternoon.

"You heard no noise of any kind, then," Prendergast was saying, "from the time Mrs. Lonergan came home at 6 this morning through 2 this afternoon." This job just couldn't have been committed in silence. So Prendergast concluded that the murder had been committed during that hour when the nurse and the child were two floors below—between 8 and 9 o'clock.

Miss Black and Billy had been out all afternoon visiting Patricia's mother, Mrs. William O. Burton. It had been when Mrs. Burton had returned with the nurse and the boy and been unable to arouse Patricia with knocks on the inside boudoir door, that the Marine had landed. Capt. Peter F. D. Elser, on leave and wearing civvies, had showed up shortly before 8 o'clock on the Sunday night of the murder after failing to get an answer to several phone calls to Patricia. He did what any Marine would have done under the circumstances: he tried to crash in the door, and, that failing, he took the door off its hinges.

The three male suspects fascinated the subway set, whose minds were taken off the world war by this story of carnal capers in high society. There was Captain Elser. There was Wayne Lonergan. There was Mario Gabelline, a swarthy, twice-

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divorced Italian of 40, who had been the guy who had done the town with Patricia during the hours before somebody had done Patricia in.

Captain Elser, a one-time Harvard football hero, stood there stroking a brush mustache and squinting at Prendergast through thick horn-rimmed glasses. "I simply must get back to my base in South Carolina."

"We'll phone your base," Prendergast said. "I'm afraid you won't be leaving this town before we find out just who killed this dame."

Captain Elser's problem was that he had no witnesses to support his statement that he had been asleep in the apartment of his parents on Park Avenue between 8 and 9 o'clock on Sunday morning.

Gabelline, who was given to pork-pie hats and suede shoes, was picked up before midnight on the Sunday night. He said he had brought Patricia home about 6 o'clock on Sunday morning—which checked with the hour the old nurse had heard her mistress coming home—but had gone no farther than the top of the stoop. "I kept the cab waiting," Mario explained.

But Mario had trouble, too. He couldn't seem to remember the name of the cab driver, who had stopped for a coffee with him, then dropped him at his flat not far distant. Being a bachelor, Mario couldn't produce anybody who could corroborate his story that he had been sound asleep between 8 and 9.

Gabelline gave his occupation as an interior decorator. He had been squiring Patricia around the town for more than a year now. The cops decided that they could do worse than clap Mario into the can in default of 10 grand bail as the last person known to have seen the beer heiress.

Mrs. Burton, Patricia's mother, told Prendergast she didn't think Wayne Lonergan had done the deed. Yes, he had married Patricia for her $7 million, but a few months before her death she had made a will leaving everything to little Billy. Wayne, she thought, would never have taken Patricia's life without first getting her to change her will again.

Wayne Lonergan had first checked into the New York scene more than four years before the murder when, at age 20, he had come down from his native Toronto to go after a fortune. He stood six foot two and was put together like one of those models in the build-yourself-up ads. He had a finely-wrought face, right down to the square chin, below a crew cut.

There were two things about Wayne, though, that to a really discerning observer marked him as a stinker. His eyes, which were a smoky blue, had that sneaky quality that some girls find simply enchanting. And his voice was high and querulous, as if he were perpetually complaining.

Lonergan's first job en route to a fortune wasn't much but, as it turned out, it was all he needed. He was a bus dispatcher at the old New York World's Fair, all decked out in a fancy light-blue comic opera uniform. He caught the roving eye of William O. Burton, a portrait painter of international repute and the father of 18-year-old Patricia.

Burton, a prissy little man, who had for years lived with his wife in an on-and-off basis at an estate on the French Riviera, had just arrived in New York with Patricia, an only child. Son of a multimillionaire German brewer named Bernheimer, the artist had changed his name during World War I. He had inherited $7 million when his father had died and, upon his death, the money was to go to Patricia.

Burton introduced himself to the hormone-laden dispatcher as an artist. "I would like to paint you," he said to Wayne. "I'll pay you very well for it."

"Where do you do your painting?" Wayne asked Burton.

"I have an apartment in the Ritz Tower."

Mere mention of that particular address on glamorous Park Avenue did something to Lonergan. He had been born in a grubby neighborhood in Toronto and had to leave school during his second year high to go to work.

"When," Lonergan now asked Burton, "would you want me to start modeling?"

"How soon could you make it?"

Wayne smiled. "I could be washed up with this damned job in about 60 seconds."

Installed in Burton's suite at the Ritz Tower, Wayne, who seems to have been equipped with above average intelligence, adjusted himself nicely. Burton, who had many friends in both cafe and register society, introduced Wayne around as his protégé. He was picking up Wayne's tabs at the town's top shops and giving him $100 a week for cigarette money.

Patricia Burton, who was standing by for her social debut, was living with servants in an apartment not far up Park Avenue from the Ritz Tower. Although her voluptuous likeness was all over her father's quarters, both in photographic and oil form, father and daughter kept in contact only by telephone.

One afternoon, though, more than six months after Burton had first spied Wayne, he said to Wayne: "Patricia insists that she meet you, so I'm taking the two of you out to dinner and the theater tonight. Remember, though, she's a very innocent little girl, and no funny business."

It was a warm night in April and the sap was really flowing when Burton and his daughter and his protégé walked into Twenty One— a class beanery where you can eat and drink practically anything you want for $100. Lonergan's muscles were showing through a perfectly cut dinner jacket and Patricia, who was on the well-developed side to begin with, looked like anything but a very innocent girl in a black gown designed to display a plenitude of cleavage.

The young heiress had, however, until this night, lived a cloistered life, and she was anxious to kick over the traces.

—TRUE—CAN, M. ATL, NE

Somewhere between the cocktails and the brandy, though, Burton caught Patricia and Wayne exchanging a glance that was freighted with meaning. At the theater, the ex-bus dispatcher and the heiress sat next to one another. Later, dancing at the Stork Club, it seemed to Burton that Lonergan was holding Patrica closer than necessary and that she wasn't minding it one damned bit.

The evening over and Burton and Lonergan back at the Ritz Tower, Burton said to Wayne: "What did you think of Patricia?"

Lonergan, no dope, tried to throw the line away when he answered: "Oh, I thought she was a very nice little girl."

"Little, hell!" yelled Burton. "You didn't act as if you thought she was very little."

The temperature of the silence plummeted, and then Burton said: "Look, Wayne, let's get one thing straight: I want you to lay off Patricia. You're not to get in touch with her under any circumstances. Is that clear?"

"Clear enough," said Lonergan.

One morning, about a month afterward, Burton told Wayne he was catching the 9 o'clock train for Washington and wouldn't be back until late that night. He was hardly out of sight when Wayne was on the phone to Patricia. "He's away for the day," he was saying. "Get rid of the servants. I'll be right up."

There they were, then, less than an hour later, the servants given a day off, the old man headed for Washington, the boudoir door locked. Things were rocking along in style when they thought they heard a noise just outside the door.

Sitting up, saying nothing, they just looked at the door, then at each other, then at the door again. Now they saw the knob turning slowly but silently. "It must be your father," Wayne whispered. "He didn't go to Washington. It was just a trick."

Lonergan, moving swiftly and silently, got out of bed, gathered up his clothes, and buried himself in a closet. Now there was knocking on the door. Patricia, feigning sleepiness, called out: "Who's there?"

"It's your father!" came the answer. "Let me in!"

Patricia, who had meantime slipped into a nightgown, unlocked the door. "Oh, Daddy," she gushed. "What a surprise."

Burton didn't answer. He just sniffed out the closet Wayne was hiding in, opened the door, and stood looking at Wayne.

There was only silence in that boudoir for several pregnant seconds while the three figures in the triangle stood frozen, Burton and Wayne looking at each other and Patricia measuring her father. It's hard to figure out whether Burton was angrier at Patricia or Wayne. In any case Wayne went right on being Burton's "protégé," presumably promising to avoid a repetition of the incident.

From then on, Wayne, reluctant to pass up the good life with Burton, kept in line. But he didn't have to stay in line very long. A few months after the drama in the boudoir, Burton died of a heart attack and his $7 million passed on to Patricia.

Mrs. Burton came on to New York to look after the heiress, took one long cold stare at Lonergan, and moved Patricia to Beverly Hills. But Lonergan proved once again that when it comes to a dame there's nothing like a man to overcome any kind of opposition. Thus, on the last day of July 1941, in Las Vegas, the ex-bus dispatcher legally tied himself to $7 million.

The Lonergans checked into flossy digs on Park Avenue. One little matter that Wayne attended to right away was to get Patricia to name him sole heir to all her loot in the event that anything happened to her. In due course, Wayne William Lonergan, Jr.—Billy—came along.

Wayne was a pretty good husband for a while. A fellow who was smart enough never to talk very much and to roar at other people's jokes, he was quickly accepted by the guys and dolls Patricia drew to the apartment.

Then, when the baby was a few months old, Wayne began to stray. One night he wasn't around for a formal dinner party and everybody wondered where he was. Along toward midnight there was a commotion at the door. In came Wayne, a blonde floozie on each arm, all three several sheets to the breeze.

Patricia and her blue-blood friends just stood there while Lonergan made a production of formally introducing the blondes as a countess and a duchess. Then, with everybody waiting for Patricia's move, she made it. "Wayne," she called out, her voice high and shrill, "now that you've introduced these two bums to everybody, get them out of here!"

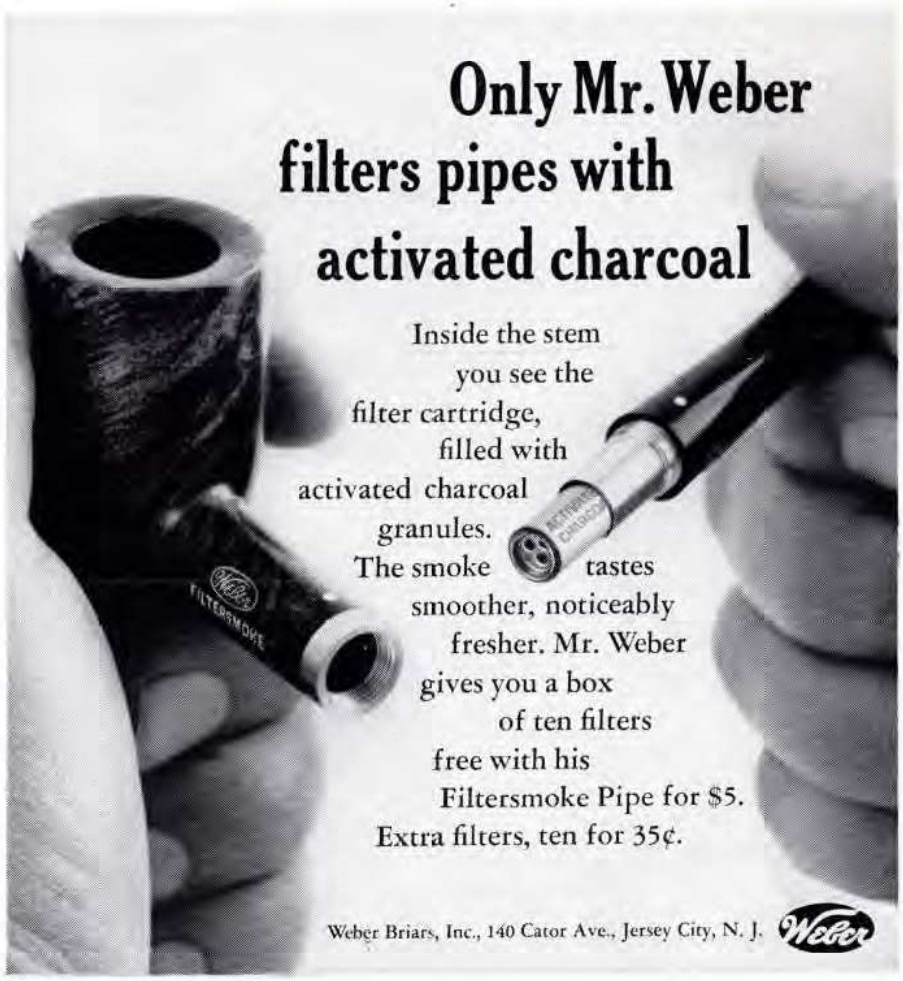
Patricia walked up to Wayne and threw her drink in his face. "When your friends get out," she went on, "get out with them—and stay out."

The ex-bus dispatcher and the beer heiress were separated in name only. Although Patricia now began to see other men, there was nobody for her quite like Lonergan.

When Patricia moved to the quarters where she was to be murdered, Lonergan, learning from friends that his mother-in-law was using every trick in the bag to get Patricia to divorce him, enlisted in the R. C. A. F. That would make it harder for divorce proceedings to take place.

Wayne, who looked impressive in his blue R. C. A. F. uniform, wangled passes down to New York for almost every weekend. One look at Wayne in that uniform and Patricia forgot her grievances. So, on weekends, Lonergan, though also playing the field with other society girls and Broadway tramps, took up with Patricia where he had left off.

The trouble was, Prendergast and the other sleuths were to learn as they put the pieces together from assorted sources, Patricia grew almost insanely jealous. Her mother threw fuel on the green flames by passing on to her daughter every story of dalliance involving her son-in-law.



Lonergan had flown down to New York from Toronto on the Saturday morning before the murder and checked into the fancy duplex apartment of a pal named Jack Harjes, son of a one-time partner of J. Pierpont Morgan. Wayne had phoned Harjes earlier in the week and asked if he could put him up for the weekend, hotel space being hard to come by with the war on. Wayne had frequently stopped at the Harjes quarters, at the corner of 79th Street and Lexington Avenue.

"I've got a problem," were Wayne's first words to Harjes. "I've got two down front for *One Touch Of Venus* for tonight and no dame to take."

"That's no problem," answered Harjes, who was on his way out to Long Island to stay until Sunday night. "There's quite a dish lives right here in the building and maybe she's free."

The dish, Mrs. Jean Murphy Jaburg, was legally separated from her husband, and was indeed free to date Lonergan. She dropped into the Harjes quarters to meet Wayne. Lonergan, casting a connoisseur's eye on the little blonde, gave a low whistle. Then he came out with the seven words which, however corny, he had always found effective with a new girl: "Where have you been all my life?"

That afternoon, after stopping by his wife's place and playing with Billy, Wayne hit a few bars, resplendent in his blue uniform, until it was time to pick the blonde up for a show and an evening. That night, after the show, Wayne and Jean couldn't get into the Stork Club because the joint was jumping. Sherman Billingsley, the proprietor, could have told Wayne that his heiress wife was in the Cub Room, polishing off Napoleon Brandy with a big dark-complexioned Italian. So, while Patricia was living her last nine hours on this planet, Wayne and Jean hit other spots until about 3.

Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock, Lonergan, alone in the Harjes duplex with Emile and Josephine Peters, the couple who kept the house, rang for black coffee. Wayne chatted pleasantly and calmly with Peters, as he quaffed the coffee, this being between two and three hours after the bludgeoning of his wife. The coffee down, he asked Peters to bring him some ham and eggs, hot rolls and more coffee.

It was about 10 minutes after noon when Wayne phoned the blonde Mrs. Jaburg. "How about brunch at the Plaza?" he asked her.

"I'd love to. What time?"

"I'll pick you up a little before 2."

Lonergan turned on the charm in the Oak Room for about two hours. Then, after dropping Jean at her apartment, but not at all successful in getting inside the door, he went down to his wife's place again. He had bought a toy elephant for Billy but forgotten to bring it the previous day. There were no answers to the door bell because Miss Black and the little boy were out visiting Billy's grandmother and Billy's mother was lying up in the boudoir dead.

Back in the Harjes quarters, Lonergan, who was no longer wearing his uniform, dashed off this note and left it for Harjes:

> John: Thank you so much for the use of your flat. Due to a slight case of mistaken trust I lost my uniform and so have borrowed a jacket and trousers from you. I shall return these upon my arrival in Toronto.
>
> Yours,
>
> Wayne
>
> P.S. I will call you and tell you about it.

Now, leaving to catch a plane back to Canada, Wayne dropped into the kitchen, tipped Emile and Josephine five bucks each, and joined them in a cup of coffee. "Hope to see you next weekend," were his parting words. "I'm taking that blonde out again."

Late on Sunday night, when Harjes got back from Long Island, he was somewhat pooped and hit the hay. Next morning, when Emile brought two newspapers and black coffee, and didn't say anything, Harjes looked at the papers. There, on the front pages, were stories about the murder of Lonergan's wife.

Poor Harjes, who hadn't done a damned thing except put a friend up for the weekend and get him a date, had a hard time of it that Monday morning. He had just recovered from the jolt of reading about the murder when he spotted Wayne's note about the borrowed clothes. He was still trying to figure that one out when, deciding to go out and talk to friends, he discovered a platter of ham and eggs. The platter was in a bureau drawer, where Harjes kept his silk shorts, and the ham and eggs were untouched and, to be sure, quite cold.

Now Harjes was stopped in his tracks. One of the newspaper stories had informed him that the killer of Patricia Lonergan had done such a savage, blood-splattering job that he had probably splashed his clothes to an incriminating extent. Perish the question, Harjes was telling himself, but was this the reason why his good friend Lonergan had been in need of borrowed attire? Did the uneaten breakfast mean that Wayne had killed his appetite when he killed his wife?

It is a well-known truth that borrowing money will usually put a pretty quick end to a friendship. Murder will do it just as fast. Harjes, brimming with suspicion and deciding to get to the cops before they got to him, checked in with news of the borrowed clothes and the cold eggs. This was along about 9 o'clock on the Monday morning, roughly 24 hours after the murder, the way Prendergast and the other detectives were figuring it.

Prendergast was already beginning to feel that Lonergan was getting more interesting when the laboratory came up with something that looked as if it could really put them in business with Wayne. The skin under Patricia's nails had definitely been facial, not body, skin. The oil and the dirt that the microscope detected were evidence of that.

Neither the handsome Marine captain nor the Italian had scratches on their faces. If Lonergan did, that would just about make him a leading candidate for the electric chair.

Prendergast, picking up most of the known facts about Wayne's visit to New York from Harjes, had just one move to make: question the blonde about Lonergan's clothes and, above all, about scratches on his face. So, deciding to play 'em close to the vest, so that the girl would not clam up through fear, Prendergast dropped in on her.

"This is all just routine stuff we have to get when somebody's been murdered, Mrs. Jaburg," said Prendergast. "But I'll have to ask you how Mr. Lonergan was dressed on Saturday night, and how when he took you to the Oak Room yesterday."

"He was wearing his uniform Saturday, but yesterday he had on a dark jacket and gray slacks."

"What'd you talk about when you lunched in the Oak Room?"

"Oh, mostly about the good time we'd had the night before."

"What'd you two have to eat in the Oak Room yesterday?"

"Sausages and home fries and rolls and coffee. I'll simply have to watch my weight."

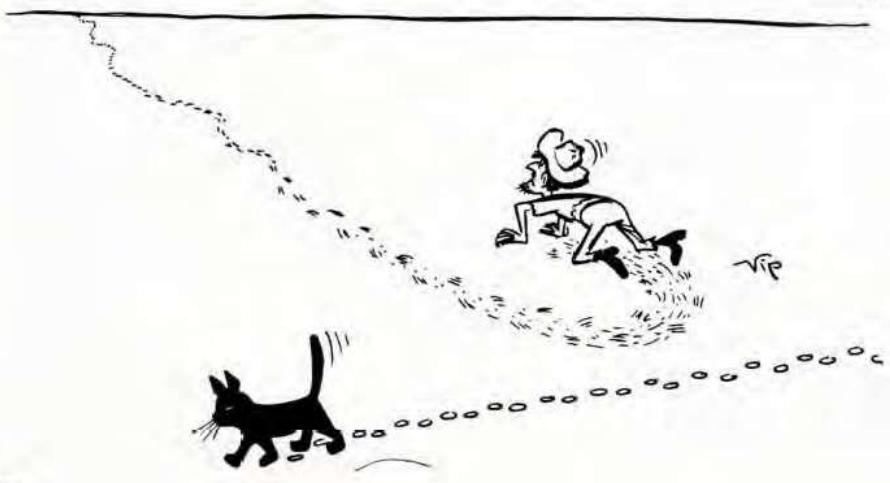
"And Mr. Lonergan. Did he have the same thing?"

The blonde nodded and laughed. "*What* an appetite!" she said. "Why, that fellow eats like a horse."

"The scratches on Wayne's face," said the detective, throwing the line away. "Were they very bad?"

"The *what* on his face?"

TRUE



"The scratches."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Wayne didn't have any scratches on his face. Matter of fact, that was one of the things I admired about him when I sat there looking at him in the Oak Room—his wonderful tan complexion. Not a blemish on it."

Prendergast, feeling a little down at not having heard what he had hoped to hear, found Peters, the Harjes butler, one of those perfectionists who actually kept a notebook giving the times of arrivals and departures of house guests. "Let me see now," he was saying to Prendergast, "you want to know about Mr. Lonergan's comings and goings after he came home in the small hours yesterday morning. Let me see. Ah, yes, here we are!"

Lonergan had appeared at the front door at 3:05 on the Sunday morning of the murder. He had not left the premises until shortly after 2 o'clock that afternoon, when he left to pick up Miss Jaburg in another apartment. That placed Lonergan nicely in the Harjes quarters during the six-hour time block covering the murder.

"Would it have been at all possible," Prendergast asked Peters, "for Mr. Lonergan to have gone out and come in without your knowing it—say sometime between 8 and 9 yesterday morning?"

"Impossible," replied Peters. "He could have gone out, either the main door or the service door. Not probable but possible. But he could not have gotten back in. Both of those doors have snap locks when they're closed and you need a key to get in—and nobody ever lays hands on a key to either of those doors except the master and my wife and myself."

Clearing his throat, Prendergast asked Peters: "When you took him his coffee yesterday morning, did Mr. Lonergan complain about the scratches on his face?"

After getting his answer, negative, the detective now asked the butler's wife if she had considered the scratches on Mr. Lonergan's face bad enough to need medical treatment when he had sat down for a parting cup of coffee late Sunday afternoon. Josephine gave the same answer as her husband had given:

"What scratches?"

Detective Prendergast was now beginning to feel like a hunter who, with something good in his sights, takes careful aim, fires and misses. He also felt like a detective who, with the rest of the men on the case, was being assigned to match wits with a guy a little too cunning for comfort.

Late on Monday afternoon, Wayne Lonergan, spic and span in another R.C.A.F. uniform, walked into the office of Detective Harris of the Toronto Police. "Well, you sent for me, sir," Lonergan said cheerfully. Harris, nodding Lonergan to a chair opposite him, had gotten a call from Prendergast. Prendergast had given Harris some questions to ask.

Harris, cold as an oyster, knew men, and he knew at a glance that Lonergan, outwardly charming, was, underneath, as hard as they came. Harris had, while waiting for Lonergan to appear, digested a record on the fellow. Lonergan had been born in Toronto in January, 1918, son of a Canadian father and a Michigan mother who, after his birth, had been sent to a mental hospital. Wayne, an only child, had, after the second year of high school, done a short stretch in a protectory as a juvenile delinquent and later gotten into trouble with a girl and out of it because she wouldn't go to court against him. Before heading for New York to make his fortune, he had worked as a clerk with the International Nickel Company, did a summer as a life guard and talked his way into a job as a constable on the Provisional Police.

"I take it, Lonergan," Harris began, "that you haven't heard."

"Heard what, sir?"

"About your wife."

"What about my wife?"

"She's dead, Lonergan. She's been murdered—battered to death."

Harris sat there looking through Lonergan. Wayne broke out in a sweat and his knuckles showed white as he gripped the arms of his chair. Now his mouth began to quiver. Soon his eyes—those smoky eyes that the girls liked and the men thought to be sneaky—welled with big tears. Harris didn't know quite what to think.

Lonergan, getting hold of himself, asked the normal questions under the circumstances. But Harris didn't have much by way of answers. Just questions. "They want to know down in New York what happened to your uniform."

Wayne said he had gone out for some air after going back to the Harjes quarters upon taking the blonde to her apartment and been hit up by a forlorn soldier for a place to sleep. "I felt sorry for the guy and took him to the Harjes place," Lonergan explained. "When I woke up yesterday morning he had thanked me by taking my uniform—for what reason I can't figure out."

Now Harris wanted to know about the ham and eggs. Wayne smiled sadly. "I'd had so much to drink the night before I couldn't look at food," he explained. "But with a war on you don't want to be caught wasting food. So I put it in the bureau drawer until Jack's dog showed up. But the dog didn't show up and I forgot about that plate."

Prendergast, in phoning Harris the questions to ask, had kept harping away on those scratches that he had been futilely hunting for. Harris, looking levelly at Wayne, the early morning light glancing off Wayne's face, saw two big deep scratches on Lonergan's right cheek. "They're asking about scratches down in New York," Harris said. "What are those two on your face?"

Lonergan felt the scratches with gentle fingers. "Oh, these," he said. "I cut myself shaving."

"When?"

"Only this morning."

New York didn't know quite how to take the tidings from Toronto. If Lonergan was telling the truth about the soldier Worcester, he was admitting that he had been able to leave and enter the Harjes apartment unnoticed by the servant couple. But if he was lying, he had

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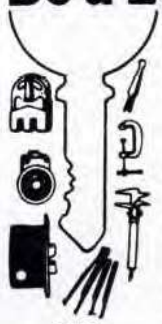

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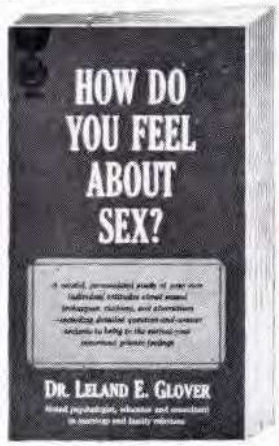

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"No! I played William Tell with you yesterday."

still planted in Prendergast's head something so simple the detective hadn't even thought of it: Wayne could easily have used the service door without a key simply by fixing the snap lock.

It was those two deep scratches on the widower's face that fascinated the detectives, though. The problem was that a razor and a fingernail can produce the same kind of a mark. Prendergast could just picture the scene in a courtroom when a cunning defense mouthpiece got around to the scratches. All the mouthpiece would have to do would be to call three witnesses to the stand—the blonde and the two Harjes servants—and ask them if they had seen any scratches on the handsome Canadian's face at hours definitely known to have been just after the murder. Then, when he got his negative answers, he wouldn't have to do much except turn to the jurors, raise his eyebrows, and shrug.

Things began to pick up for the law, though, when Harjes found, in a first-floor powder room, a partially-used compact of a suntan-colored face powder. Nobody in the Harjes household had noticed such a compact through the time when the housekeeper had last been in the powder room late on the Saturday. That meant that it had been placed there *after* Saturday.

Now the gas was suddenly turned up high. Prendergast lit out for Toronto to bring Lonergan back. Capt. Dan Mahoney did two things: He got a picture of Lonergan from the murder room and had a couple dozen copies run off. Then he got the locations of every drug store, 56 in all, situated in the 28 blocks north and the three blocks west from the murder scene to the Harjes quarters. His words to 20 dicks were simple: "Find the drug store where the bastard bought the stuff to cover the scratches."

Prendergast was in Toronto and Mahoney's men were covering a chunk of New York by the Tuesday morning. Lonergan, who was not under arrest and who certainly couldn't be forced to return to New York, couldn't have been more pleasant to Prendergast. "Sure I'll go back with you. Where's the man who wouldn't want to see his wife's killer caught? I loved Patricia—loved her deeply—and I want to go to the funeral."

The search of the drug stores hadn't been on for two hours on the Tuesday morning when one detective dropped into a little apothecary on Second Avenue, roughly half way between the murder house and the Harjes house. The moment he flashed Wayne's picture on the man who ran the place and asked the question, "Ever see this fellow before?", he knew he had something.

The druggist studied the photo for about 10 seconds and looked up. "Why certainly," he said to the sleuth. "This young man was in here just after I opened on Sunday morning."

"What time was that?"

"A few minutes after 9 o'clock."

"What'd he want?"

"Some face powder—a dark shade."

"And what'd he want that for?"

"To cover up two fresh scratches on his face."

Flown to New York, back into the borrowed clothes again, Lonergan was the sad but affable widower for the scribes and the lens lads.

It wasn't until the non-talkative Lonergan found himself face to face with the druggist who had sold him the face powder, that he showed signs of wanting to get it over with. He asked Assistant District Attorney Jacob Grumet to explain the difference between premeditated and spur-of-the-moment murder.

"Premeditated," explained Grumet, "can mean the chair. Spur-of-the-moment can mean prison but not the chair."

"Must spur-of-the-moment be life?"

"Not necessarily."

"Okay," said Lonergan, fresh as a chorine after he had worn everybody down during an all-night questioning, "I'll tell you what happened." Here, then, is the story that Lonergan got away with:

Lonergan, using the Harjes service door to come and go, leaving it unlatched when he went out so he could get in again, sneaked out of the apartment just before 8 o'clock on the Sunday morning and walked down to his wife's outside boudoir door. Knocking, he woke her and she went to the door and called through, "Who is it?"

"Your husband," answered Wayne. "Thought I'd stop by for a little fun."

First, though, Patricia, green with jealousy, began to question Wayne about the other dolls. This started an argument. It ended abruptly when Patricia said: "Okay. I'm not going to let you see Billy any more."

That maddened him. Beside himself, he picked up the candlestick and began bludgeoning Patricia with it. She fought back briefly—just enough to claw his face.

"I got pretty well splashed up with blood," Lonergan told Grumet. "I cleaned myself and my uniform as best I could in the bathroom. I wasn't in a hurry because I knew Miss Black and Billy would be two floors below until about 9.

"I bought the make-up on the way back and I borrowed Jack's clothes, then covered the scratches on my face. Then I weighted the uniform with a pair of Jack's dumbbells and tossed it in the East River where I knew the tides would get it out of reach."

That was all anybody was ever able to get out of this remarkable fellow. So the D.A. took the case to court. There Lonergan did not take the stand. He got off with second degree murder and 35 years to life imprisonment in Sing Sing. That's where he is today. He never did get to the funeral.

Having married Patricia for that $7 million, he may have figured that inheriting the fortune would make up for those decades in prison. He hadn't known about the new will, as his mother-in-law supposed he had, the one that cut him off without a penny. As it was, he has nothing at all to show for his trouble. Poor fellow. Too bad. —Alan Hynd

THE BULL ARTIST

[*Continued from page 25*]

hired hands Charlie Rude and Newt Adams topped out on a ridge and were treated to a sight almost as rewarding as the wages they had coming. Revolver in hand, besieged by dozens of the big dog-like predators, their distinguished employer—who happened to be the Hon. C. J. Jones, mayor of Garden City and member of the Kansas State Legislature—stood ready to die with his red longies on in defense of the three baby buffaloes that lay sprawled at his feet.

"Time you two showed up!" he hollered. "I've been playing strip poker with half the wolves in Texas, and running a bluff at that! They were just about gonna call me."

This incredible character was better known as "Buffalo" Jones, and that name is probably the only label that can legitimately be applied to him. For he was one of those men who defy cataloguing and demand detailed custom fitting in any attempt to describe or define them. He was, in fact, as contradictory and inconsistent a cuss as ever lived. In unadorned actuality, his life was a series of tales almost too tall to be swallowed, yet he lived them out in cold fact. He was an incurable actor who was always aware of his audience, but he pulled off stunts that made serious men shudder, like spanking full-grown grizzly bears. At 22, already promoting imaginative schemes that astonished his elders, he showed a shrewdness that belied his years.

Even so, as accurately as any man's life can be summed up in a single sentence, Charles Jesse Jones was the promoter who saved the American buffalo from extinction.

Not that he did this directly or even deliberately; he had little interest in buffaloes when he first came west in the spring of 1866, stepping down from the noon train at Troy, Kansas, with all he possessed in one hand—a satchel full of Osage Orange tree seeds.

"The Almighty's answer to the prayers of every prairie farmer for proper fencing!" he explained. "There's not much stone around here. There's not enough timber for splitting rails, the way Abe Lincoln and I both did back home in Illinois. But you just plant a hedge o' this Osage Orange, and 'fore you know it you got a fence so tight and strong there ain't nothing can get through!"

The idea sounded sensible enough, and there was something inherently honest looking about a fellow who, even then, had the face of a young Uncle Sam. Within a year, largely on credit, Charlie had parlayed that sack of seeds into a sizable tree-nursery business, built himself a new stone house and installed the pretty daughter of one of Troy's leading citizens in it. Then a swarm of grasshoppers arrived, found an unexpected morsel in the form of tasty young Osage Orange seedlings, and moved on leaving the farm fields fenced with rows and rows of small dead sticks. And Charlie Jones moved on, too, settling his wife and new baby on a homestead farther west and showing his first interest in buffaloes—not in saving, but shooting them.

The story of the near extermination of the American buffalo (with absolutely no apologies to the die-hards who insist the beast should be called a bison) is too well known for lengthy retelling. The greatest aggregate of any game animal ever seen on this earth, an estimated 60 million of these creatures, had practically carpeted the continent in primitive times; and on the Great Plains, where the bulk of them lived, the herds remained relatively untouched until the close of the Civil War. Then hide hunting began on a massive scale, and with big Sharps rifles booming in an incessant thunder while robes were railroaded east by the millions, the herds shrunk like dark-furred inland seas being drained. Some seasons, it was said, a man could walk across the prairie without touching ground, just by stepping from one wasted carcass to another. By 1883, of the animals that had once seemed numberless, no more than a few hundred were still in existence.

There was nothing particularly romantic about the life of a buffalo hunter. It was a hard, lonely trade, dirty and smelly—being deafened by the blast of a four-inch paper cartridge of black powder, again and again until a heavy rifle barrel grew too hot and had to be cooled with snow or canteen water or even urine—and a skinner's lot was even worse. There was little about the business to appeal to a man of Charlie Jones' nature, except for the fact that two men and a team could sometimes earn $30 to $50 or even more on a good day, and he stayed with the slaughter as long as it stayed profitable, even gathering wagon loads of bleached bones from the range to sell as fertilizer. But even then he kept his eye constantly peeled for opportunities more in keeping with his talents, and before long he was bringing back some of the calves he'd orphaned—pasturing them a time and then charging admission to show them at county fairs, auctioning them off to ranchers as pets afterward but first offering prizes to anyone who wanted to try roping them.

"Step right up here!" he'd challenge the farm boys. "The Almighty gave man dominion over the beasts, you know, over every creature that moves upon the earth. Step right up here and show 'em!"

By 1877, whether from hunting or side shows or both, he'd earned himself the nickname of Buffalo Jones, along with enough of a stake to get in on a land-speculation scheme down on the Arkansas River, and this venture proved far more fortunate than his Osage Orange fences. On his holdings and those of his three partners, the town of Garden City began growing; and Buff Jones grew with the town, although he invariably kept his credit stretched as tight as drying rawhide with such lavish projects as the three-story stone "Buffalo Block" of stores and offices he had built, complete with a life-size statue of a buffalo on its roof. Not every Western town had a leading citizen who looked like Uncle Sam, and it was only natural for Garden City to elect him mayor and then promote him to the state legislature at Topeka.

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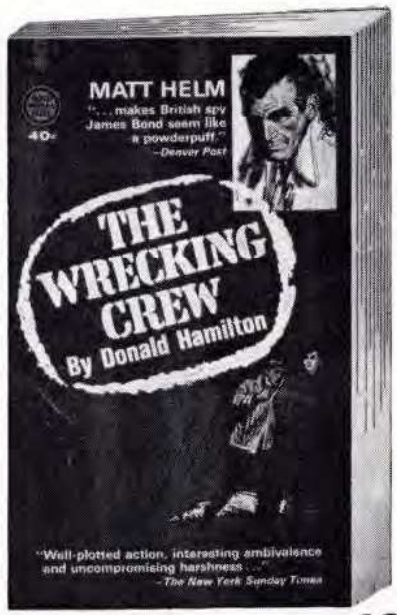
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In turn, wherever he went, he promoted Garden City.

Serving as a delegate to the Republican Convention of 1884, he carried an 18-inch carrot with him. "Where I come from," he'd insist with a straight face, "anything smaller than this is illegal. We throw 'em back and plow 'em under for fertilizer."

"That wasn't grown in Kansas," some skeptical Easterner would argue. "Why, everyone knows that state's just dry prairie!"

"Dry prairie!" Buffalo Jones would roar. "Mister, you pull one o' these out o' the ground we got around Garden City, you gotta jump back quick to keep from getting squirted."

Even as a prospering and supposedly practical businessman, he could still evolve some remarkable visions whenever a potential investor showed up—like his plan for running irrigation ditches all the way to rivers high in the Rockies. But it was the great blizzard of 1886 that triggered the scheme that was to shape his entire life and assure him a permanent niche in the lusty chronicle of the West as well. Half the cattle on the range failed to survive that disastrous winter; livestock raising was practically ruined. And Jones suddenly remembered the calves he'd once captured for county fairs.

"Buffaloes!" he said to himself. "That's the answer! Tame, domestic herds o' buffaloes! Blizzards don't bother 'em, their meat's bettern' beef, their hide's better leather, and they got fur softer'n lambs' wool. Why, they even give richer milk than a Jersey cow!"

He found no partners for this particular promotion; the notion that the answer to all the West's problems lay in the very animal the West had been working for 20 years to exterminate was a little hard for ordinary men to grasp. But Buffalo Jones stubbornly stuck to his vision and set out on his own that spring for the Staked Plains, where a few small, scattered herds were reportedly still holding out. He roped 14 calves his first trip, force feeding them on condensed milk; and although four died on the rough ride home, the survivors thrived on Garden City grass. There, although they failed to attract investors as a substitute for cattle, they did attract the interest of various newspapers. Not exactly a shy man, Jones invited reporters to watch him in action on his next calf-capturing trip.

> "I heard him call for his rope," one newsman wrote, "call for his charger like a knight of old going out to battle, and his voice roared over the plain until it was enough, alone, to have terrified the buffalo and brought them to a standstill."

The new concept of conservation was becoming a popular cause in the East, and newsmen jumped at the chance to please their readers by revealing Buff Jones as a reformed buffalo-slayer now doing penance by devoting himself to saving the species he'd once slaughtered. Jones could play the part with conviction.

> "Often, in those bloody years," he later let himself be quoted, "I would promise to break my gun over a wagon wheel when I got back to camp. I am positive it was the wickedness committed in killing so many that impelled me to take measures for perpetuating the race. . . ."

Eventually the legend evolved, with Jones doing nothing to discourage it, that he *had* broken his rifle and sworn never to kill again. (Actually, his rifle was being used regularly to provide meat on each of his roping expeditions and would remain intact until his creditors took it away from him at bankruptcy proceedings.) His fame was growing far faster than his herd, but his herd still numbered 57 animals by 1887. Although none of the hoped-for big investors in domestic buffaloes had yet shown up, he was enjoying himself immensely. He was the Buffalo Man, and he enacted the role on every occasion. He may have looked like Uncle Sam, but he roared and snorted and bellowed like a buffalo. On his nearby ranch, he watched his shaggy pets graze as fondly as any farm kid with a new litter of hound pups.

"Biggest buffalo herd in the country!" he'd boast. "Only *real* herd, in fact."

"Yeah, but there's a bigger one in Canada," someone pointed out to him one day, showing him a National Museum report that included a tame-buffalo census. "There's a Major Bedson who's got 83 head up in Manitoba."

Jones tried for some time to live with this exasperating bit of information, discovered that he couldn't, then attacked the problem directly. Scraping together all cash on hand and as much more as he could borrow, he hired a crew of drovers, equipped them with heavy whips and some special steel-tipped lances he'd rigged up, and made train reservations for a trip north.

"Have you thought of the probable repercussions if that man *is* willing to sell that herd—the only herd up there?" a worried political acquaintance counseled him. "Why, all Canada would be outraged! Every newspaper in the Dominion would be screaming for your scalp!"

"Yeah?" Jones was delighted with the thought.

Arriving at Stony Mountain near Winnipeg, he found Major Bedson very willing to discuss selling—in need of money and growing a bit tired of preserving his country's buffaloes alone, without help or support. "Twenty thousand dollars!" Charlie opened.

"I'll, of course, have to give the Dominion government a chance to meet that price," the cool-mannered Canadian replied.

Buffalo Jones shrugged. "They meet it, I just might raise it. But s'posing they

TRUE

"What's for dinner?"

just ain't interested? That case, I'd be mighty tempted to drop my offer down a bit, wouldn't I?"

Finally, for a mere $25,000, Canada was relieved of its buffaloes. (Animals were later purchased from the states as seedling stock for the great herds that exist there today.) When word of the deal got out, a storm of outrage exploded all across the Dominion; but even so, Buff had no intention of sneaking his purchases home. In fact, he made sure he'd have a big audience waiting in Winnipeg by giving advance notice and asking folks kindly not to congregate. When his lance-armed drovers prodded their charges over the tracks and into the railroad yard, newsmen from every corner of two countries were waiting.

> "Jones ordered, as soon as the herd was across, that a train of freight cars a mile long be pulled up to the end of the railroad fence," the Chicago *Times* reported, "and thereby prevent a stampede back across the railroad. The stockyards were on the north side of the road, and how to get the buffaloes into such a trap was apparently beyond human skill; but Jones . . . had a hasty fence built from the north side of the gate on the west side of the yards, in a circular fashion, and made it fast to the east end of a car, then ordered the coupling pin pulled and the east end of the train moved to the east one car-length. As soon as the buffaloes saw daylight between the cars, they made a furious dash for their old home to the north . . . and the circling fence guided them through the great gate into the stockyards. Jones then jumped from his mount upon the gate and gave himself a mighty push from the fence and swung in front of the whole herd, which had reached the limits of the pen, realized the trap, and were retreating—but too late. The mighty gate had closed, and Jones was standing triumphant upon it. . . ."

He stayed triumphant throughout the entire trip home, with greater and greater crowds turning out at every stop on the way. At Kansas City, 13 buffaloes somehow got loose and went stampeding through the downtown streets. But instead of asking folks to keep out of the way while he ran the runaways down with his experienced drovers, Jones did the exact opposite and generously gave everyone a sense of participation by organizing all volunteers into an army-sized posse, then riding about and roaring orders like a general. The frightened animals were eventually recovered from the Missouri River bottoms where they'd taken refuge and shipped safely on to Garden City.

"Biggest herd in the world!" he could boast after that without fear of contradiction. Buying buffaloes, the way he did it anyway, could be almost as much fun as roping them.

He sold a few animals regularly—as novelties to wealthy ranchers, to public and private zoos the world over. But large-scale interest in buffaloes as a substitute for cattle failed to materialize.

Jones was constantly searching for other commercial uses to which the beasts might be put—as a group of civic-minded Garden City citizens discovered one day when they approached him with a proposal that he join them in organizing a horse-drawn street railway system.

"Horse-drawn!" he snorted indignantly. "Buffaloes put this town on the map, and you want to use horses!"

As his fellow townsmen watched in amazement, he set out to prove he could break buffaloes to harness. His method of gentling a pair of strong young bulls seemed to consist chiefly of tying them together and letting them fight, but he put considerably more imagination into the construction of a special buffalo cart. Even with extra-heavy harnesses and huge custom-forged bits, he knew better than to attempt controlling his two-ton team by hand. So he mounted a pair of winches on the front of his cart, and with the installation of an oversized foot brake, he decided he was ready for the road.

"Once I get the knack of it," he promised, "I'll prove a pair o' buffaloes can outpull a whole herd o' horses!"

Getting the knack took a little time, for his team was constantly being distracted by bolting horses, overturned buggies and screaming women as he careened down Jones Street, cranking furiously with both hands and keeping his full weight on the brake. But finally, with miles of panic and confusion behind him, he developed an expert enough touch on the winch handles to keep the two bulls moving straight and steady.

"The Garden City Buffalo Street Railway!" he dreamed aloud, his fertile imagination already spawning visions of newsmen swarming in to witness his unique transportation system in action, then transit officials arriving from Chicago and New York to observe the superiority of the buffalo and deciding to convert their own cars, opening up a vast new market for a product on which he held a virtual monopoly.

But in his elation, he momentarily forgot one of the chief characteristics of buffaloes—their love of wallowing. Through the shimmering summer heat, he approached one of the creeks that fed the Arkansas River, and once the two bulls scented water, all the winching in the world wouldn't stop them. Jones jammed his brake until the wheels locked. But dragging the cart as though it were weightless, the buffaloes charged off the road and down the bank to begin rolling like a pair of playful dogs in cool water and mud, gradually grinding the prototype vehicle of the Buffalo Street Railway into kindling-sized pieces.

Dazed and bruised, Buff crawled out of the mud, sat surveying the wreckage for a long time and then shrugged philosophically. After all, a man couldn't expect every idea to work out.

There was a serious other side to all this and people had as hard a time understanding it as they did some of Jones' promotional schemes. He was constantly preaching—between sales pitches—conservation of natural resources, reforestation of the prairies, reclamation—he wanted to go up into the Rockies and dam the Arkansas River and irrigate all Kansas, but Colorado

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"I'm coming around to your way of thinking. Running away *is* your only solution."

beat him to it and claimed the water as its own. "And my golly look at what we humans, God's children, have done to the buffalo!"

Maybe it could be charged against him that having "had his," he didn't want the other fellow to have his. But nevertheless he went to Washington, D. C., not once but several times at his own expense. He battled no less figures than Generals Sheridan and Sherman and "the Indian (and the buffalo) must go" crowd right down to the ground, trying to save something from the catastrophe he'd helped create. Sheridan—little hard-fighting Phil of Civil War fame, now heading the "clean-up" campaign against the Plains Indians—had testified that by destroying the buffalo, the Indians' food supply, hunters were doing more to solve the "Indian problem" than the Army had done in 30 years.

On the other side, Representative Lacey of Iowa, a pioneer conservationist leader, introduced a Congressional resolution honoring Jones for his share in preserving the buffalo and *awarding him a pension for life for his services.* Feelings may run high today over such conservationist issues as the snowy egret or California condor, but seldom as high as that!

Jones ended up long on publicity and short on votes. He refused to allow Congress to consider Lacey's resolution, and of course anything to do with conservation was voted down as sentimental and unprogressive.

Seeing he would have to go it alone if he saved any more buffaloes, he accepted the starring role with rejoicing and went home and organized the Last Hunt. It was the spring of 1889, and there were probably no more than 100 buffaloes left in a wild state. It seemed likely these would be finished off by hunters before winter set in. Jones intended to round up adult buffaloes by the herd and drive them back to Kansas, and he organized the largest and most lavish expedition yet, complete with milk cows and even trained bloodhounds. Not a man to neglect public relations, he also took along a large cage of carrier pigeons to fly back with regular press releases and keep the nation informed of his progress. But although the pigeons flew straight and true, the buffaloes refused to be herded. Jones tried, after roping seven calves, and discovered he could drive a bunch of some 22 adult animals along after a fashion, since they usually spooked directly away from anyone approaching. But the moment they'd been prodded to the edge of their usual range, they wheeled about and bolted back.

"Keep track of 'em," he ordered his hands. "I'm goin' back to Kansas, hire some more drovers and bring a bunch o' tame ones down here. Maybe if we mix 'em, they'll all go back together peaceful like."

Although his hired men thought it far more likely the wild buffaloes would convert the tame, Jones made a fast 200-mile ride home and supervised the slow drive back. The two herds merged smoothly when they met, but the moment the limits of the buffalo range were reached, the merger was dissolved in a hurry. Once again, the wild animals turned and fled south. There was nothing left to do but try roping them one by one, and with the help of some highly skilled ropers, Buffalo Jones pulled off this never-before-attempted stunt. But half the adult animals died within 24 hours after being hobbled, and the rest dropped dead one by one on the trail to Garden City. Only the seven calves survived, each having practically cost its weight in gold.

"Don't feel too bad about it," the newsmen offered their sympathy to the frustrated conservationist. "After all, they would have been shot before long anyway. At least you killed them trying to save them."

But Jones' growing army of creditors were by no means so comforting, and the fact that he was now world famous with pigeon-carried publicity wasn't going to pay his debts. So in 1891, when a wealthy Englishman offered $1,000 apiece for 10 adult animals delivered in Liverpool, Jones jumped at the chance. For some mysterious reason, this crag-faced Kansan's pets always seemed to get loose when there was a large audience present; and it was on the docks of New York, where great crowds had gathered, that an old-time buffalo chase was re-enacted amid the canyons and defiles of stacked crates and bales. But the curious cargo was finally herded up a special gangplank, and the voyage that followed would later be regarded by a veteran ship's captain as the roughest of his long career: he not only had seasick buffaloes on his hands, he also had a character in buckskins quoting Scripture to him in an attempt to shame him out of his concern over one of the worst storms of the century. At last, Jones and company landed at Liverpool, and on the front pages of the British press was billed as "The Buffalo King and Some of His Subjects."

Somehow, waiting debts didn't seem quite so pressing with an ocean between, so with the promised price in his pocket, he decided to tour Europe. Only when his curiosity had been fully satisfied and his bankroll pared down considerably, did he sail for home again—after sending a buffalo-hair rug to the Prince of Wales and enclosing an autographed picture of himself. But he discovered his creditors were no longer willing to settle for the same. They wanted pictures of some other famous Americans, autographed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and suddenly Buff Jones' entire world collapsed. Forced into bankruptcy, he lost his business property, his home, his ranch, his buffalo herds, even his rifle. Just short of 50, he was starting clean.

He'd been broke before, though, and he soon turned up in Beaumont, Texas, where he convinced some local businessmen that there were fortunes to be made by building a new short-cut railroad to Galveston Bay. A heavy rain came, bogging down his track and dampening the enthusiasm of his backers, and he sank into bankruptcy again. Yet by 1897 he'd somehow promoted enough money to set out for northern Canada in an attempt to regain the glory he'd once known by bringing back some musk oxen alive.

To make a story short, he didn't bring back any musk oxen; but on his return he enthralled opera house audiences the country over as he painted vivid word pictures of running ice-clogged rapids through howling blizzards, of being besieged by vast packs of white wolves, and of actually roping musk ox calves as well, only to find their throats slit by natives who believed keeping animals in captivity offended the Great Spirit. He even

authored a book entitled *Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure,* and with royalties added to lecture fees, he ended up making more out of his unsuccessful Canadian trip than any number of musk-oxen would have brought him.

In 1902, with wild buffaloes dwindling alarmingly even within the protected boundaries of Yellowstone Park, the federal government decided to establish a tame herd there, and Charles J. Jones, Esq., was the natural choice as a herd keeper-game warden. At one time or another, he'd owned most of these animals, or at least their ancestors.

In spite of such outlets for his energies, Jones wasn't really happy at Yellowstone. He was a man who was aware of commercial opportunities whenever and wherever they existed, and he found it annoying for his superiors to be forever reminding him that the brisk business he was doing selling souvenirs was against regulations, particularly after the day the illustrious Mrs. Vanderbilt tripped over a buffalo robe he was trying to peddle to her husband and cut loose with some profanity pungent enough to shock even the stage drivers. Then, too, there was the time a furious citizen claimed Buff had swindled him out of $100 with the plans for a flying machine he intended to show at the St. Louis World's Fair. In 1905, with a mutually disagreeable resignation, Jones and the park parted company.

Jones had a new enterprise underway immediately. For some time, he'd been crossing buffaloes with ordinary cattle to produce a hybrid animal with the best qualities of both, and after scouting the Grand Canyon area of Arizona, he enthusiastically began selling stock in a proposed Cattalo Company. (Cattalo were his invention and are still being produced today, especially in Canada.) His pitch was so successful that one fellow, a Texan named Frank Anscott, even sold his home to get in on the ground floor; but the crossbreeding itself proved slightly less successful. For one thing buffalo-cattalo robes were going out of style. For another, bull calves tended to be sterile, and a Texas rancher who was attempting the same experiment seemed to have the only answer to this mystery.

"Too high a temperature is being maintained in the scrotum sack for spermatogenesis," he offered his discouraging opinion. "Buffalo hair is too long and warm for the testicles of cattle."

This was an exasperating enough development to frost the same facet of an ordinary man's anatomy, but Jones shrugged it off and immediately began suggesting other avenues the new company might explore.

His Arizona venture had envisioned the crossing of Persian sheep with Rocky Mountain bighorns, and perhaps even silver foxes with Russian sables. But the stockholders felt enough crossing had been done already, and they insisted on selling everything to recover a small portion of their losses, leaving Jones alone to support himself by hunting mountain lions for the government bounty, occasionally roping one alive when he had a market for it. Yet even when living in a remote wilderness cabin with only hounds for company, he seemed to attract the limelight as a tall steel tower attracts lightning. An aspiring young writer named Zane Grey came west, went hunting with him, wrote a book about him called *Last of the Plainsmen,* and made him famous all over again—famous enough to find the extensive backing necessary to finance the most incredible undertaking of an already fantastic career. In 1909, at what is now generally considered retirement age, Charles J. Jones set out to rope the wild animals of Africa.

With the help of a pair of skilled and daring young Arizona cowboys, he worked his way up from wart-hog through eland and giraffe to a 2,500-pound rhino, branding each beast's rump with a big B.J. Since ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was making an African safari at the same time, the amount and nature of publicity the anti-Roosevelt papers gave to the rope-armed Westerner who was stealing rifle-toting Teddy's thunder can well be imagined. A full-grown lioness climaxed the triumphant tour; on April 8, 1910, after a wild chase on horseback and dozens of close calls, the Buffalo King added the King of Beasts to his list.

He came home a national hero, but even then he refused to rest on his laurels. Seventy years old in 1914, with no lack of advance publicity, he set out to rope a gorilla. He made a good many front pages when he decided to take a record player along to prove music really could soothe the savage beast, and even more when he spun the old native yarns about gorillas carrying off women, then announced he was having two of his expedition members bring their wives as bait. But to make a story short, once again, the captured gorillas died and Jones, stricken with malaria, barely made it home on a tramp steamer in the opening weeks of World War I. The war pushed him out of the papers entirely. On October 2, 1919, broke and forgotten once more, but still enthusiastically promoting his plans for a new centrifugal siphon pump that was going to make the deserts of the West blossom like roses, Buffalo Jones went to his reward.

Exactly what that reward was is, of course, anyone's guess. He bore little resemblance to the conventional picture of the scholarly, dedicated conservationist, sacrificing himself for a righteous cause. He was, in all fairness, a baffling blend of daredevil, visionary, promoter and realist. Some 25,000 buffaloes are alive on this earth today, so many that regular hunting is required to keep them from overbrowsing the available range, and almost all of them are descended from animals roped or horse-traded and pastured by Charles Jesse Jones. On the record, he did what all the well-meaning, nature-loving do-gooders didn't do and probably couldn't have done—he saved the buffalo. If the Almighty, whose name Jones so often invoked, wanted our original American livestock nursed through those crucial years when total extinction threatened, He worked in a mysterious way indeed.

—Robert Easton & Mackenzie Brown
with Gene Caesar

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FOOTBALL'S GASHOUSE GANG

[*Continued from page 37*]

had no one between them and the goal line. In short, Brownie had trained himself into the most miserable performance of his career. Thus were the Giants able to win the Eastern title.

Now another football season is at hand. NFL title races being the dogfights they usually are, it is impossible to venture where the Steelers will finish. But we at TRUE have made Pittsburgh our sentimental choice because, in an age of prissy, image-conscious athletes who slip through back doors to do their boistering, the Steelers are men's men. They have refused to resign from the male sex.

"I call them the Gashouse Gang," says Jimmy Brown, the Cleveland fullback. "I hear their coach puts beer on their bus.

"But when you've played against them," Jimmy Brown adds, "your body is sore for days. They leave you black and blue."

That is how they play the game—like cowhands just off the trail—and their coach, Buddy Parker, does not fret over the fact that they do not wear neckties in public. Parker has been through the mill. He demands only that his players win; he will deal a losing player if he can get five cents on the dollar.

You get a fair idea of what the Steelers are like when you see Mike Sandusky, a tubby offensive guard, chug before the TV cameras during pre-game introductions. Already, his shirttail is out. He looks like a hoodlum. At the team's annual bowling banquet last season, Sandusky was presented with a trophy designating him "the best-dressed bowler." Ray Lemek, a piano-shaped guard whom intimates gayly address as Ramon LeMek, was moved to remark:

"Sandusky is the only man in America who feels well dressed in Texaco pants and a T-shirt."

Nevertheless, Sandusky typifies Pittsburgh's savage offensive line. With the glaring exception of tackle Charley Bradshaw, a 6-foot-6 Texan who has a face like John Nance Garner's, the line mostly resembles a collection of hot-water boilers. You can best grasp its style of play by knowing that in the off season Sandusky is a saloonkeeper, center Buzz Nutter is a beer salesman, and fat-boy tackle Dan James is a collector for a finance company. "If you want to punch him," says Buff Boston, a Steeler front-office man who frequently bends an elbow with the help, "the finance company dares you."

It suits Buddy Parker that his ball-carriers are blasters, not sneaky speed merchants. Sneers Parker, "Those fast backs go 70 yards once in a while, but they don't want contact." Old John Henry Johnson, to name one Steeler back, has so strong a penchant for contact that a few years ago it almost resulted in his being awarded a cement bathing suit by the Chicago branch of the Cosa Nostra.

Playing against the Chicago Cardinals in 1955, John Henry roared downfield and hit Charley Trippi with a ferocious blind-side block. Trippi's skull was fractured. Two plastic surgery jobs were required to put his face back together. Surgeons had to remove one of his ribs to obtain new cartilage for his nose, parts of which had been left on the field.

"Which side of the river you want him fished up from?" Trippi was asked by Chicago fans wearing pearl gray fedoras.

Fortunately, Trippi insisted John Henry be left alone. "I didn't think it would be in the best interests of professional football," he explains. Trippi's teammates, however, resolved to fix John Henry's wagon in their next meeting, but John Henry quickly let them know he doesn't scare. He deliberately ran the ball past the Cardinals' bench, inviting them to start a hey-rube. All that happened was that two Cardinals leaped off the bench and kicked him.

No man, however, reflects the essence of the Steelers so much as Ernie Stautner, who doubles as assistant coach and emergency defensive end. Martini for Martini, this may be the toughest guy ever to have come down the NFL pike.

Stautner may be 39 or 42 or ready for Social Security—it is hard to say, because the records are in Bavaria where he was born. Note, though, he fought in the Borneo and Okinawa campaigns even before he went to college. His face, emerging directly from his shoulders without benefit of neck, would frighten James Bond into retirement. His philosophy is simple, if chilling:

"You got to be a man who wants to hurt somebody. You know where I'm going for? The quarterback's face. It hurts in the face. I want him to know I'm coming the next time. I want him to be scared. Those quarterbacks can't tell me they don't scare, because I've seen it in the corners of their eyes."

Stautner's 15 seasons of pro football are a testimonial to the glories of gin. Not long ago Stautner and a journalist —*this* journalist, unfortunately—frightened acquaintances by drinking Martinis from 5 p.m. till 1 a.m. At noon of the next day, as I lay abed writhing, my telephone rang.

"Hey, dad, you gonna make the scene with me today?" demanded Stautner, fresh as a laundered shirt.

As the reader well may have surmised, Steeler management is a tolerant sort. (*Tolerant?* Good Lord, the club's official program relates with undisguised glee an occasion when Stautner beat the blazes out of a troublemaker in an alley fight.) Clubowner Art (The Prez) Rooney—a chunky, beloved Irishman who has a great shock of iron gray hair atop a ruddy face that clenches a one-dollar cigar—got into the football business 31 years ago because he figured it would be fun.

An ex-carnival fighter who made his fortune betting horses, Rooney is depressed to see lawyers overrunning NFL front offices these days. More to the point, however, The Prez has an easy-going nature that rules out dictatorial

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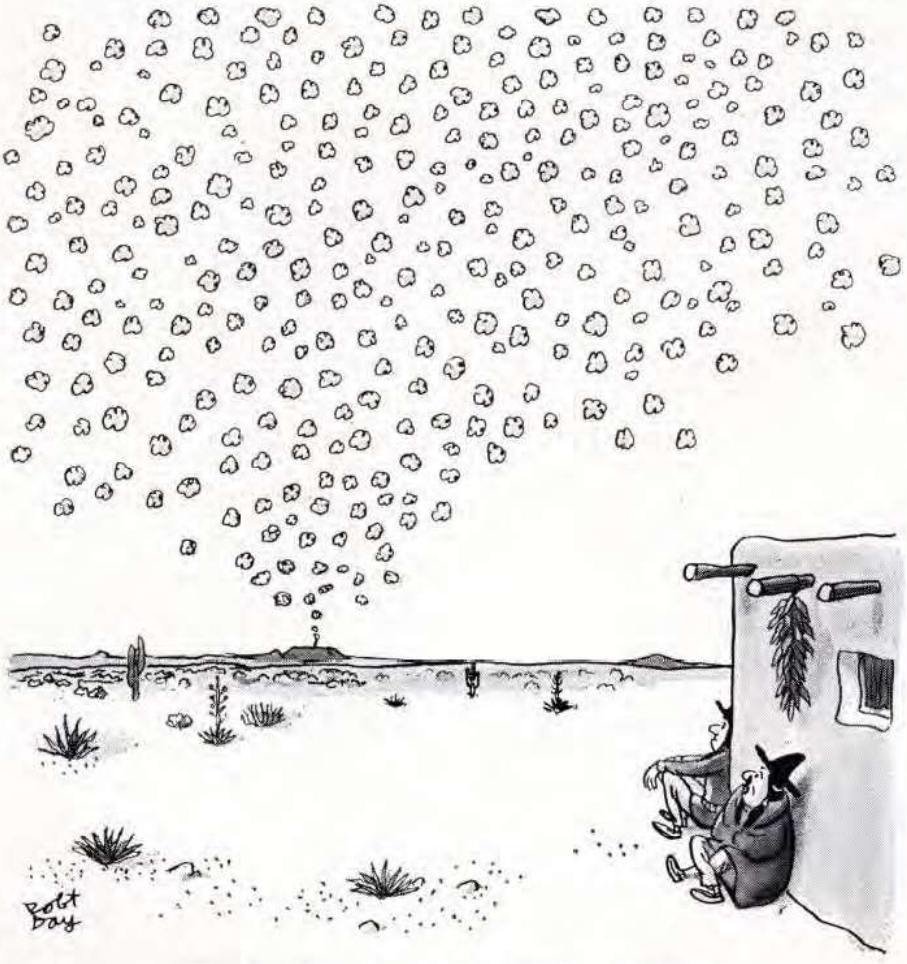


"He's knocking himself out. The Big Board, the American Exchange and now—over the counter."

methods. At a recent testimonial dinner in his honor, he told a vast audience of Rooney-lovers (ranging from high clergymen to Toots Shor) a story that nicely describes his *modus operandi*.

"A few years ago," stated The Prez, "I had a coach named Walt Kiesling, who started every game the same way—he sent his fullback into the middle of the line on the first play. The fullback was a little guy named Fran Rogel, and after a while the fans began to chant, 'Hi, diddle, diddle! Rogel up the middle!' It got pretty bad.

"So finally I went to Kiesling and said, 'Listen, Kies. This week I want you to throw a pass on the first play. Don't argue with me. That's an order.' "

Kiesling obeyed. On the first play a big rangy end named Goose McClairen loped downfield, snatched a pass, and romped to a touchdown. But the touchdown was nullified because a Steeler lineman had lurched off side. "I found out later," said The Prez, continuing his account, "that Kies had *ordered* that lineman to go off side. Kies told the players, 'If this pass play works, that Rooney will be down here every week giving us plays.' Gentlemen, that was the first and last time I ever tried to send in a play."

Under Rooney's benevolent rule, the Steelers over the years have fashioned a rich tradition of high living. Indeed, it is practically incumbent upon members of today's Steelers squad that they preserve the legacy left them by such predecessors as, say, the great Johnny Blood. Blood, both star halfback and head coach for a three-year period in the 1930's, possessed such spirituous stamina that one day his team captain went to Rooney and said with grave concern:

"Mr. Rooney, generally a football coach worries about his players. But on this team players worry about the coach."

There are no Johnny Bloods on the Steeler roster today, but our heroes live ruggedly in their own right. Last year, in the Eastern Division when the Giants, Cleveland Browns, and St. Louis Cardinals, were locked in a tight three-team race, the Steelers popped into the running at the eleventh hour, prompting sportswriters to describe them as "a team that came from nowhere." Actually, the truth was that where the Steelers came from was a joint called Dante's.

Dante's is a swinging restaurant-cocktail lounge where Steeler teams in recent years have done much of their training. Dante's lies in a suburb called Brentwood, a conveniently short distance from the Steelers' practice field. Brentwood is a citified suburb, populous and congested with traffic converging on the shopping plaza across the street from Dante's. Proprietor Dante Sartorio has an ear-to-ear smile and large doe eyes that spread good cheer throughout his joint.

Entering Dante's, one finds a darkened cocktail lounge with a long bar, behind which stands Jimmy the bartender in a gold jacket. Beyond the lounge is a good-sized dining room where Hilda and Helen and Dorothy and Mary will serve you delicious lasagna or the fattest frog's legs a man could hope to dine on. Altogether, Dante's is an excellent place to train, because Dante discourages the presence of customers he classifies as "yonkos."

A yonko is a bug-eyed individual who gawks at celebrities and demands autographs. In Pittsburgh, as in most cities of comparable size, there are only three types of celebrities: athletes, TV-radio personalities, and the conductor of the local symphony orchestra. Only Maestro William Steinberg does not drink at Dante's. Sans yonkos, it is a place where a public figure can move through the blue haze of cigarette smoke and enjoy the luxury of being ignored. All the customers look with contempt upon one another.

In case NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and his FBI man are wondering, there are no bookmakers to be found on the premises. What's more, Dante protects his bachelor players by allowing no jailbait through the door. "Only high-class broads admitted," he states. In point of fact, it was almost on the eve of last year's crucial Giant game that Dante's customers, Steelers included, were ushered grumbling from the dining room because it had been booked full by the local Republican Women's Club.

It was in the dining room, three years ago, that I first became associated with "the Aggregation," as the boys had been christened by Funny Sam Billante, a rotund, non-playing member of the inner circle. At that time, the group was presided over by a shaggy-blond quarterback affectionately known as Our Leader. He was Bobby Layne, whose exploits on and off the field entitled him to our utmost admiration. Our Leader was a master of psychology. Surrounding himself with offensive linemen at a back table, he would tell Hilda the waitress, "Bring us another drink and put it on my tab." And then he would say:

"Backs don't mean a thing. Offensive linemen are the most important and underrated men in football."

The linemen would drink up and resolve to protect Our Leader from all reddoggers. He was no dummy.

Training rigorously at Dante's, Our Leader smashed all Steeler passing records. He also managed, one night when he had made the mistake of frequenting a less intellectual establishment, to smash a trolley car with the nose of his auto.

"It was a helluva move," noted one of the boys, "but the hole closed up."

Frankly, when the football season got under way last year members of the Aggregation were pessimistic. For one thing, Our Leader was gone. He'd retired. Now everything depended on Ed Brown, the club's only experienced quarterback, a man who had had, as they say, a checkered career. Moreover, we were fearful evenings at Dante's might become dreary, for Ernie Stautner, second in stature only to Our Leader, was debating whether to continue patronizing the joint. Buddy Parker had knighted him a player-coach because Parker had always held respect for his elders.

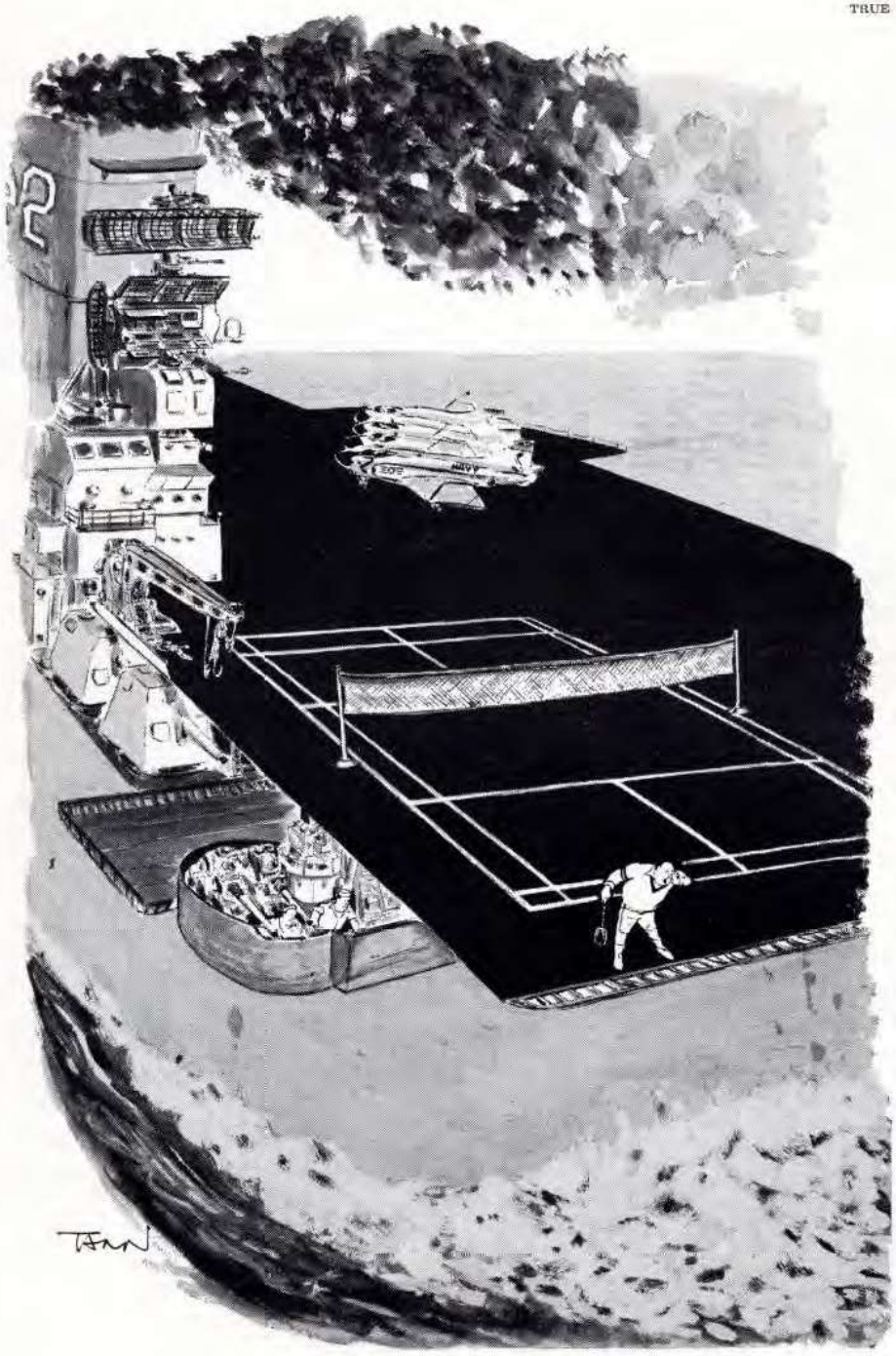
As a coach Ernie realized he might find himself ill at ease socializing with the Aggregation—and vice versa. "I'll make the scene," he assured me, "but I'll have to be discreet. I won't go into the joint if

PAUL GALLICO:
Chairman of the Big Board

Cavalier's BIG BOARD starts in September, as a guarantee that this magazine pays dividends like all get out, from this issue on. Paul Gallico heads up the BIG BOARD, but they're all giants: You'll get Erskine Caldwell, Colin Wilson, and Richard Tregaskis in September, and Eugene Burdick joins the BIG BOARD in October. What's more, there are bonus dividends besides in September: James Baldwin, Leonard Lyons, Barnaby Conrad, Alan Levy, and others of that stature. (You'll even see Arnie Palmer, Julius Boros, and Jack Nicklaus in CAVALIER's fashion report.) No smaller girl-wise, either. Jacqueline Douquet, the toast of Paris' Casino de Paris is specially photographed for you in her "balletic adagio" dance. You get the point, we're sure: Of course, you'll do better if you get the September issue.

Cavalier

On sale at your newsstand August 11.



"Nice try, Ensign. . . ."

a lot of the guys are there."

Meanwhile, Ernie already had made a brilliant beginning in coaching. During pre-season training at West Liberty College in West Virginia, he had decided one night to pursue his coachly prerogative of staying out after 11 o'clock curfew. When he got back to the dormitory, however, he found himself locked out.

Spying an open bathroom window on the second floor, Coach Stautner took a hitch at his belt and went to work scaling a network of vines. Sparrows flapped wildly into the night air, screeching in terror as huge Ernie inched his way upward.

Reaching the window at last, he tore away the screen, which crashed to the ground, waking half the dormitory, and proceeded to hoist himself through the window. "It was dark in there, and I must have looked like King Kong," he later told me. Lou Cordileone, a 250-pound defensive tackle, happened to be in the bathroom at the time. "When Cordileone looked up and saw me in the window," said Ernie, "he leaped three feet in the air and ran down the hall screaming."

Cordileone, who had just been traded to the Steelers by the Los Angeles Rams, at first was homesick for his $20-a-haircut Hollywood barber but soon proved an excellent addition to the in-group at Dante's. He has a great Roman nose, wavy black hair atop a high forehead, black horn-rimmed glasses, and looks altogether like an overgrown violinist. At first it was feared he would bring a touch of respectability to the Aggregation because his cousin, Tom Gangemi, was mayor of Jersey City. However, we soon felt a good deal better about Lou's bloodline when the people of Jersey City discovered to their horror there was no record of their mayor having ever taken the trouble to become an American citizen. Mayor Gangemi was obliged to resign.

"The way J. Edgar Rozelle's been hustling," Lou complained to me one night at Dante's, "I'm the only guy in football who can't loaf with his own family."

At the time I first met Lou, I asked him if he were married. "Are you kidding" he replied. "No broad is going to tie this man down."

Six weeks later the word was out: "Cordileone has the big hurt."

In the vernacular of Dante's, "the big hurt" describes the terrible disease of the heart otherwise known as love. Miss Joann Pennetti, a brunette baby doll the size of Madam Nhu, had Lou wrapped around her little finger. Cooing with her in a dark corner he was pitiful to behold.

In the meantime, Ernie Stautner, the well known human fly, was doing a grand job in his role as player-coach. He knew his men and would chew out those who needed chewing out and pat the fannies of others—particularly Cordileone—who responded best to cajolery.

"Every Monday," Dante told me with a note of irritation in his voice, "that Cordileone comes in here like a big baby and says, 'Gee, I hope Ernie talks to me this week.' This place is getting to be a goddam kindergarten."

Through the first half of the season—the first seven games—the Aggregation prevailed as a title contender, losing only two games. The Aggregation's record, however, did not attract particular notice because it also included one tie, which had occurred under the sort of nonplussing circumstances that have bedeviled Steeler teams ever since Prez Rooney founded the club. In a game at Philadelphia, the margin of victory eluded the Aggregation when Lou Michaels, attempting an extra point, kicked the ball smack up against the upright. The upright, it so happened, was bent inward at least five inches. "Crooked as a gooseneck," muttered Buddy Parker.

Still, with a 4-2-1 record going into the second half of the season, our man lay in a good position for a stretch run. Their next opponent was mighty Green Bay, the league champions. Soberly impressed by Green Bay's reputation, the Aggregation decided to get serious about football. They approached the game grimly. All week they went to bed early, thinking of nothing but the Packers. They played their worst game of the season, got whipped, 33-14.

"These guys choked," growled Buddy Parker. "Maybe they'll play up to their capacity if they're loose and relaxed from here in."

Parker thereupon decided that the Steelers would practice little more than was necessary to remain acquainted with the shape of a football. He ordered his men to concentrate on relaxing. Did the Aggregation dissent? Does a horse object to being led to water?

Following orders faithfully, the Aggregation poured into Dante's and relaxed with all their might. The next Sunday they throttled Cleveland's Jimmy Brown

and beat the first-place, milk drinking Browns.

Now at this point it is perhaps obligatory to point out that not every Steeler player trains at Dante's. Of course not. Which is a shame. Significantly, those who frequent the joint are, almost to a man, our tough, clutch ball players.

For example, Gary Ballman, a young demon who emerged last year as one of pro football's best pass receivers and most recklessly dangerous kickoff-return men, has his beer at Dante's. Middle linebacker Mo Pottios, who aside from Detroit's Joe Schmidt may be the toughest middle linebacker in football, graces the premises. All-pro offensive tackle Charley Bradshaw is there, sedately tipping Scotch into his John Nance Garner face. Joe (The Limbo King) Krupa, one of the NFL's most respected defensive tackles, shimmies his 240 pounds under the limbo bar lower than any man in the joint.

Owing to the nagging fact that Pittsburgh has never won a championship, there may be prudes who will say, "This is what comes of loose living." Hogwash. The main reason for the Steelers' inglorious history is racehorses. Prez Rooney himself admits that down through the years he usually selected his head coaches on the basis of their skill as horseplayers. "I didn't attend to business as much as I should have," he says. "I'd be at the track with my coach and we wouldn't get back till it was time to go to training camp."

All right, then. As the 1963 season moved into late November, the Aggregation's policy of hell-bent relaxation inched them back into the thick of the crowded title race.

They hung at the heels of the Browns, Giants and Cardinals but were not considered serious contenders because they continued to accumulate ties—one with the Chicago Bears and still another with Philadelphia. In both instances, atrocious officiating robbed the Aggregation of victory, but I shall not explain the particulars because my word would be viewed as prejudiced. Yet as any knowledgeable fan knows, owner-coach George Halas of the Bears browbeats officials into supine obedience; and so it was that following the Bears' 17-17 tie with the Aggregation, the big conversation piece in Dante's was P. Murray Livingston, one of Dante's regulars.

"I didn't grab Halas," says P. Murray. "I just told him he'd stolen another game, and he playfully tweaked my nose. His players must have thought we were fighting."

It was then, P. Murray says, that he landed outside in a lump.

In any event, the Aggregation remained in contention as the schedule advanced into its next to last week. The Giants held first place. The Browns, in second, would be eliminated by a single defeat. So would the third-place Cardinals and fourth-place Aggregation. With their three ties, however, the Aggregation held an edge on the Cardinals. Never mind the complicated statistical explanation—the fact was that even if the Cardinals won both of their remaining games they could not win the title unless each of the other contenders lost at least once.

On Friday, the eve of the Aggregation's departure for Dallas and its next game, quarterback Ed Brown marched into Dante's and uttered the words that were to prove as meaningful as Buddy Parker's ringing command to relax.

Brownie sat down earnestly at the bar. Dante, tending bar in his gold jacket, eyed Brownie with misgivings and said:

"What are you doing here, Brownie? You usually knock it off on Friday night."

"Nuts," replied Brownie. "Last Friday I didn't touch a drop and went to bed early and then played the rottenest game of my career. Couldn't hit a receiver so save my life. I'll have Scotch on the rocks."

In Dallas, Brownie performed with charming nonchalance. He casually lofted two perfect touchdown passes. Nevertheless, the Aggregation trailed, 19-17, with approximately three minutes remaining. Their predicament was particularly unsettling in view of the fact that the public address announcer had already announced that Detroit had eliminated Cleveland from the race. A win for the Aggregation here would give the boys the big shot at championship money the next week in New York. Yet they were backed up on their own 16-yard line with fourth down and 14 yards to go.

The Aggregation responded with the guts of 11 burglars.

Brownie doubles as our punter, but he had no mind to punt. Buddy Parker, seeming to read Brownie's mind, shouted to his bench for a swift, baldheaded little roughneck named Red Mack, a pass receiver who picks fights with tackles.

Red raced onto the field but got there just in time to line up for the play. He had no idea what play Brownie had called. It developed, however, that Brownie had decided to pass from punting depth. The ball was snapped. Red Mack started running aimlessly down the right sideline, like a kid in a street game of touch football.

With a possible $6,000 in championship money riding on his next move, Brownie fired a perfect 15-yard pass to Mack, who scampered to the Dallas 44. From there, Brownie steered his running backs downfield, calmly eating up the clock along the way, and finally sent Theron Sapp through a hole for a touchdown. Scotch on the rocks had paid off.

Dante himself laid out the training program for the days leading up to the big game in New York. "Stay loose," he commanded the Aggregation. He phoned Our Leader in Lubbock, Texas, and urged him to fly to Pittsburgh to keep the boys loose, but Our Leader, unable to get away, said the boys would have to stay loose on their own.

Joy reigned supreme, as did a few other broads favored by our bachelor players. Our men were unafraid of Y. A. Tittle and his Giants. But not everyone at Dante's was entirely happy.

"So what if we win the title?" said Lou Cordileone. "So I get $6,000. So income tax gets two, so my mother gets two, so the wedding takes two. Sometimes it don't pay you to work."

Personally, I suspected that Lou had a

[*Continued on page* 112]

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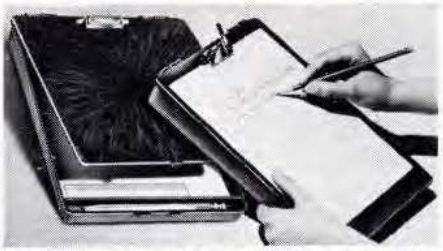

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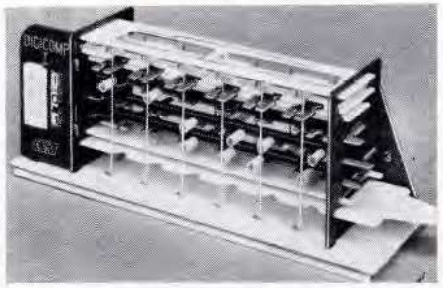

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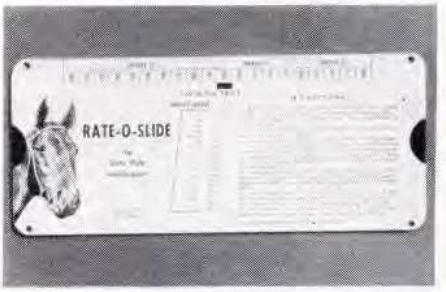

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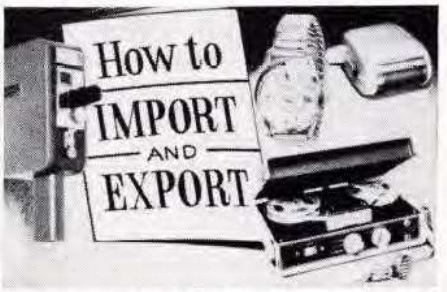

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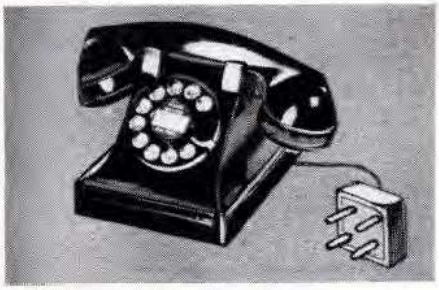

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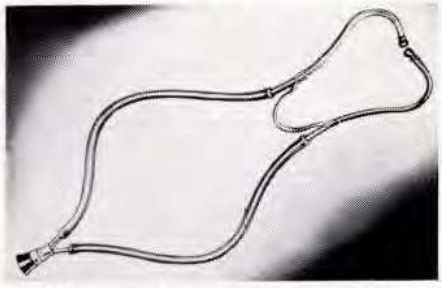

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[*Continued from page* 109]
case of premarital jitters. "You really going through with it?" I asked.

"Yes," he insisted. "You can announce that I am making the altar."

At the bar, meanwhile, Buff Boston—the front-office man—stared glumly into his glass. Buff is a bespectacled, balding man with a large head that is shaped like a football. Now he sat at the bar numb, a tragic victim of the Aggregation's sudden emergence as No. 1 contenders. For years, you see, Buff had been in charge of the Steeler clubhouse. But in 1963, of all years, he had accepted a promotion to the ticket department. If he had remained on the clubhouse job, he would have been eligible to be voted a full share of the championship money. He sat at the bar looking like anyone else would look when about to become $6,000 poorer.

"Yesterday," said Dante, who had watched the Dallas thriller on TV, "when I saw Sapp go through that hole on his way to the winning touchdown, all I could think of was, 'Oh, my God, Buff's gonna blow the big six!' "

The Aggregation had no time to console Buff, for each man had to concentrate on staying loose. Although I ask no thanks, I myself contributed to the general effort in a small way by giving up a well occupied bed to one of our single men who had come looking for a place of repose for himself and a friend. "Isn't this just *great?*" snapped the displaced party of the second part. "I wind up with Jack Lemmon playing *The Apartment.*"

Relaxation continued apace throughout the week, but nobody noticed that there had been one defection from the ranks. Sunday at last arrived, and as Brownie's passing game fell to pieces in New York, we watched with horror, muttering, "What the hell's the matter with Brownie?"

The answer came on Monday night. Dante, leaning on the bar with his chin in his hands, glumly said:

"I was afraid it would happen. That Brownie disappeared from the joint Wednesday and didn't come in for a drink the rest of the week."

The Aggregation had failed (though Buff Boston might not have agreed they had), but now another season is here and the boys are ready to take another shot at triumphing over clean living. From the point of view of relaxation, the squad has been improved by a winter trade that enraged the fans but, in the end, seemed not without purpose.

Coach Parker, striving to strengthen his defensive line, traded Buddy Dial to Dallas for the right to negotiate with an all-American tackle named Scott Appleton, whom Dallas had drafted out of Texas University. Parker dispatched assistant coach Will Walls to Texas, and Walls sat in an Austin hotel room for four weeks while Appleton procrastinated. One night Walls phoned Prez Rooney and excitedly reported:

"I'm drinking beer with the kid. I think he'll sign tomorrow."

"Buy him another beer," shot back The Prez, "and sign him tonight."

In the end, Appleton signed with Houston of the American Football League, leaving the Steelers with nothing to show for the Dial trade. Furious Pittsburgh fans cannot understand why Parker wanted to trade off all-Pro pass receiver Dial for rights to a mere rookie. Perhaps there is an answer, though one can only guess at it.

TRUE

"Well? Don't keep it bottled up inside of you."

Dial, it so happens, was a potential menace to the Aggregation's morale. Though an amiably witty fellow, he was an outspoken member of an organization called the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He stood foursquare for pure living.

Dial's departure pared down the squad to only one Fellowship of Christian Athletes card-carrier—safetyman Clendon Thomas. Thomas, as it were, has a redeeming feature. He owns and trains racehorses. That makes him okay with The Prez, and if he's okay with The Prez he's okay with the Aggregation.

In spite of the loss of rookie Appleton, there is reason to believe the defensive line may grow stronger—that it will receive an extra-special effort from Lou Cordileone. Lou's trouble has been his good nature; he has not played his best except when angered by opponents. But now he has another mouth to feed. Yes, he married that girl. He knelt beside her at the altar, and there, for everyone in Regina Caeli Roman Catholic Church to see, were the letters HE chalked on his left shoe and the letters LP! chalked on his right shoe. Someone among the Aggregation had gotten to his shoes while the groom lay abed in the dawn.

Members of the Aggregation and legions of traveling New Jersey Italians converged on the wedding reception, which proved to be rousing. At the height of the festivities, Lou arose from a chair and, straightening himself with some difficulty, announced:

"I don't feel married. I feel like I'm just throwing a party."

He turned to his little Madam Nhu and said, "I don't know about *you,* but *I'm* going to Dante's tonight."

"Look at him, my only child," grumbled Lou's father, Joe Cordileone. "It took me seven years, and I nearly bust a lung trying. So what do I have to show for it? A monster."

The winter and spring passed interestingly enough at Dante's. From time to time, far-flung members of the Aggregation who had become homesick for the joint paid us a visit—from such distances as New England, the Atlantic Seaboard, Indiana. Meanwhile, the Steeler front office boosted our 1964 championship hopes by announcing a distinct improvement in preseason training plans. Buddy Parker and The Prez decided to abandon the old camp at West Liberty College, which lies high on a saloonless West Virginia mountain. "That place was so dry," said Buff Boston, "that the whole time we were there it didn't even rain."

This year, Parker announced, the Aggregation would train at the University of Rhode Island. The roads there are very good to Providence and all the swinging resorts on Cape Cod.

With an excellent conditioning period behind them, the Aggregation is ready for the '64 campaign. Experts are giving other teams—notably New York and Cleveland—the favorite's role, but men of red blood will pull for Pittsburgh. At the moment, the question that is perhaps uppermost in importance is this:

Can Brownie be persuaded to stay the hell off that damned wagon?

—Myron Cope

[*Continued from page* 33]

Roman and 28 other Cubans were sent back to the mainland. There they were hustled into a C-54 transport plane whose windows were masked from the outside. Some six or seven hours later their plane landed in darkness, and they were herded into a waiting truck. After an hour-long trip, they emerged to find themselves in a camp deep in a tropical jungle.

An American of medium height and weight, with a scar on his face, who called himself "Peter," greeted them and introduced "John," "Dave," "Wally" and the rest of their first-name-only American instructors. All the Americans were in civilian clothing. The Cubans went to bed in nearby wooden barracks, tired and excited, hopeful and fearful. They did not know it, but they were in the U.S. army jungle warfare training camp area of Fort Gulick in the Canal Zone.

Next day, they began rugged training.

"We were taught how to fight as guerrillas," Pepe said. "At that point we believed that we were going to train a large number of Cubans for guerrilla war, that we were going to Cuba, and that we would always have what we had then—organization and control, good control. We never thought things were going to be handled the way they eventually were."

In August the Cubans completed their training and were given a farewell party with beer and a big cake. As they sang together, one of the Americans said, "Well, we'll meet in a free Cuba." Another American told Pepe they were going to a new base the next day, "where there were 5,000 men and everything was ready." The next evening, August 22, 1960, they again boarded a C-54 and flew off into the night.

Erneido Oliva had just celebrated his 28th birthday when he first heard of the invasion plan. Two Cuban underground workers contacted him in Havana in the summer of 1960. "They said there was going to be an invasion," Oliva recalls. "They were organizing troops in a camp in Latin America, with a recruiting office in the United States, and they wanted me to join."

Oliva, who already had decided to work against Castro, agreed to do anything he could. It had not been an easy decision, for Oliva was a loyal and dedicated officer, a graduate of the Cadet School, who at that time was serving the Castro government as a general inspector of agrarian reform throughout the island. And for Oliva, a Negro, to turn against the revolution was a contradiction of everything Fidel represented.

The question of race was important to Fidel; he capitalized on it and profited by it. As Oliva himself says, "When Fidel came in, it is true there were some districts in Cuba where the colored man was not permitted. I really believed at the beginning that Fidel was working for the real solution of the race problem—and not as a communist. As a colored man I was sympathetic.

"I discovered, however, that it was just another of Fidel's moves to divide and weaken. He was bringing division between the classes, races, and even between father and son—based on ideological differences—and in that division Fidel would find his power. By the time the underground came to me, I believed that Fidel was using the colored people as a symbol to divide the country. By the end of 1959 a lot of colored people were against Fidel Castro—not all; the people of the streets were hearing and listening to the propaganda.

"Beyond all that, however, was the fact that as a lifelong Catholic I could not support communism."

In August, 1960, Oliva escaped from Cuba. In the United States he was recruited by the organization Artime had set up, and after the usual mysterious journey by truck and plane found himself at a large coffee plantation in a country he identified, from a chance meeting with a Guatemalan acquaintance, as Guatemala.

Oliva met a group of his countrymen quartered in a wooden warehouse and questioned them eagerly. Where was the liberation army, which he had been told numbered 5,000 men? Where were the weapons and artillery? Where was the training camp?

"They told me that higher in the mountains there was another group of men, but that there were only about a hundred men in all," Oliva says. "They didn't have weapons, they didn't have uniforms, they didn't have good food, they didn't have water, and there were no barracks to live in. We felt very sad."

Within four days the new soldiers began the dangerous trip to the camp 2,000 feet above—a climb which took one and a half hours. Base Trax, as the camp was called, was on volcanic soil that became quite spongy and swampy when it rained. By day the men built barracks and drainage fields, and attempted to pour cement foundations in the rain. At night they began receiving military instruction from a Cuban cadre, of which Pepe San Roman and his younger brother, Roberto, were members.

At midday of September 7, Roberto San Roman and Alejandro del Valle came back from a patrol training mission with shattering news. Roberto, Del Valle, a man named Rafo, and Carlos (Carlyle) Rafael Santana, an idealistic young student, who was probably the most popular man in the camp, had been searching for a trail when disaster struck.

"We went into a very thick woods and started cutting our way with the machete, going down and down for about an hour and a half," Roberto said. "Then the slope became so nearly vertical that we had to hold on to roots to keep our footing. And then we got to a place where we couldn't see more than a few feet ahead through the vegetation. We had to jump to a ledge anyway because a waterfall was in our path. When we jumped, Carlyle hurt his left knee. We decided to climb to the other side.

"In half an hour I think we climbed no more than 50 meters. It was all rocks and wet and the man ahead had to pass the word back, 'Put your hand here. Do exactly as I do.' I was leading and everybody had to follow, and after 25 minutes I grabbed the first tree, the first good solid tree, and in that moment I think Carlyle fainted or grabbed something loose. Anyway, he started going down, falling down, trying to grab hold of something, but he couldn't, and then he hit a little ledge. He was falling so fast that his body jumped about 200

meters. We started calling out very loud to him, but nothing happened."

The Cubans immediately formed groups to search for Carlyle. It began raining—one of the hardest rains since their arrival. Until 1 o'clock in the morning they clambered up and down the mountains, in groups of five, tied together at the waist by ropes, searching and calling in the faint hope Carlyle might still be alive. Finally they had to stop. Early the next morning some Indians spotted the body. They started working at 7 that morning to lift it with ropes, and by evening it was brought back to camp.

"That day we did not work," Oliva said. "Everybody was very sad. He was the first man to die. It was the day of *La Caridad del Cobre,* the patron saint of Cuba."

The food was bad, the rain was incessant, the living conditions were crowded, tempers were short and morale was low—still, in the months that followed the camp took form.

In November, 1960, after a campaign in which Cuba had been the dominant international issue, 69 million Americans voted for a new President. When the ballots were counted, John F. Kennedy was elected by slightly more than 100,000 votes. Flushed from his victory, confident about the future, the President-elect went to Palm Beach, Florida, to rest after the campaign. There, on November 18, Allen Dulles, the director of the CIA, and Richard Bissell, the chief CIA architect of the Cuban training plans, told Kennedy of the existence of the camp in Guatemala.

Immediately, he was faced with making the first of many decisions about Cuba that would mark his administration.

In November, 1960, the "special group"—a group of top officials of the State Department, Pentagon, CIA and White House directing the overall planning of the Cuban counterrevolution—decided to discard their original idea of a guerrilla operation and put in its place a plan to overthrow Castro by invasion and direct action. The idea that the few hundred men then recruited could overthrow Castro in a frontal assault is all the more astonishing in view of the known facts of Castro's forces *then.* On November 18, for example, the State Department made public details of military aid to Cuba from the Soviet bloc. At that time, the department said, Castro's army was judged to be *10 times* the size Batista's had been.

The effects of the change from guerrilla operation to assault landing were felt immediately in Guatemala. Early in November an American known as "Frank" took charge of Base Trax. Frank (an Army colonel, not to be confused with Frank Bender), a florid, sandy-haired, aggressive and commanding figure, went to work energetically. He had brought with him plans for creating an assault brigade.

Pepe San Roman was appointed brigade commander and four battalions were formed. Pepe named Alejandro del Valle to command the First Battalion of paratroopers, while Hugo Sueiro headed the Second Battalion of infantry, Oliva led the "bomblene" or Armored Battalion, and Roberto San Roman, Pepe's brother, was in charge of the Heavy Gun Battalion.

In order to create *esprit de corps,* Frank suggested that the men choose a name for their brigade. Pepe San Roman and his officers at first wanted to call themselves Carlyle Brigade in honor of Carlos Santana, the first of their men to die; then Pepe decided to use Carlyle's serial number, 2506. The men liked the name and Brigade 2506 was formed.

Slowly, in groups of 40 or 50, recruits were transported from Miami to Guatemala. In January, 1961, the Americans appointed Oliva second in command to Pepe. Meanwhile factional quarrels among exile leaders in Miami were causing dissension within the Brigade and creating problems for the American planners. In February, Artime and Frank Bender conferred in Washington and formed a new Cuban "government in exile," the Cuban Revolutionary Council, which included such men as Manuel Ray, Castro's former Minister of Public Works, and Miro Cardona, Castro's first Premier.

By the end of February a great rush had begun to join *La Brigada,* as the Cubans called it, before the ships sailed.

Soon after his inauguration, John F. Kennedy began meeting with his advisors on the problem of Cuba. He found that the invasion plan as then worked out was endorsed by Allen Dulles, head of the CIA, Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Adm. Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations. More than a dozen meetings, conferences and briefings on the Cuban invasion were held in Washington between November, 1960 and April, 1961. By March the invasion site was selected: the *Bahia de Cochinos,* the Bay of Pigs.

Perhaps the most important meeting took place on April 4 with President Kennedy presiding. Seated around the long table were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs Thomas Mann, Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze, Senator William J. Fulbright of Arkansas, and three presidential advisors and specialists on Latin America: Adolph A. Berle, Jr., Richard Goodwin and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell of the CIA were also there, as was General Lemnitzer.

Richard Bissell, the man who had masterminded the U-2 flights over Russia, was the first to speak. It was his final review of the Cuban operation. The Brigade would land and hold its territory until the Cuban Revolutionary Council declared itself a "government in arms" and rallied internal support to itself. The situation inside Cuba was ripe for rebellion. The Brigade air force would control the skies and operate from a captured field near the Bay of Pigs. Castro's planes would be wiped out by a Brigade air attack before the invasion.

An alternative plan had been prepared for use in the event of a total disaster. The Cubans would be told that if, somehow, the invasion foundered they would move inland to the Escambray Mountains as a guerrilla force. (Pepe San Roman says, "We were never told about this. What we were told was, 'If you fail *we* will go in.' ")

From the beginning, the alternative plan had been a major element in the planning process. The President and other important officials were repeatedly assured that the Brigade had been trained as guerrillas when, in fact, there is no evidence that the Brigade received any guerrilla training after November, 1960, the date of the change in concept from guerrilla to invasion. Until November, 1960, the Cuban force consisted of only 300 men.

One who was there says Bissell gave the plan his unqualified support. Dulles spoke briefly and also backed the plan. The President pointed around the table, man by man, asking for approval or disapproval. No one opposed the invasion.

"Let 'er rip," one man said.

On one point President Kennedy was clear: *under no conditions were American forces to be committed to the invasion.* It was a firm decision, one which was impressed on everyone, whether civilian, military, CIA or Cuban politician.

On Thursday, April 13, a cable was sent to a special emissary of the President in Guatemala, a personable, professional military man then working with the CIA, asking him to reply by "emergency precedence" if in any way he had changed his evaluation of the Brigade. He immediately replied:

"My observations have increased my confidence in the ability of this force to accomplish not only initial combat missions, but also the ultimate objective, the overthrow of Castro. The Brigade and battalion commanders now know all details of the plan and are enthusiastic. They say they know their own people and believe that after they have inflicted one serious defeat upon the opposition forces, the latter will melt away from Castro, whom they had no wish to support. They say it is a Cuban tradition to join a winner and they have supreme confidence they will win against whatever Castro has to offer. I share their confidence."

When the author showed Pepe San Roman this passage, San Roman commented: "This conversation never took place with me or any of my commanders. He says that we knew all the details of the plan. Actually, we knew nothing."

A person who is able to speak with unquestioned authority said this glowing report overcame the last of the President's doubts.

At Base Trax at the end of March, Frank called Pepe San Roman and Oliva to his headquarters. He told them the invasion was imminent, there would be two beachheads, and, as he had told them earlier, the Brigade would not be the only unit involved. The entire invasion force would assemble at a base he called Trampoline—the springboard—which would have to remain unidentified until they reached it.

"Frank told Pepe and me," Oliva said, "that the Marines were not going with us to invade Cuba, but they would be close to us when we needed them."

Early in April Artime was in the camp as the civilian representative of the Revolutionary Council. Frank called Pepe and Oliva again. This time he had startling information. There were forces in the administration trying to block the invasion, and Frank might be ordered to stop it. If he received such an order, he said he would secretly inform Pepe and Oliva. Pepe remembers Frank's next words this way:

"If this happens you come here and make some kind of show, as if you were putting us, the advisors, in prison, and you go ahead with the program as we have talked about it, and we will give you the whole plan, even if we are your prisoners."

Pepe and Oliva were disturbed by this plan, but they had such faith in the Americans that they agreed to follow it if necessary.

Frank then called in Artime and privately told him the same thing. Artime was as stunned as the others. Frank never said who opposed the invasion—it was just "forces in the administration," or "politicians," or "chiefs above." He did say that if he received the order to stop the invasion, "I have also orders from my bosses, my commanders, to continue anyway." It cannot be determined what bosses, if any, gave Frank such instructions.

Out of more than 10 secret meetings with Frank at Base Trax came several dominant impressions. Oliva summed them up: 1) the forces that would land in Cuba were much larger than the Brigade's 1,500 men; 2) the Cubans would have the complete support of the United States government, including United States military—and air—support; 3) the invasion was going to take place even if Washington tried to stop it; 4) most important to the Cubans, the invasion was going to succeed and they would liberate their country.

On April 9, 10 and 11 the Brigade and its equipment were moved by transport plane to Trampoline, which many of the men were able to recognize at once as the Atlantic coastal city of Puerto Cabezas in Nicaragua. There they saw the ships that would take them to Cuba—hulking old cargo vessels, unpainted and in bad condition. The sight of them gave Enrique Ruiz-Williams, second-in-command of the Heavy Gun Battalion, "a cold feeling." The landing craft were 14-foot open boats powered by outboard motors and unarmed. The cargo ships were armed with .50 caliber machine guns which seemed poorly placed to the Cubans, but they were assured that there would be plenty of additional air and sea support at all times.

Frank gave Artime and the Brigade officers their final briefing on April 14 at Trampoline base. They were shown a map and given copies of "Operation Pluto," as the invasion plan was called officially, at 9 a.m. The Cubans read:

"Commencing at H-Hour of D-Day, the Brigade is to engage in amphibious and parachute landings, take, occupy and defend beachheads in the area of Cochinos Bay and Playa Giron of the Zapata Swamps in order to establish a base from which ground and air operations against the Castro government of Cuba may be carried out."

The Bay of Pigs has a width of 10 to 12 miles at its mouth and tapers gradually inland for 18 miles from the Caribbean. At its northernmost point, not far from a lake called "El Tesoro" (Treasure Lake) is Playa Larga, or Long Beach. To the west is the Zapata Peninsula. To the southeast the coastline runs smoothly for 20 miles until it reaches the town of Playa Giron. Along the shore there is hard, rocky soil, and then for about three miles inland the land is smooth and firm. Immediately after that begins the Cienaga de Zapata, sometimes called the "Great Swamp of the Caribbean," extending 65 miles from east to west and 20 miles from north to south. The Zapata Swamps are covered with hardwood timber growing in a vast expanse of marshy terrain.

Operation Pluto called for landings at three points—Playa Larga, called "Red Beach"; Giron, "Blue Beach"; and "Green Beach" a point 20 miles to the east of Giron cutting the road to Cienfuegos, a city farther to the east. Giron was the center of the invasion. There, at Blue Beach, San Roman would land and establish his command post. From Red Beach to Green Beach, the Brigade would control 40 miles of Cuban coast line.

An intelligence expert called Bill told them that Castro would have few tanks and no air force. And he said there were more than 500 guerrillas nearby waiting to help the Brigade.

Then Frank said they were to hold the beach for 72 hours. And what were they supposed to do after that? "We will be there with you for the next step," Frank said. "But you will be so strong, you will be getting so many people to your side, that you won't want to wait for us. You will go straight ahead. You will put your hands out, turn left, and go straight into Havana."

Frank made a sweeping gesture with his arm that no man present that day will ever forget. There was a great shout from the Cubans. Some had tears in their eyes.

When it came to support, Frank was equally emphatic: there was no question they would have air superiority. Nothing was said about United States air support, or about jets. It was said that the enemy would not be able to get to the Brigade; that it would be destroyed from the air; that no trucks or troops would be able to get through the roads because all the roads would be bombed; that "every five minutes there will be a plane over all the major roads of Cuba."

Frank said in response to a question that if anything went wrong the Cubans should communicate with the rear base and he would give them instructions. *Nothing* was said about an alternative plan, and as this is written only one of the four leading Cubans knows that such a plan existed; he learned of it two years after the invasion. Later, in a secret top-level administration investigation that followed in the wake of the invasion, it was learned that the CIA decided, on its own, not to give the Brigade the alternative plan. The explanation was given that it might weaken the Brigade's resolve to keep fighting, that they might choose the alternative plan when the going became rough, even though the invasion still had a chance of success. The most charitable explanation that can be placed on this reckless action is that the CIA assumed such terrible responsibility with the best of intentions: it was convinced the Cubans would win and therefore in the classic sense the end would justify the means.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, April 14, when the officers left the briefing area for the pier. At the last moment Frank took Pepe aside. He told him that if he were ordered to halt the invasion while the ships were at sea he would send Pepe a radio message saying, "Come back, don't go ahead."

That meant the opposite: it was really clear; they were to go ahead.

"But if I send you a message in code that says the bird—the Guatemalan bird, the quetzal—'The quetzal is on the branches of the tree'—that means Fidel is waiting for you, so you will have to come back."

As they neared the cargo vessels in the small outboard motor launches, the officers saw the men of the Brigade lining the railings, singing and cheering. Each battalion had been issued a different-colored scarf. Now they were waving them—blue, yellow, white, black, red—from each ship. The officers boarded, and the convoy of five transports and two escort vessels steamed slowly out to sea as the day ended.

On the morning of Saturday, April 15, 1961, eight B-26 bombers manned by Brigade members struck Cuba, bombing San Antonio de los Banos, Santiago de Cuba and Ciudad Libertad adjoining Camp Columbia, the main base for Castro's air force. Later that day, in the United Nations, Dr. Raul Roa, Cuba's Foreign Minister, accused the United States government directly of aggression. Adlai E. Stevenson, United States Ambassador to the United Nations, had been assured by the State Department that the planes that bombed Cuba were Castro's planes piloted by defectors from Castro's air force, and he repeated this story in his reply to Roa, along with a declaration that there would be no United States intervention in Cuban affairs under any conditions.

Aboard the Brigade convoy San Roman received a message from Frank. It said the bombing mission had been accomplished successfully and nearly all the enemy aircraft had been destroyed. That message resulted in one of the great miscalculations of the invasion. The Brigade air force report stated that eight to 10 planes had been put out of service at San Antonio; six to eight at Ciudad Libertad; and 12 planes at Santiago de Cuba—all of which would have left Castro with almost no air power. While the attack *did* inflict considerable damage, Castro actually still had four fighters, two Sea Furies and two jet T-33's, as well as two B-26 bombers.

By noon Sunday the Brigade forces were committed; it was then too late to stop the invasion. Some time after this hour had passed, President Kennedy made one of the most difficult decisions of his administration.

Russia and China were threatening action—if not in Cuba,

then perhaps in Berlin, or Laos or Vietnam. The realities of the Cold War, the life-and-death stakes involved, the gamble Cuba represented, the apparent success of the Brigade air attack on Saturday, the President's pledge, publicly given at a press conference the previous week, against direct American intervention in Cuba, and the assurance of his advisors that the invasion had a chance of success without such American support, led him eventually to a decision: the second air strike, scheduled for dawn Monday to coincide with the invasion, was canceled. Retrospect or hindsight does not alter the central fact about that decision: it was consistent with the President's policy, stated unequivocally both publicly and privately, that the Cuban affair must not be allowed to jeopardize larger United States interests.

The order went out to the Brigade air force at Puerto Cabezas to cancel the second attack.

By 7:45 p.m. on Sunday, April 16, the five principal ships and their two escort vessels had reached the rendezvous point 30 miles south of Cienfuegos where they were joined by landing craft carrying tanks, heavy equipment and Cuban crews. Aboard Oliva's ship, the *Houston*, the men spontaneously began singing the Cuban national hymn. Then the convoy began moving up the coast toward the Bay of Pigs.

At 11 p.m. five Cuban frogmen prepared to leave the *Blagar* in two rubber rafts to place white and red lights on the beach to mark the landing zone at Giron. The frogmen entered their inflated rafts and silently moved toward shore. Gray, an American who had trained them, was with them and Gray, the American, was the first to land in the invasion—despite the insistence of President Kennedy that no Americans participate in the action.

By the time they had succeeded in placing the first landing light, it was 15 minutes before midnight. The light flashed on the beach, from beside a concrete pier, and as it did the men aboard the *Blagar* saw other lights: a small vehicle was moving rapidly toward the beach from Giron, a half mile to the east. It was a jeep. It stopped, backed up and turned its lights toward the sea. The frogmen, led by Gray, opened fire with their automatic rifles; but the alarm had been sounded and now a truck carrying Castro militiamen was heading toward them.

As the firing began, the lights of Giron went off. By radio the frogmen called for support from the *Blagar* and soon the shooting was intense. Farther out to sea the Third, Fourth, Sixth and Heavy Gun Battalions lined the rails of the troopships, straining to see through the darkness, tensely wondering if their men or Castro's were winning.

While the shooting continued, the first landing craft edged toward the coast line carrying men of the Fourth Battalion from the *Caribe*. Because of the unexpected opposition, San Roman decided to go ashore in that boat to direct the fighting.

Now the trouble began. It stemmed from an almost incredible miscalculation by Americans who, by record, reputation and experience were the unsurpassed experts at amphibious operations. During World War II, not one assault landing had been attempted at night. Yet, in the first such landing planned by Americans, the coral reefs inexplicably had been ignored or forgotten. Certainly the reefs were unknown to the invasion troops —until their boats struck. Some were sunk, some merely delayed. The invasion schedule was set back and surprise, the only advantage of attempting a risky landing at night, was lost.

From their small fiber-glass boat approaching Playa Larga the second team of Cuban frogmen could see, far away, flames in the sky over Giron. They moved toward the shore until they could distinguish shacks along the waterfront. Fifteen yards from the beach their boat struck coral; they jumped out and raced toward a grove of trees. Leading them ashore was "Rip," an American who had joined them in Nicaragua. Thus, at the second beachhead of the Bay of Pigs, an American was also the first to land.

Once ashore, the frogmen began placing the markers they had made on their voyage from Nicaragua. They were finishing the job when they were suddenly attacked by Castro militia from one of the nearby shacks.

"We opened up almost automatically with our BAR's and we really gave them hell," said Andy Pruna. "We knocked out perhaps as many as 20 in a few minutes and the rest ran away and left their weapons."

Aboard the *Houston*, the first of eight fiber-glass boats swung over the side and down to the sea. On the deck all other sounds were lost in the screeching of the ancient winches. It was obvious to Oliva that they could be heard for miles.

Oliva told Hugo Sueiro, the Second Battalion commander, to hurry. The plan called for the men to board boats at three stations, ranging aft from the bow. Problems developed immediately. The motors on the boats sputtered and choked out in the sea. By 1:10 a.m., as Sueiro was approaching the beach in the first boat, machine guns began firing from the coast toward the *Houston*. The *Houston's* guns answered, and the frogmen were caught in the crossfire. The Castro machine guns were knocked out, but when the firing ceased one of the invaders was dead—the first to die at the Bay of Pigs.

At 2:30 a.m. Oliva reached the shore. By then only sporadic firing was heard. Oliva headed toward the front where Sueiro reported they had destroyed a truck of militia and had taken prisoners. As he walked toward a shack not far from the beach, Oliva made an alarming discovery: "I saw the antenna of a micro-wave station and we captured it at once. You could see that they had transmitted from there recently."

Oliva instantly recognized the seriousness of the situation; but of more immediate concern was the landing itself. The outboard motors on the eight fiber-glass landing boats were not working. Two of them went out of service immediately (on one the propeller fell off and into the sea as soon as the boat was launched). One after the other the other six failed in the middle of the Bay. Although there were only 185 men in the Second Battalion, by 5:30 in the morning the last of the men still had not come ashore. Also left to be unloaded were the entire Fifth Battalion and *all* of the supplies, including ammunition, for the area. Oliva is convinced that had they had only three LCU's, both battalions and the supplies would have reached the beach by 3 o'clock.

At 6 a.m. Juan Luis Cosculluela, a young Cuban navy captain, called the *Blagar* to report the completion of a mission. He and the frogmen had charted a path through the coral reef. At 6:25 landing craft carrying tanks and the men of the Heavy Gun Battalion began arriving at the beaches. Cosculluela, after supervising the landing, was returning to the *Blagar* in a launch when a B-26, painted blue with a Cuban flag on its wings, flew over and dipped its wings in salute. Certain that it was one of theirs, Cosculluela and others waved back. Then the plane opened fire. Following it was another—and then another. Soon they were joined by Sea Fury fighters and T-33 jets. The remainder of the Heavy Gun Battalion and all of the Sixth and Third Battalions had to land under fire.

Rip and the frogmen had gone to the *Houston* in a launch to assist in the landing. By then only a few men of the Second Battalion were left aboard; but all the Fifth—the greenest in the Brigade, with only a few days of training—was still aboard. Rip began yelling for the men to get off but they were reluctant. In anger he shouted: "It's your war, you bastards. Get off!" Ten men got off and headed for the beach. From behind them they heard the motors of an airplane. It was a B-26 and they, too, thought it was one of theirs. The plane attacked them. As it turned toward the horizon and came back, Rip stood up and shouted: "Everybody fire at the goddam thing!" This time they hit it, and when it made a third pass it went down in flames.

More aircraft were on the way—first a Brigade B-26 to provide cover for the invaders and then three of Castro's planes, two T-33 jets and a Sea Fury. The slower Brigade plane didn't have a chance. (The Brigade B-26's flew without tail guns to permit them to carry more fuel for the 14-hour round trip flight from Nicaragua.)

With the *Barbara J* under attack, and unable to give support, the *Houston* was defenseless. Two planes came low over the mangroves and one made a direct rocket hit. There was a hollow clang and the ship started taking in water. Miraculously, the rocket had passed through the deck and on through the bottom of the ship without exploding. Laden as it was with ammunition and gasoline, the *Houston* would almost certainly have blown to bits had the rocket detonated. And over half her troops were still on board! A small fire broke out below decks, but as Alberto Pico said, "God was with us." The water coming through the hole that the rocket had made extinguished the fire. Luis Morse, the captain, headed the stricken ship toward the coast and succeeded in grounding it 300 yards from shore. There it stayed—a broken vessel, oil oozing from its holes, a sitting target for the planes. Without weapons, some stripped to their underwear, the men jumped into the oily water and

were strafed by Castro's planes. Some drowned, some were attacked by sharks. At least 28 men died in the sea. Those who got ashore were dispirited and defeated. They huddled under the trees and awaited orders from the commanders.

Minutes after the loss of the *Houston* a second, even greater, disaster overtook the Brigade. It was shortly after 7 o'clock when Oliva, at Playa Larga, heard a tremendous explosion from the vicinity of Giron; even from that distance black smoke could be seen mushrooming into the sky. It looked as if an atomic bomb had been dropped over Giron. A Sea Fury, diving out of the sun, had made a direct rocket hit on the *Rio Escondido*. Those who survived the enormous blast jumped into the sea where they, too, were strafed by the planes. It was an irreparable loss, for the *Rio Escondido* carried the supplies for the first ten days of fighting—ammunition, food, hospital equipment and gasoline. Also lost was the Brigade's communications trailer—the primary method of communications with the battalions in the combat zones, as well as with the flagship and the rear base in Nicaragua. Why such a vast majority of all the supplies needed for any success whatsoever was committed to one ship is a question still unanswered by the CIA.

By radio, the task force commander told Pepe he had been ordered to withdraw his ship, because he was unable to hold his position. The air attacks already had brought another change in the invasion plan: instead of landing at Green Beach, 30 kilometers to the east toward Cienfuegos, the Third Battalion was forced to come in at Giron, where Pepe immediately sent them on foot two miles to the east to protect his right flank. The departure of the ships was an even more critical change in plans, for the Brigade had unloaded less than 10 percent of its ammunition, and the *Blagar* and *Barbara J* were supposed to patrol the coast from Playa Larga to Giron, supporting the Brigade with its guns.

Over the western (Playa Larga) front at the drop zone on the road to Central Australia, Del Valle's heavy equipment was dropped first; his paratroopers followed. They never saw their equipment again—it was lost in the swamps. In addition, an advance group was lost in the swamps, another badly missed its drop zone, with some landing behind the enemy lines. They landed under heavy fire. When they reached the ground they found one of their men dead, dangling from a tree by his parachute. Another had been killed before he hit the ground.

On the eastern front the paratroopers fared better. The various units landed successfully, without strong opposition, and moved to assigned forward positions designed to block the roads.

Del Valle dispatched men along the two roads to select a place for the 4.2 mortars. They walked forward until they lost radio contact and by that time, in midmorning, the mortars were arriving by truck. Roberto San Roman and his reinforcements had made the link-up from Giron. As they were placing the mortars on the road to Yaguaramas, word came that a battalion of Castro soldiers was attacking the advance post.

At Brigade headquarters, when Pepe San Roman made the first faint contact with Oliva at Playa Larga, the report was equally discouraging. It was 10 o'clock in the morning. Oliva said his situation was difficult and that his men had been in continuous combat since landing. He had lost contact with the Fifth Battalion and had been unable to reach the paratroopers forward of his position.

Even with their supply lines cut, their backs to the sea and no communications, San Roman and his commanders were not in despair. It was not false heroism, or naiveté, but an unshakable conviction that they would not be let down; that victory therefore was inevitable. It was inconceivable that they would be stranded.

Once established in his headquarters, Pepe had inspected his positions and dispatched messengers to the various battalion commanders for firsthand reports from the front. From the beginning he had expected the main enemy attack to come through San Blas toward Giron. He knew that the body of Castro's army was stationed in Las Villas. But instead it was headed toward Playa Larga. Another concern was his right flank and the road to Cienfuegos. The Third Battalion, supported by a tank and 4.2 mortars from the Heavy Gun Battalion, was up the road but far from where it was supposed to be.

With the *Houston* grounded and the Fifth Battalion out of action, Oliva deployed his men as best he could. To the front, as the vanguard of the battalion, he sent a company commanded by Maximo Leonardo Cruz. To the northwest, to take the entrance of the road to Buenaventura, went a company led by Oscar Luis Acevedo. The third and remaining company of the battalion, headed by Pedro Avila, was kept in reserve at Playa Larga.

Cruz' first major encounter with the enemy was decisive for hours. It began when a number of militia appeared coming toward them out of the brush. "I let them take a certain time to get together and I took advantage of the *agrupación* (massing). They were very close and when they were together I fired at them with the 75mm., with the .50-caliber machine gun, and with the 57mm. cannon. I destroyed them completely. The 57 made a direct hit on their truck with a grenade of *fósforo* vivo (white phosphorus). I was looking when the grenade hit the truck and the whole truck blew up and I saw the men jumping, dying and being burned by the *fósforo vivo*. The rest ran away and did not come back until 2 p.m."

At Playa Larga, the lull in the fighting gave Oliva a chance to assess the situation. Some wounded and dead, including women—all Castro's militia—had been brought back from the front and more than 40 prisoners had been taken.

About that time Oliva made contact with Luis Morse aboard the *Houston*. He ordered the Fifth Battalion commander to reorganize his men and within an hour Montero Duque, the commander, reported by radio that he had organized the landing of the remainder of his personnel in rubber boats and that a great number were together on the shore, about 10 miles from Playa Larga. At 20 minutes to 3, Oliva ordered an assistant to take two trucks and an infantry squad from Avila's company to pick up men of the Fifth and bring them to the front. Minutes later he canceled the truck mission after receiving a fateful message from Cruz at the front. That message signaled the beginning of what came to be known in Cuba as the "Battle of the Lost Battalion"—the 339th Battalion of Castro militia leaders from Matanzas. The encounter began with a report by two of Cruz' scouts.

"I had two men about 600 yards ahead to the front," Cruz said, "so they could observe the enemy. They came back about 2:30 p.m. and they told me that the enemy was advancing in a column. They were coming through the center of the highway, straight on it, in a close formation. These people were crazy coming that way down the hill in the middle of the road. We were in a very good position at both sides of the road, camouflaged. Between the enemy and me there was a swamp and trees on both sides of the road. We were able to shoot well from this position."

Cruz told Oliva what he could see through his binoculars. Instantly Oliva called Sueiro, the battalion commander, and prepared to leave for the front. Fortuitously, the tank from Giron, driven by Fernandez Torres Mena, arrived at that moment with the squad from the Fourth Battalion.

"When the enemy was about 500 yards from us they stopped," Cruz said, "and started putting up their mortars and getting their weapons prepared. They didn't send any forward observers to see where we were and they didn't know our positions. When I saw that they had all their weapons ready, I gave the order to open fire. I had to do it because they were getting organized there. When I gave the order to fire, you could see them flying up in the air. I threw everything at them with the three shells of the 75 I had left, with the 57, with the machine guns and all the weapons we had there. In 10 or 15 minutes there was a big mound of dead men all over the road."

Then at exactly 3:05 p.m., as Oliva said, "They were so unlucky that in our area appeared two B-26's." It was the first time that the Brigade had made contact with its air support that day. The first pilot radioed for instructions, and Oliva told him to make a pass and observe what was coming. When he reported back, he said there were approximately 700 men in 60 or 70 vehicles—jeeps, buses, trucks—heading straight toward them. "He asked me what he should do and I said, 'Give it to them,' " Oliva said.

The planes made two or three passes, dropping rockets and bombs.

"How beautiful it was from the ground!" a soldier murmured. "How beautiful from the ground and our airplanes in the air!"

But the carnage was horrible. The road was a solid wall of flames.

"*No quedó ni el gato* (Not even the cat was alive)," Cruz said.

Out of nearly 900 men in that Castro battalion only a handful survived. This, indeed, was air support.

The planes had been supporting the Brigade for 25 minutes, and no Castro fighters had appeared. On the ground Oliva heard, by radio, one of the pilots say to the other: "Let's go because I've finished my ammunition and don't have much gasoline."

"No," the reply came back, "there's a sonofabitch in there that shot at me and I'm going to get him."

The men watched as one plane circled over Playa Larga and the other headed toward Central Australia.

"I hit him, I hit him," came the cry of the pilot

At that moment a T-33 jet and a Sea Fury appeared.

"I've got a T-33 on my tail. Shoot at him! Shoot at him!"

The second Brigade pilot answered: "I don't have any ammunition."

"They hit me. They hit me," were the last words. Both Brigade planes were shot down.

As the sound of the battle ceased, a soldier at Playa Larga squinted into the sun toward the front. "There were crowds of vultures flying to the battlefield and it made me think how quickly the human body can corrupt itself."

Oliva returned to his headquarters and personally questioned prisoners. He learned that a great concentration was being formed at Central Australia and that he could expect a major assault that night. He dispatched a messenger to Giron, requesting reinforcements, tanks and ammunition. As he was interrogating the prisoners, Cruz again called from the front. Two ambulances were coming down the road.

"If they come to pick up their wounded, let them do it," Oliva said.

The ambulances came closer. Behind them was a white truck painted with a Red Cross emblem, and behind that Cruz saw other trucks with troops. Again he called Oliva.

"I told him to start shooting," Oliva said. Cruz did. The enemy was routed. It was the last combat of the afternoon at Playa Larga. But out of it Castro eventually reaped a propaganda advantage: when the fighting was over, he displayed pictures of the Red Cross vehicle riddled with bullets to show the barbarity of the "mercenaries."

For the Brigade to hold on that first day against overwhelming odds and with such slight casualties—less than 100 died that day—was a tribute to the men, also to the invasion area. In that important respect, the plan proved to be correct: Castro's troops had no choice but to come down the highways through the swamps. With tanks, heavy mortars, cannon and bazookas the positions were relatively easy to defend. Only two elements were missing—air cover and ships bringing in sufficient ammunition to keep going.

When it became clear that the Brigade could not win unless Castro's air force was eliminated, the restrictions imposed by Washington on bombing attacks were lifted. By midday the Brigade air force issued this report: "Our infantry forces shot down a Sea Fury and damaged a B-26, leaving the enemy with two jets (the T-33's), two Sea Furies, and one or two B-26 bombers. Our air force has the following missions for today: from 3:30 to 4 p.m. protection of objective zone; at night, six planes will try to destroy rest of the enemy air force."

"The night came and we were expecting the ships," Pepe San Roman said. "Everybody turned to the sea waiting for the ships. We knew that without the ships we could not make it."

On the shore, Roberto Pertierra, the G-4 or supply officer of the Brigade, placed landing lights on the beach and waited with a large group of men to unload the vital supplies.

What Pepe did not know was that the ships had left the area pursued by planes that morning in a desperate, disordered flight for safety, each on its own. Attempts to round them up failed. The *Caribe* went *218 miles* south of the Bay of Pigs and was *never* again available for resupply operations. The other merchant vessel, the *Atlántico,* went *110 miles* south and it was not until 4:45 *Tuesday afternoon* that it returned to a rendezvous 50 miles off the coast.

The first attacks that night came on the eastern San Blas front. Amado Gayol, a short, muscular young student, asked his paratroop commander, Del Valle, if he could move forward to help his comrades at Covadonga. By early evening Gayol reported to the advance unit nine miles north of them on the road to Covadonga. No sooner had he arrived than the sound of tanks was heard. "We heard the noise of the tanks but we didn't hear what was in front of them." Armored cars with .50-caliber machine guns, followed by infantry, were only yards away when they opened fire. "Some of them were running among us and when I shot I was afraid I was shooting my friends. That was my baptism of fire." The first tank came into range and a Brigade bazooka made a direct hit. When the order to stop firing was given, "we heard the yelling of the wounded. There was a concert of the dying."

Along that front the plan was to resist and fall back, resist and fall back. But the enemy kept coming: they couldn't be stopped without more support. Gayol went back to San Blas and asked Del Valle for assistance. "I told him they were smashing our defenses and our men almost surely would die." By midnight a Brigade truck evacuated the small band in front of Covadonga. Strong Point 2 was crushed. Del Valle called for 4.2 mortars to halt the advancing columns. With three forward observers, Roberto San Roman moved from San Blas to Covadonga. What they saw was terrible! Castro's men were walking down the road, illuminated by the lights of their own trucks, straight into the Brigade mortar fire. It was a massacre. For the rest of the night the 4.2 mortars stopped the advance toward San Blas.

But in halting one advance, Del Valle had left himself open for another. At Yaguaramas, Nestor Pino and his paratroopers had come under mortar fire themselves and moved to a new location where the highway crossed a small key in the middle of a lake. While the enemy kept firing on the old position, Pino placed his men, carefully camouflaged, alongside the road with bazookas and machine guns. At 4 a.m. the first scout car appeared.

"In trying to reach Del Valle on the radio I got the enemy frequency," Pino said. "And I learned they were coming with four infantry battalions with 105-mm. howitzers and two companies of tanks. They were stupid; they didn't use any code; it was plain language over the air." Two companies came, massed and walking straight down the road in columns of four. "I let them come. I called the mortars back for support, but I found that there were no mortars behind us. I don't know why. So I grabbed the phone again and tried to get them. There was no answer.

"When the enemy was 150 yards away we opened fire. Everyone fired pretty good. It was amazing the quantity of people we could hit. They went into the water on either side of the road and it was easy to keep shooting them. I sent a runner a mile back to the 4.2's. He was Manuel Casana. And he came back and said: 'No one is there.' I told him not to say it very loud and don't repeat it to anyone else. I told Casana to try to reach San Blas and say we need support or we can't hold—we need mortars or air support."

At a quarter to 8 the first rumble of artillery was heard at Red Beach, Playa Larga.

Four batteries of Russian-made 122-mm. howitzers had opened fire.

Oliva passed the word to be quiet and stay in the trenches.

Slowly, almost yard by yard, the shelling moved closer. At 9:30 the first barrage hit the Brigade position. No matter what came after, for many men those hours under artillery were the worst. "You feel like running, desperately, but no one runs. They shoot three times, bam . . . bam . . . bam . . . and we count, one, two, three, and blam, blam, blam, they are hitting us." The concussion of the shells grabbed at their clothes. There was a shower of steel. "Ping, ping, ping."

During World War II, Rommel's crack Afrika Corps broke and ran under such an artillery bombardment. They had the desert; the Brigade had only the sea. "It was like being in a plane that is falling down and we had this horrible feeling, pounding, pounding, pounding."

Oliva passed the word to prepare for an attack. In the distance they could hear the sound of engines. The first firing came from the west when two machine guns opened up. Then, from 100 yards in front of him, Cruz saw a Stalin tank at the head of a column of infantry entering the Rotunda. Twenty yards behind it was another tank, and behind that still another. Despite the difference in manpower, the Brigade position was ideal: the enemy could come only through one place and they had to come slowly. Oliva quickly ordered the tank with Acevedo to move to Cruz, and the battle was joined: tank against tank, 20 yards apart, firing point blank. Along the line the firing was intense and the smoke and smell of gunpowder enveloped the

men. The first two Castro tanks were knocked out; the third moved around them. The climax came when the Brigade tank driven by Jorge Alvarez fought *cuerpo a cuerpo* (body to body).

"They were like two prehistoric monsters, firing point-blank at each other, and then actually physically hitting each other," said Felipe Rivero of Avila's company in the Second Battalion. "Then the Russian tank withdrew and ours did, too!"

At 1 o'clock Oliva ordered the mortars to fire for the first time.

Two hours later, and after continual battle, Oliva ordered the mortars to fire white phosphorus grenades.

"The shouting of the enemy at that moment was just like hell," he said. "Everything was on fire. They were completely demoralized because that *fósforo blanco* really burns the skin. It was like a curtain, completely covered with *fósforo blanco*. The tanks and the mortars saved us."

At that moment one of the incredible mischances of war occurred. A soldier from the Fourth Battalion ran toward them shouting that a tank was approaching only yards away. "Is it ours or theirs?" Oliva yelled. Then the tank appeared, stopped and the driver got out and began running toward Torres Mena, vigorously waving his arms. Suddenly, he stopped short, screamed, "It's the enemy," and dashed back to his own tank—a Russian T-34. "I was so surprised that I didn't shoot. None of us shot." Oliva said.

But Torres Mena reacted. He climbed in his tank and from 25 yards, firing his shells by hand, he shot his explosives. There was a VOOM as the shell hit the Russian tank in the middle. For a second the tank turned a bright lobster red; then it was black; then there was a booming explosion and the turret erupted like a volcano as the ammunition began exploding.

It was a night when heroes were made. There was Felipe Rondon, only 16 years old, baby-faced, called the mascot by older men, who stood in the Rotunda with a 57-mm. cannon and faced a tank. When the tank was 10 yards away he fired. The shell pierced the armor, but in the explosion the boy was knocked to the ground and the tank crushed him. There was Gilberto Hernandez, another young boy, who lost an eye at 3 a.m. and continued fighting with his recoilless rifle for another hour until a grenade killed him.

By that time the men were seeing visions. Some saw cars in front of them. One saw two men dancing before his eyes, another saw a large Mexican hat. The fighting continued, but more slowly. At 4:45 Aleman's tank headed back from the Rotunda. He had no more ammunition. Fifteen minutes later Gonzalez Colmenares reported the same. Still the enemy tanks were coming, passing the wreckage and rumbling toward the Brigade. Two more entered the circle in single columns. The first was knocked out by a bazooka. The second advanced but the bazooka men failed to see it in the dark. Cruz stood up and, by firing tracer bullets, outlined the tank's position.

"Many of our men were dead, the rest terribly tired." Acevedo said. "They had no water, no food, nothing. It was a desperate situation. I couldn't support another attack from the enemy so I sent a message to the head of the Battalion [Sueiro], explaining our situation. At that moment we could hear tanks coming. But suddenly, I cannot explain it, the enemy retired. I don't know what happened."

From a prisoner Oliva learned what they had faced—and defeated—that night: 2,100 men—300 regular soldiers, 1,600 militia, and 200 policemen—plus 20 tanks, including Sherman and Stalin tanks.

"I asked him what happened to those 2,100 men," Oliva said, "and he said a lot of them were dead, a lot of them were wounded, and the rest were running back." Of the tanks, five or six were destroyed, several had developed mechanical trouble and the rest had left when they ran out of ammunition. The best available estimate of Castro's casualties that night, from a Castro doctor who later defected, places the dead at 500 with over a thousand wounded.

Oliva's force, numbering less than 370 men, had sustained an almost unbelievably low number of casualties: 40 to 50 wounded, 10 to 20 dead. They were well trained, they massed their fire superbly and they were brilliantly led.

At 5 o'clock Oliva had sent a messenger to Pepe reporting that his situation was desperate. At 6:15 a jeep arrived with Pepe's reply: "Resist until the last moment—the moment of death." Oliva summoned his staff and the two battalion commanders into conference. They were out of ammunition and they expected an even greater attack to follow in the daylight. Oliva decided that the time had come to withdraw to Giron. The decision was fortunate: Castro had massed a tank company, four howitzer batteries, eight antiaircraft batteries, a battery of 37-mm. cannons, a company of bazookas, a special combat column, a battery of mortars, a police battalion and the 111th Battalion to attack and take Playa Larga.

At dawn six Brigade B-26's, each carrying a full bomb load, were over the San Antonio de los Banos airfield. Fate, destiny, an act of God or simply bad luck intruded, for the target was covered by heavy haze and thick low-lying clouds. The mission aborted. Castro's small air force was still intact—and still able to range at will over the Brigade.

At 8:45 Oliva arrived at the one-story concrete house beneath the Royal palm trees at the intersection of the roads from the west, north and east that Pepe San Roman had chosen as Brigade headquarters at Giron.

Sometime between 10 and 10:30 in the morning "a man came running like hell," saying radio contact had been made with a ship at the ammunition supply point. Pepe, Oliva, Artime and Ferrer raced to the supply communications post where Orlando Cuervo, a radio operator, excitedly said he had picked up the ship. Faintly, but getting stronger, they could hear a voice on the other end. It was the *Blagar*. The first words from the sea were congratulations to the fighting men of the Brigade for their victory at Playa Larga. The message of congratulations was given in the name of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. "I don't know how they knew about our fighting," Oliva said, "but that is what they said."

Pepe's reply to the voice on the *Blagar* was to call him a son of a whore and report that the troops that had fought in Playa Larga were already in Playa Giron because they had run out of ammunition. He said he didn't need their congratulations; he needed ammunition, medical supplies and support. Then he asked to speak directly to the American task force commander. The commander came to the radio and this is how Pepe remembers the conversation:

Task Force Commander: *"Hello, Pepe, how are you? . . ."*

Pepe: *"Where have you been, you son of a bitch? Where the hell have you been? You have abandoned us."*

Task Force Commander: *"I know that you have your problems, but I've had mine."*

Then Gray, the American frogman, came on the air and said: *"Hello, Pepe, I want you to know that we will never abandon you, and if things are very rough there we will go in and evacuate you."*

Pepe's exact words, both as written down and as recorded on tape at that time, were: *"I will not be evacuated. We will fight to the end here if we have to."*

Gray asked what Pepe needed and Pepe replied, "Weapons, bullets, communications, medicine and food."

Gray said, "We will get you all those things tonight. We will go in tonight."

"That's what you said yesterday and you didn't come," Pepe said.

But this time, Gray answered, they were coming for sure. In the next sentence Gray uttered the words that Pepe cannot forget: "Jets are coming." Gray said six jets and several B-26's would be arriving within two hours to support the Brigade; and before the ships returned that night, C-54's would drop supplies.

Pepe turned to the men around him and gave the good news. "Now we will hit them!"

From Pepe's conversation with Gray stems the controversy over the use of United States air power in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Since Pepe immediately informed his battalion commanders that jets were coming and ordered them to place panels to mark the front lines for the planes, everyone in the Brigade soon learned the news. Many soldiers mistakenly interpreted that promise for an even greater commitment and assumed—understandably, but incorrectly—that the United States had pledged its air power from the beginning. In time it came to be accepted as fact that the United States had withheld its power and reneged on its promises. In fact, there is no way of determining by what authority Gray made such a promise: the highest authority holds that it did not come from Washington.

Throughout the afternoon planes swept over Giron—but they were Castro's. Then, at 6 o'clock, artillery began to hit the small town and on the east and west advance guards of Castro's troops began to engage the Brigade. At San Blas, where the

enemy was attacking heavily, only two tanks and acts of individual heroism saved the Brigade from annihilation.

For some reason, however, an attack did not come that day and the men slept fitfully by their weapons, denied even one night's sleep because of the land crabs that swarmed over the ground where they lay.

The fighting that Tuesday night at Giron was limited principally to skirmishes with infiltrating militia. The relative quiet gave Oliva and Ferrer an opportunity to study the maps and plan their defenses while Pepe continued speaking over the radio with Gray. Late that night Pepe again lost contact with the *Blagar*.

When Pepe lost communications with the *Blagar*, he assumed the Americans had given up trying to help him. In actual fact, the *Blagar* and *Barbara J* were working frantically against a number of formidable obstacles: the reluctance of the crews to go back; time itself; lack of air support to cover the unloading of equipment at the beach; and uncertainty in Washington about what could be done to save the operation.

Air cover was again a key. The messages from the *Blagar* to Nicaragua that night succinctly spelled out the problem. One read: BARRACUDA, MARSOPA (code names for the *Barbara J* and *Blagar*) CANNOT ARRIVE BLUE BEACH DISCHARGE AND LEAVE BY DAYLIGHT. REQUEST JET COVER FOR US IN BEACHHEAD AREA. Two hours and thirty-eight minutes later: MARSOPA PROCEEDING BLUE BEACH WITH 3 LCUS. IF LOW JET COVER NOT FURNISHED AT FIRST LIGHT BELIEVE WE WILL LOSE ALL SHIPS. REQUEST IMMEDIATE REPLY.

The granting of such a request could come only from one man: John F. Kennedy.

It must have been a day of frustration and anguish for John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The news from the front continued to grow blacker. Moreover, there was the threat that Russia might act.

Khrushchev had made that clear in a special message to the President that morning. Written, the Premier said, "at an hour of anxiety fraught with danger to world peace," it stated the Soviet position in chilling terms. "It is not a secret to anyone that the armed bands which invaded that country have been trained, equipped and armed in the United States of America. The planes which bomb Cuban cities belong to the United States of America, the bombs they drop have been made available by the American Government. . . . As to the Soviet Union, there should be no misunderstanding of our position: we shall render the Cuban people and their Government all necessary assistance in beating back the armed attack on Cuba. We are sincerely interested in a relaxation of international tension, but if others aggravate it, we shall reply in full measure."

The President himself dictated the reply. It was temperate but firm, and clearly and precisely worded. The Premier was under a "serious misapprehension" about Cuba, for there were "unmistakable signs that Cubans found intolerable the denial of democratic liberties and the subversion of the 26 of July Movement by an alien-dominated regime." The President had stated before—and he stated again—that "the United States intends no military intervention in Cuba." But should an outside force intervene "we will immediately honor our obligations under the inter-American system to protect this hemisphere against external aggression." The President trusted that the Premier would not use Cuba as a pretext "to inflame other areas of the world," for he hoped the Soviet Union had "too great a sense of responsibility to embark upon any enterprise so dangerous to general peace." The President's message ended with a statement of principle: "I believe, Mr. Chairman, that you should recognize that free people in all parts of the world do not accept the claim of historical inevitability for communist revolution. What your Government believes is its own business; what it does in the world is the world's business. The great revolution in the history of man, past, present and future, is the revolution of those determined to be free."

Before 7 p.m., less than 10 hours after Khrushchev's message was received, the President's reply was handed to Mikhail A. Menshikov, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States.

Until nearly 10 o'clock the President lingered in his office, ignoring the reminders of his staff that he had to prepare for the reception for his Cabinet and members of Congress and their wives and guests. At the last minute he put on white tie and tails and at 10:15 he and Mrs. Kennedy walked down the main stairs into the entrance hall. As the Marine band, resplendent in red dress uniforms, played *Mr. Wonderful*, the President and First Lady whirled around the ballroom, the picture of youth and confidence. For an hour and a half the President mingled with his guests, a gracious host and charming President.

Shortly before the clock struck midnight, the President left the reception and went immediately to his office. Rusk, McNamara, Bissell, Lemnitzer and Burke were present. Bissell, quietly and calmly, presented the case and the request: the Brigade had only one hope left—United States air power.

Of those hours of deliberation from midnight until 2 a.m., there have been several accounts. It can be stated from the highest sources, however, that the essence of the debate was this: Dean Rusk vigorously opposed the use of American power; Arleigh Burke strongly backed Richard Bissell; and John Kennedy ruled out any *major* use of American arms. The President did, however, for the first time, alter his policy on the use of United States forces. In a compromise, but one with a reasonable chance of success, he gave the authority for jet fighter planes from the carrier *U.S.S. Essex*, on duty in the Caribbean off the Bay of Pigs, to provide an "air umbrella" Wednesday at dawn while the B-26's from Puerto Cabezas struck hard at Castro's forces and the *Blagar*, the *Barbara J* and three LCU's unloaded the vital supplies at Giron. The military order went out. It clattered over the teletype machine in the small operations room at Puerto Cabezas. ON D+2 (WEDNESDAY) FROM 0630 TO 0730 THE SKY WILL BE CLEAR. The jet air cover request was granted.

His decision made and the orders given, Kennedy walked alone into the White House garden.

Since Sunday night the Cuban B-26 pilots had been flying around the clock on what had become virtual suicide missions. By Wednesday morning nine of the 16 B-26's had been shot down, and several of the remaining planes were in poor flying condition. When the pilots were called to the briefing room at Puerto Cabezas early that morning to receive their missions, some of them refused to continue flying without the assurance of air support. Oscar Vega was one of them.

Four American advisors, knowing that the order had been received pledging United States jet support, volunteered to fly for the exhausted Cubans. Riley W. Shamburger, Jr., Wade C. Gray, Thomas Willard Ray and Lee F. Baker were casual and confident as they got into two of the B-26's—two in each plane—wearing tan shorts. Their planes, and two others flown by Vega and Gonzalo Herrera, both of whom finally agreed to go, took off for the three-hour-and-20-minute flight to the Bay of Pigs. Vega's right engine developed trouble and he had to turn back. The others flew on.

In the first light of the day, the B-26's were approaching their target—nearly one hour *before* their jet support was supposed to arrive at 6:30. Why they arrived at Giron an hour early is not clear, but the result was disastrous: the U.S. jets were still on the carrier deck when the planes flown by the Americans were attacked by Castro's jets. One B-26 was shot down and crash-landed in flames on the air strip at the Central Australia sugar mill. The other fell into the sea enveloped in flames and smoke. The four Americans died.

Gonzalo Herrera, who had heard his American comrades vainly calling the distress signal "Mad Dog Four! May Day! May Day!" to get carrier support, proceeded on to his target: enemy troop and artillery concentrations massed in front of San Blas. The Brigade troops had been under heavy artillery fire all night and Castro's forces were ready for a massive attack when Herrera's plane dived, strafed the position with machine guns, turned, made a second pass and dropped two napalm bombs. After the tremendous explosion, there was deep silence.

Herrera headed toward the sea but was attacked and hit. With one engine out and 37 hits in his fuselage, he skimmed low over the water all the way back to Nicaragua and landed safely at Puerto Cabezas. His was the last shot fired by the Brigade air force. Since their mission was to provide an "umbrella" for the Brigade B-26 bombers, after the bombers were shot down the American jets never left the *Essex*. Without the protective air cover, the supply ships did not hazard the unloading at dawn.

Twenty-two years old, handsome, blond, athletic and cocky, Alejandro del Valle was an inspiration to his men. When, at about 6 a.m., Gonzalo Herrera's plane flew away from the San Blas front, Del Valle took advantage of the confusion Herrera's attack had created among the enemy. He organized

a counterattack with his paratroopers and the Third Battalion. Standing on top of one of his two tanks, Del Valle signaled for the attack. The men moved forward under a heavy artillery barrage, some walking dazedly, others running, but all going ahead. To the forward observers, watching through binoculars, it was like a picture: the lines of men, the bright blue sky and the early morning sun, the puffs of smoke and earth rising from the craters, the flash of small arms fire and the blue uniforms of the enemy. Del Valle was hit and knocked from the tank. He immediately climbed back.

It was a gallant, forlorn, even foolhardy attack—and yet it was succeeding. Castro's vastly superior forces broke and ran. Some enemy soldiers tore off their shirts and waved them in surrender. That moment marked a crest for the Brigade. For a few fleeting seconds the liberation army felt victorious. And then the attack faltered, stopped and the men retreated.

The retreat became disorganized. A few of the paratroopers joined their ranks and the retreat threatened to become a rout. In rage and with tears in his eyes, Del Valle ran among the men trying to stop them, shouting: "All paratroopers back to the line and die there." He repeated it over and over. His men regrouped and formed a line on the sides of the road, placed their bazookas, and waited, two miles south of San Blas.

Del Valle reported to Pepe San Roman that the Third Battalion was retreating in a disorganized manner and the commanders were not in control of the men. Pepe immediately ordered the first- and second-in-command, Noelio Montero Diaz and Dagoberto Darias, relieved of duty, and sent word by Del Valle to his (Pepe's) brother Roberto to assume command of the Third Battalion and "fight until you don't have anything left to fight with."

At 10 o'clock Castro's troops entered San Blas, and by 11 o'clock were approaching the last defenses blocking the road to Giron.

The first tank, an American-made Sherman T-34, turned the bend in the road and Valdes knocked it out with his bazooka. "I hit it! I hit it!" he shouted, jumping up and down. A second tank, a Stalin, approached, and Valdes destroyed it. A third tank came and a .57 recoilless rifle shot struck the turret, killing the tank commander. The tank retreated and small arms fire began between Castro's militia, in their blue uniforms, and what was left of the Brigade on the San Blas front. Step by step, the paratroopers, the Third Battalion and the two Brigade tanks were beaten back. Their ammunition was nearly expended. By 2 o'clock Castro's tanks had formed a solid line and were firing straight into the Brigade position.

Deciding to retreat, Roberto San Roman and his men began walking down the road 15 miles back to Giron. Before long a jeep came moving fast down the road from behind them with 11 or 12 men packed on so that the jeep itself was hardly distinguishable. It was Del Valle. Roberto was pulled onto the jeep and they drove on, passing Brigade soldiers trudging toward the beach. In the distance they could see smoke and flames rising from Giron.

At Giron, Pepe San Roman resumed his radio contact with Gray on the *Blagar* that morning. Better than anything, the stark words sent out over the airwaves to the *Blagar* told the story of the disaster that was overtaking the Brigade. The radio log kept on the *Blagar* reads as follows:

5:00 a.m. Do you people realize how desperate the situation is? Do you back us or quit? All we want is low jet air cover. Enemy has this support. I need it badly or cannot survive...

6:13 a.m. Blue Beach under attack by B-26. Where is promised air cover? Pepe.

6:42 a.m. C-54 dropped supplies on Blue Beach. All went into sea. Send more. Pepe.

7:12 a.m. Enemy on trucks coming from Red Beach are right now 3 km. from Blue Beach. Pepe.

7:50 a.m. We are fighting in the west flank of Blue Beach with tanks. Pepe.

8:15 a.m. Situation critical left flank west Blue Beach. Need urgently air support. Pepe.

8:40 a.m. Blue Beach is under air attack. Pepe.

9:14 a.m. Blue Beach is under attack by two T-33's and artillery. Where the hell is jet cover? Pepe.

9:25 a.m. 2000 militia attacking Blue Beach from east and west. Need close air support immediately. Pepe.

9:55 a.m. Can you throw something into this vital point in the battle? Anything. Just let jet pilots loose. Pepe.

Toward the end messages came quickly: "In water. Out of ammo. Enemy closing in. Help must arrive in next hour." "Fighting on beach. Send all available aircraft now."

Through all the chaos and despair of defeat, Pepe retained the calm that was his hallmark. Even his anger was quiet; he was not a pounder or a shouter. Those who heard him on the radio that day, and many on the convoy off the Bay of Pigs did, heard the quiet voice, sounding more tired, edged more with anger and bitterness but still determined and still calm.

The nature of John F. Kennedy's personal feelings is reflected in part by the orders that went out from Washington that day. They indicate how close the United States came to a total commitment.

First, CINCLANT (Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic) was instructed to fly reconnaissance missions over the beach and to send two destroyers to positions off Playa Giron to determine the possibilities for evacuation. Two hours and 52 minutes later, in midafternoon, CINCLANT received these instructions: "Have destroyers take Brigade personnel off beach to limit capture. Navy use Brigade boats and craft as practicable and provide air cover. Destroyers authorized to return fire if fired on during this humanitarian mission."

The last battle had an epic quality all the more tragic because it was so hopeless. It did not affect the outcome or even add a footnote to history. It was merely another moment when men tried against great odds and failed.

At 9:45 a.m. the enemy began to move forward and the Brigade 4.2's opened fire. This time Castro's troops, despite their losses, continued to advance and at 10 o'clock the first tank came through the curve. "We cut his head." An armored truck came next and Enrique Garcia destroyed it with a bazooka. Another tank came around the curve, advanced 50 yards more than the other and then it, too, was hit and blown up. A third tank came and was destroyed.

It was only the beginning of the infantry assaults. As he had done at Playa Larga, Oliva called for white phosphorus. For an hour the tanks, the infantry and the mortars fired continuously. In Julio Diaz Arguelles' 81-mm. mortar squad the men were firing so rapidly the mortars actually began melting. When the enemy retreated it was 12:30 p.m. and Oliva had lost radio contact with Pepe. A truck with bazooka and .50-caliber ammunition arrived from Giron. Shortly after that a car came from the enemy lines with two militiamen who wanted to surrender. They told Oliva their commander had betrayed them by sending them into slaughter and that Osmani Cienfuegos was leading a column of 3,000 men toward them. And, they said, Fidel Castro was already in Playa Larga.

Oliva brought the Second Battalion into position. It was 1:30 p.m. By 2 o'clock artillery shells were landing behind them. Then one struck the second tank in line. Elio Aleman, the second in command of the Brigade's tank company, died instantly. Gonzalo Carmenate, the commander of the first tank, shouted that an enemy tank was concealed between the three destroyed tanks in the curve. He fired his own gun and knocked out the enemy with one shot. But Aleman's tank was in flames, between the two others loaded with ammunition. A disastrous explosion was imminent.

"The boys got fire extinguishers from the tanks but it wasn't sufficient," Oliva said. "I shouted to the tank crew that someone had to take the tank out of there."

Jorge Alvarez, called the "little egg" by his comrades, ran from his own tank, climbed into the burning vehicle and drove away, with flames shooting up from the back and smoke pouring from the top.

"I thought that man would never come back," Oliva said, "but 15 minutes later he came running into the line and back to his own tank. I told him he was promoted to captain. It was illogical but in a moment like that it was the only thing I could tell a man who had done such a thing."

The infantry was now upon them in hand-to-hand combat. Their small forces were almost overwhelmed. Oliva called for Pedro Avila's Company G of the Second Battalion to counterattack on the left flank. Company G advanced into woods and tangled vegetation so thick they could not see the enemy in front of them. They moved forward into intense fire from machine guns and Czech grease guns. "You could see the branches break and the sap falling down and imagine what it was if it was your arm or leg," a soldier said.

In a stupor of weariness, tormented by thirst and the heat of the day, the men fought on. The cries of the wounded rose in

the woods, along with the shouts for water. "The only thing that you could hear in the air was bullets and more bullets," another soldier said, "and you holler to hell and nobody answers. In the battle you are not you, you are something else, you are an animal. You kill or you get killed. That's what they told us in Guatemala and that's the way it was."

Oliva ordered his men to fall back 200 yards into trenches. But by this time the mortars were out of ammunition; calamity seemed inevitable.

LAST MESSAGE FROM PEPE. TO 2AW FLASH.

QUOTE. AM DESTROYING ALL MY EQUIPMENT AND COMMUNICATIONS. TANKS ARE IN SIGHT. I HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT WITH. AM TAKING TO THE WOODS. I CANNOT WAIT FOR YOU. UNQUOTE.

Until the end they did not know they were beaten. They had walked back toward Giron, dirty and tired, throwing away their packs and shovels in the heat, but still hoping that something would happen.

"When I saw Giron it was the first time I realized that we had lost the war," a soldier said. "People without morale, people who didn't know what to do, people who were trying to get away." To another the sight of the shattered buildings and stripped trees—"as though a hurricane had passed"—and the confusion on the beach resembled "that picture you call Dunkirk."

Oliva had waited in his last lines of resistance for the final attack. But strangely there was a sudden unnerving calm on the battlefront.

What Oliva did not know was that Castro's forces had spotted the American destroyers coming fast toward Giron and had halted their advance on all fronts, not daring to move ahead if the Americans were going to land. From the beginning, too, Castro had miscalculated the Brigade forces. He assumed, from the casualties his men had suffered and from the continued fierce opposition, that the Brigade was still solidly entrenched and able to give battle. He also thought he was facing from five to eight thousand men. Not until 6 p.m. did his troops enter Giron. Had they gone forward at 4 o'clock San Roman is convinced that at least 60 percent of the Brigade would have died. "60 percent, you can be sure of that." But Castro waited and once more enabled the Brigade to escape.

The wounded Maximo Cruz crawled out of the infirmary and saw the American destroyers still moving toward the coast. He yelled to Padre Lugo who was walking away, "Father, Father. Don't leave. Here are the Americans. They have come to save us." As he was speaking, two artillery shells landed in front of the ships. The ships turned and left.

The frustration and rage poured out. Soldiers ran to a tank to try and shoot at the destroyers. Their hatred spilled over onto their own men. Brigade soldiers fired rifles trying to hit those who were leaving on a sailboat and rubber rafts. They were the final shots in the Bay of Pigs invasion. A soldier watching the last American ship said: "In the wake of that ship goes 200 years of infamy."

Oliva and his men blew up their tanks, shot their truck tires and destroyed their heavy equipment. Then they began marching in a column to the east. They had walked only 500 yards when two T-33's and a Sea Fury attacked them. When one of the planes dived low, a soldier saw the Cuban flag on its wings. He felt, horribly, like an outlaw in his own land. The column broke and the men ran into the jungle. It was every man for himself.

When the battle was over, what Churchill calls the "terrible If's" began to accumulate.

If the underground had been alerted in time and had launched a major sabotage campaign; *if* the second bombing raid on Monday had not been canceled; *if* the landing area had been explored and charted in advance; *if* the military landing craft had been used instead of boats with outboard motors; *if* the military experts had recognized how damaging an unopposed T-33 jet trainer could be when armed with rockets; *if* fighter planes had accompanied the B-26's; *if* the Brigade had been trained to take alternative action as guerrillas; *if* the landing area had been adaptable for guerrilla action; *if* President Kennedy had not publicly stated that the United States would not intervene; *if* clouds had not obscured the target over San Antonio de los Banos Tuesday morning; *if* the B-26's had not been an hour early at Giron Wednesday morning; *if* so vast a majority of the mandatory supplies had not been loaded on the lost *Rio Escondido; if* the ships had succeeded in unloading the supplies; *if* the convoy had not fled so far and had been in time to land help; and the final, tantalizing "if"—*if* all these had taken place, would the Brigade have won?

At the moment of defeat there were no answers—only questions.

In a house near the sea where Enrique Ruiz-Williams and others lay wounded, they were suddenly confronted by the person of Fidel Castro. Williams, carrying 70 wounds, both minor and major, recognized him at once. He groped under his thin mattress and tried to reach a .45 pistol he had concealed there earlier in the afternoon. Williams does not know whether he really drew the gun and pulled the trigger and the pistol did not go off, or whether he simply made the gesture and failed to get the weapon. Those lying there with him are certain only that he made such a gesture. All agree, however, on what happened next.

Castro said, "What are you trying to do, kill me?" and Williams replied, "That's what I came here for. We've been trying to do that for three days." Castro was not angry.

A militia police captain reached down and patted Williams and said, "Take it easy. Take it easy. You're in bad shape."

Castro asked, "Is there an American here?" and snapped a flashlight into the faces of the wounded men in the room. The door had been blown off its hinges during the bombing that afternoon. He reached down, picked it up and uncovered a body. "This man is dead," Castro said. He dropped the door. Then Castro gave orders: "These men can't stay here. Take them to Covadonga and put them in the hospital."

For three days the Brigade had fought without rest and with little food or water. Then, in small groups, afraid to stop, almost too tired to go on, numb and bitter from defeat, they crawled through the swamps—trying to get through to the mountains, to a town or finally to firm ground. A very few made it.

Constantly overhead was the whirring sound of Castro's helicopters and the monotonous and continual burst of his machine guns firing aimlessly into the woods, everywhere and anywhere. Artillery shells raked the area and the few roads through the swamps were swarming with patrols. Castro's men made no effort to go after the Brigade; the Brigade had to come to them.

Giron was a scene of confusion: long lines of soldiers, jeeps and trucks and buses; nurses and officers; newspapermen, television cameramen and photographers; and Chinese, Czechs and Russians in civilian clothes—all moving about with a sense of importance. The center of attention, the objects of scorn and shouts, were the prisoners. Dirty, disheveled, gaunt, unshaven, most wearing only the T-shirts and pants their captors had left them, they came into the town in long lines, bound together, poked by bayonets. They were silent and grim.

The prisoners were lined up in a single file late in the morning and waited until their names were called to get aboard a large trailer truck for the trip to Havana. Standing beside the truck, in charge of the operation, was Osmani Cienfuegos, the Minister of Public Works. Calling the names was Fernandez Vila, an agrarian reform institute official.

Cienfuegos was taunting the men as they got aboard: they were cowards, *latifundistas* (large land owners), *Batistianos*, mercenaries.

By the time 100 men had been packed into the truck the prisoners were shouting, "No more. No more. We can't breathe." Cienfuegos was unmoved. Maximo Cruz' name was called and now even Vila was concerned by the shouts from inside the truck.

"Sir," Vila protested, "we can't put any more in. They will die."

Cienfuegos' reply is burned into the memory of those men. "Let them die! It will save us from shooting them."

He waved his arm and ordered "forty more pigs" put on the truck.

When there were 149 men on the truck, the two doors were closed and bolted and the trip began. It was 1 o'clock of a hot, sunny afternoon. In the total darkness inside there was panic: men shouting, packed solidly against each other, desperately struggling for air. "It was the terrible heat," one man said. "Sweat ran like a river."

Terrified, the men ripped off their clothes and beat on the walls with their fists and rocked the truck, vainly trying to turn

it over—anything to stop it. From everywhere came shouts and screams: "Oh, my god! I have no air! I have no air! I am going to die!" To one man, it was "like Dante's inferno"; to another, "it was an enemy you couldn't fight. I'd much rather be shot." With belt buckles they scratched and clawed on the aluminum walls until they succeeded in making a few holes, measuring from a quarter of an inch to two inches long. They fought for the chance to reach these holes and the air. "When you are going to die," one said, "the first is a very deep sleep. If you sleep, you die." When a man began to pass out, he was grabbed and placed in front of one of the holes until he revived and then another would take his place. On and on the truck drove, never stopping. From time to time, when the driver applied his brakes, the sloshing of sweat on the floor could be heard. When the sun went down, moisture on the walls and ceiling condensed and "it began to rain for us." Men began to die.

Eight hours after they left Giron the truck stopped. When it did the pounding and shouting increased. From outside the prisoners heard voices ordering them to be quiet or the doors would not be opened. For what seemed an eternity they were quiet. Then the doors were opened. The prisoners staggered out, falling "like leaves," stumbling over their comrades, their faces turned black, yellow, gray. Nine men were dead. Another died after he was taken outside.

The Brigade had reached Havana.

Captivity began with 20 days that were centuries.

Tired, angry, bitter, uncertain of the future, the prisoners were brought to *El Palacio de los Deportes* (the Sports Palace) in the center of Havana. There in the amphitheatre they sat in rows on hard, small chairs for more than 21 hours a day, 1,000 men from the demoralized Brigade. It was the low point.

They were separated by battalions, each sitting apart. While the food was adequate, they were not permitted to move or even stretch their legs. They sat in the chairs, some wounded, covered by the filth of battle and the days in the swamps. They had to beg for permission to go to the toilets.

Already exhausted when they were taken prisoner, their continued lack of sleep made them numb and dizzy. From 3 until 6 in the morning they were permitted to lie on the floor on dirty mattresses, where they could look up at the bright lights on the ceiling. In their fevered, dispirited state, some of the men felt as though they were in a vast operating room.

Their captors played on their fears and bitterness and planned an extravaganza that would prove to the world the duplicity of the United States. Carefully selected prisoners were to be questioned before a television panel. Some were weak and had promised to say whatever their captors wished; others were chosen to prove Castro's thesis that the Brigade was composed of the sons of the rich and war criminals. The wealthiest among the Brigade were selected to indicate the Brigade's political leadership. Castro's greatest triumph, however, came when he was able to put three genuine Batista war criminals before the cameras, Ramon Calvino, Rafael Soler Puig and Jorge King Yun. The most notorious was Calvino, who had tortured and raped a woman and murdered two men. Calvino was in the group of sailors that swam ashore when their ships were sunk. Although Calvino was *not* in the Brigade, once ashore he had fought until he was wounded and captured. More than anything else, his presence with the invaders permitted Castro to damn the Brigade as a mercenary force.

For four nights, the parade of prisoners on television continued, until 37 men had been interrogated at length. Despite the staging and selection, the propaganda show proved to be a mixed blessing for Castro. Some of the prisoners were abject, as the communists expected, and some conceded their mistakes. "I am completely sorry for what has happened," Father Segundo de las Heras said, "and I ask the Cuban nation to accept my sorrow. I am ready to do anything I can to make up for what happened."

But others spoke up bravely. "If you have so many people on your side, why don't you hold elections?" asked Carlos Varona.

And Fabio Freyre, a cattleman from Oriente, when asked why he came to fight, replied, "Because I want in my country the establishment of the 1940 Constitution, a democratic government with free press and elections so the people can choose their own government."

No one in the Brigade felt more embittered about the defeat than Pepe San Roman. When his turn came to make the trip to Havana, Pepe was crowded into a bus filled with prisoners. At the Central Highway of Cuba, running east and west the length of the island, he remembered the words of Frank in Nicaragua. As the bus made a left turn onto the highway, "I put my left hand out like Frank told us to. I put my hand out and we went straight into Havana."

Artime was not taken until his 14th day in the swamps. Like some of the other men, he had eaten small birds and he had found some water early. Toward the end, however, "The feeling of thirst was very strong and we could not move our tongues to talk."

His captors did not recognize Artime, but they confiscated a diary he had kept since he had gone into exile. At Giron he was given something to eat and drink. A man named Oscar Fernandez, a Castro doctor whom Artime had known in school, saw him and said, "Artime! So you could not escape. You are very unlucky." He was immediately separated from the others, bound and thrown on the floor and left alone. An old militiaman quietly spread his own coat over Artime's shoulders, and Artime slept until he was awakened by a kick. "When I opened my eyes, what I saw made my hair stand up."

Manuel Pineiro, a big man known to Cubans as "Barbarroja" because of his long, bristling, bright red beard, was standing over him, along with Pedro Luis Rodriguez and Ramiro Valdes, the chief of Castro's G-2. All three were communists from the old guard.

Barbarroja was the first to speak. "Artime, you are the son of a bitch that has caused us more trouble and made us more harm than anyone else. Now you are going to pay for everything you've done to us." They took him by car to Havana.

In the Sports Palace he was put in a separate cell, questioned briefly and left alone. In the middle of the night Pedro Luis Rodriguez and Osmani Cienfuegos took him away in a car. When it stopped "we went down some stairs that looked like they were to a basement. We went into a room that had mattresses all over the walls. There was a chair on the floor and in front were three rocking chairs and I saw a couple of spotlights, but they were not on. To impress me there were two guys that had no shirts, big and fat." They took off Artime's shirt and strapped him in the chair—by the legs and around the shoulders and waist. His hands were tied behind him. The spotlights were turned on in Artime's face and the interrogation began.

Artime does not know how long he was kept there. He thinks it might have been as long as three days, but he is not certain.

The interrogation droned on until Artime almost lost his senses. For the first time, he prayed to God to kill him quickly. Twice his captors said they were going to shoot him. The muzzle of a pistol was placed in his mouth and the trigger pulled; the hammer fell on an empty chamber. The other time they placed a pistol against his temple. Once Artime begged for water and a voice said, "Yes, I'll give you some water," and he was slapped hard across the mouth. When he passed out, he was brought back to consciousness—by ice water or with lighted cigarettes. He carries scars with him today.

For the first few days Oliva was held apart from the Brigade, with other battalion commanders and staff officers. Then he was transferred to a cell occupied by more than 30 men—civilians, members of the Brigade's infiltration teams and soldiers. Then on May 4 Oliva and six others of the Brigade headquarters staff were told they were going to be shot. Instead, they were taken back to the Sports Palace.

"It was very emotional when they took us there," Oliva said, "because all the people of the Brigade stood up and started applauding us. A militiaman took me to an upper room and there I met Barbarroja and Pedro Luis [Rodriguez], a captain that was in charge of our case." He was questioned about the invasion and about why he had left Cuba, but was not mistreated. When the questioning was over, he was taken to a small cell, similar to Pepe's. On May 14 Oliva was taken from his cell and down an elevator to the first floor. When he stepped out he saw that the Sports Palace was empty—not a member of the Brigade was left.

In Washington an investigation into what had happened at the Bay of Pigs got under way on April 23. The President appointed his brother, Robert F. Kennedy, and Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor to head a committee of inquiry. Allen Dulles and Adm. Arleigh Burke were the other members of the committee. It was an investigation of far-reaching significance. That some-

thing was seriously wrong, and that the nation's very survival might depend on uncovering and correcting weaknesses was apparent to everyone involved.

In the second week of May Roberto San Roman, who had escaped from the beach in a sailboat, was released from the Naval Hospital in New Orleans and taken back to his family in Miami. A day or two later two CIA agents came to his house and said they wanted him to go to Washington with four other Brigade members.

"When we got to Washington there were two more CIA men waiting for us, Jack and Joe, very nice people," Roberto said. "They took us to a house near McLean, Virginia, where we had everything we wanted. That morning I saw Frank and Seabee and people from the camp. Frank was very mad for what had happened. In his own words he said, 'Don't you ever accept any job from the CIA again.' He said that, and I don't know why, because I don't think all the blame is to the CIA.

"He said he had gone before the committee already and that he had been rough. He said everything he had on his mind. He told me this would be my only chance and I should say everything—feel free to talk and to ask. And that is exactly what I did!"

The five Cubans were taken to the Pentagon by "Jack and Joe." Gray and Rip, the two American frogmen, preceded them. Roberto was the first man in the Brigade to be called. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and Robert Kennedy were leading the questioning. Behind them was a large map with the area of operations at the Bay of Pigs.

"They wanted to know," Roberto said, "the reaction of the enemy, how soon they reacted with tanks and artillery. How much did they fire and how much did we fire? How many did we kill and how many men of ours died? The reaction of the population—and this was a question of Mr. Kennedy—he wanted to know the reaction of the people. They wanted to know if we thought we could have won the battle. What did we need to win the battle? I told them we needed only three or four jet planes, that's what we needed to win. Three or four jet planes that could knock out the little air force that Castro had at that time. I told them I didn't know how they could do this to us. Our troops were so good—because they involved people from every class, rich and poor, rebels and soldiers and everybody together against the common enemy—and they didn't answer those questions.

"General Taylor was very interested in the steps of the combat. He wanted to know when we advanced, when we retreated, why we retreated and how many men joined us from the civilian population. I think it was Robert Kennedy who asked what we were promised during the briefing in Nicaragua. I think he meant support, what kind of support. And then I said that we were never told by any uniformed man of the U.S. armed forces that we would have this battalion or this air force squadron supporting us but that during the briefing, as in the training, they let us believe things."

Roberto spoke at length about what Frank had said to them and how "we thought if we needed air fire support, we would have it." When he first mentioned Frank, General Taylor asked, "Who is this Frank?" and Allen Dulles said, "Colonel Frank ———."

The other Cubans were called in one by one, but for much briefer periods of time. When Blas Casares, a frogman who had been on the flagship *Blagar*, was questioned, the committee seemed particularly interested in the Cuban fleet.

"At the end," Casares said, "they asked me if I wanted to say anything of my own, and at that moment I felt very bitter and I told them I didn't know who planned the invasion, but whoever planned it, I believed he was crazy. They laughed a little bit, all except Dulles. He just looked right through me. That is the only way I can describe it."

The next morning the men were taken to the White House and into President Kennedy's oval office. Roberto San Roman spoke for them all and gave the President a short account of the battle. The President was gracious, considerate and apologetic. He wanted them to know that he was taking all the blame for the failure, and he talked about the future of Latin America and the contest for democracy and freedom in the hemisphere.

That night the Cubans were invited to a party in their honor at Hickory Hill, the country home of Robert Kennedy in McLean, Virginia. Everyone was solicitous and friendly. But the most lasting impression, at least on Roberto San Roman, was made by Ethel Kennedy, the Attorney General's wife.

"I thought they took us there to forget about the invasion," Roberto said, "but she was the one that talked about it. She kept asking me questions and putting Mr. Kennedy in a very rough situation. She said she had read about the invasion and she asked me if it was true that with some planes we could have won. I told her yes and explained. I thought they were going to avoid this point, but that was the point that she talked about first. She is a wonderful woman."

From the Cubans and from the Americans who had been on the scene, the committee quickly determined that Brigade 2506 had fought with extraordinary courage under extremely difficult conditions. Yet the very courage and determination of the men tended to obscure some more basic aspects of the invasion. The deeper the committee delved, the more apparent it became that the entire operation had been poorly planned. Two of the most glaring miscalculations concerned Castro's air *and* ground forces. Castro's army was far stronger and fought more fiercely than anyone had anticipated. Consequently, the Brigade would have needed many more men—perhaps 10,000, perhaps 20,000—to accomplish its mission. Added to this was the erroneous belief that the Brigade B-26's would control the air and enable the men to operate at will on the ground. Another miscalculation was obvious: there had been no uprising, no mass defections from Castro's forces. And the CIA's alternative plan for the Brigade had not been employed.

None of the Cubans knew anything about an alternative plan. It was discovered that the plan had not been given them at their briefing in Puerto Cabezas. At the time of the investigation in May of 1961, the CIA contended that Pepe and Oliva had been told privately by Frank about the guerrilla option just before the ships left. Since Pepe and Oliva were then in prison, the committee had no way of establishing the real facts in the case. Examination *did* show that the CIA had shied away from any talk of guerrilla warfare or alternative action because it might weaken the resolve of the Cubans to keep fighting.

These points were fairly easily determined; but there were deeper, even more important, considerations. How was it possible that such a plan could have been approved by the leading military minds of the country? How was it possible that some of the most intelligent men in the executive department failed to spot and counsel against such obvious shortcomings? The implications were grave.

Everywhere President Kennedy turned he could find those responsible: the military had failed, his own advisors had failed and he himself had failed, after only 90 days in office.

Throughout the entire planning for the Bay of Pigs invasion there had been an air of unreality, of vagueness, of unjustified confidence. The desire to conceal the fact of United States support led to a number of compromises: the landing at night, the canceling of the second air strike on Monday, the reluctance to act decisively when disaster approached and an apparent refusal to recognize how disastrous a defeat would be—not only to the cause of Cuban freedom and democracy in the hemisphere, but to the United States and its role as the leader of the West. One of the harshest and most accurate judgments was made immediately after the defeat when one of the leading participants told Stewart Alsop: "The trouble was that we were acting like an old whore and trying to pretend that we were just the sweet young girl we used to be."

In the assignment of responsibility for the failure the military, and specifically, the Joint Chiefs of Staff carries a heavy burden. They selected the Bay of Pigs-Zapata Swamp area for the invasion, and they did so taking into account the alternative plan for guerrilla action. If that area was unsuited to a guerrilla operation, and it most certainly was—they must take the blame on the blunder. They blundered, too, in failing to recognize how devastating the T-33 jet trainers could be in battle when armed with rockets. The result of that failure led to the virtual destruction of the Brigade air force and the loss of the supply ships. But in the larger sense the military bore less responsibility in the overall Bay of Pigs operation than the CIA. And, finally, the responsibility must rest with the CIA.

The CIA, by its nature, remains in the shadows: it lends itself to the role of the villain, however frayed the cloak and however bent the dagger. Even this is not a fair generalization: the CIA has brilliant, dedicated men and women who perform thankless and dangerous jobs throughout the world that help

to safeguard the United States and the free world. It is a cliché of the agency that its successes never get reported and its U-2 flights and Bay of Pigs invasions become *causes célèbres*. The CIA is necessary to the survival of the United States and it shall remain necessary for as long a time as can be anticipated. Acknowledging these as truths, however, does not make the CIA sacrosanct, nor does it relieve the agency of its responsibilities or hide the dangers that are inherent in such an organization.

The gathering of intelligence, with all that is implied in that general term, is the lifeblood of the agency. However, in the Cuban invasion the CIA went far beyond this function. The CIA's men in the field tended to take matters into their own hands, to cross over the line from intelligence to the formation of policy. They acted for the United States—or implied that they did—when dealing with the Cubans and led them to believe much that was not true. Later there was no way for the Cubans to prove they had been promised anything. In American terminology, they were left holding the bag.

Out of the wreckage of the Bay of Pigs came invaluable lessons. Perhaps the most important dealt with the subjective analysis of facts leading to decisions. No matter how great the adviser's previous reputation in the Pentagon, the State Department or in the White House itself, his opinions should no longer be accepted at face value. "If the President asked 10 questions before, now he asks 62," said a man close to him. When the time came for a decision on Laos or some other crucial area, the advice of the military and of the State Department was examined with a cold eye. A shift in policy, subtle but significant, began. President Kennedy surrounded himself with those who asked the tough questions: the Bob Kennedys, the Maxwell Taylors, the Ted Sorensens, the Robert McNamaras, the Paul Nitzes.

In the long run, the lessons of the Bay of Pigs probably saved the Administration from making potentially more serious mistakes later, and might even have saved American lives. In that sense, Joseph P. Kennedy, the patriarch of the Kennedy clan, was correct when he told his son, the President, after the invasion, that Cuba was the best lesson he could have had. But for the Cubans in exile, and for 1,199 members of Brigade 2506 languishing in prison, it was, at the very least, an end to their dreams.

"History recounts that on a certain occasion the Spanish people exchanged Napoleon's soldiers against pigs. We, on this occasion, are going to be a little more delicate: we will exchange with imperialism the soldiers against tractors."

Fidel Castro was speaking before the National Association of Small Farmers on the night of Wednesday, May 17, 1961. He was quite specific: "If imperialism does not want its worms to work, let it exchange them against tractors and agricultural machinery! Of course, those among such blackguards that may have committed murder, we cannot exchange against anything. Those that have assassinated are not subject to exchange. All others, all others, we will exchange with imperialism, against 500 bulldozers, if it is interested in rescuing them."

Four days before this proposal, Brigade 2506 had been transferred in the middle of the night from the Sports Palace to the Naval Hospital, a five-story building, still uncompleted, on the other side of Havana.

On May 19 a committee of 10 prisoners was elected by the Brigade and sent by Castro to the United States to negotiate. At the same time the "Tractors for Freedom Committee" was formed at the personal request of President Kennedy. The committee was immediately and widely denounced in Congress and the press as a form of appeasement.

The Brigade delegation explained to the Tractors for Freedom Committee that Castro wanted 500 bulldozer tractors and that he considered this not an exchange or trade, but rather a reparation to Cuba by the United States for the damages sustained in the invasion. The American State Department in its turn insisted that the sending of tractors to Cuba must be considered an exchange and not an indemnification. The prisoners returned to Havana, and the Tractors for Freedom Committee began to raise money, though attacks continued by American elements that disapproved of any negotiation with Castro. President Kennedy endorsed the committee, but tried to keep up the impression that its operations were private, not government sponsored.

To placate its critics the committee cabled Castro on June 2 offering 500 small wheel-type tractors instead of the larger caterpillar bulldozers he wanted. Castro's angry answer stuck to his original position: he wanted 500 bulldozers as payment for damages. The committee sent a delegation to Havana, where Castro said he would take 500 bulldozers or $28 million in cash. He was willing to accept smaller equipment if its value equaled that of 500 bulldozers.

A deadline of June 23 was reached without agreement, and the Tractors for Freedom Committee decided to disband. Castro sent the Brigade's delegation of 10 prisoners back to the States. The prisoners found that the Americans who had promised to help them were no longer available.

In despair they turned to their own people—the families of the men in the Brigade. A "Cuban Families Committee for the Liberation of the Prisoners of War" was formed.

President Kennedy placed the blame for the failure of negotiations squarely on Castro. At a press conference the President said, "The committee did everything conceivable for the purpose of showing its good faith, but Mr. Castro has not accepted."

The record is not so clear-cut. The prisoners suffered more from domestic American politics than they did at the hands of Castro. In the controversy surrounding the exchange, one thing was consistently overlooked: Castro was apparently sincere in wanting to bargain. However, at the time everyone, even those on the committee, seemed to fall victim to the naive American belief that the "bad guy" never can be trusted. Castro already had proved, at the Bay of Pigs, that the "bad guys" don't always lose. And as events later would bear out, he *could* be dealt with over the bargaining table, if the right techniques were used.

Had the political climate in the United States been less inflammatory, it is not at all unlikely that Brigade 2506 could have been released in June of 1961 for $28 million in tractors, cash and credits. Instead of freedom through tractors, however, the men were doomed to the degradation of a year and a half longer in prison. And in the end the price on their heads more than doubled.

In July the prisoners were transferred from the Naval Hospital to the Príncipe Castle, on the outskirts of Havana. At the same time, in Miami, Alvaro Sanchez was organizing the campaign of the Cuban Families Committee. It was uphill work, with little support from the American government or people. It was not until December 6 that the committee was granted tax-exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service, officially establishing it as a non-profit organization and making all contributions to the committee tax deductible. This was the first governmental boost for the campaign to ransom the captives.

A cryptic item from the *Prensa Latina* News Agency in Havana on March 20, 1962, foreshadowed the next development. Time had run out for an exchange of the prisoners for tractors, the item said. Two days later a Cuban government radio broadcast the news to the world: the mercenaries would be tried as war criminals.

In New York Alvaro Sanchez reacted by sending a cablegram to Castro, offering himself as a hostage in order to keep the negotiations open. Four days later Castro replied by cable: THE LACK OF INTEREST ON THE PART OF THOSE MAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACT OF AGGRESSION ON OUR COUNTRY IN THE GENEROUS OFFER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT, EVADING INDEFINITELY ITS ACCEPTANCE, JUSTIFIED IN ITSELF THIS DECISION [to "bring to trial the invaders of Playa Giron"].

On Thursday morning, March 29, 1962, the men left their cells and walked to the courtyard in the center of the prison as if they were going to a party. There were jokes and laughter and shouts of *vivas* to comrades from other galleries whom they had not seen in months. When they were seated in the bright sunshine on the rows of narrow benches, Artime, Pepe and Oliva were brought into the yard and taken to the first bench. Without any command the men stood at attention and sang the national hymn; then they cheered and began gathering around the leaders. A Negro named Carrillo embraced Artime, and a commissar named Martinez shouted for Artime to stop acting like a politician with the Negro. But Carrillo said, "You are wrong; this is my brother."

The noise rose and in the confusion a militia guard struck another Negro. Torres Mena, of the tank company, instantly leaped forward and hit the militiaman in the face with his fist. When Martinez tried to halt the fight, a prisoner hit him. The Brigade was almost out of control. Sporadic fights began, two prisoners were bayoneted, some were hit with rifle butts. A bloody riot seemed inevitable.

Capt. Pedro Luis Rodriguez rushed to Pepe and Oliva and begged them to control the men. Pepe bellowed out a command and the entire Brigade, even those who had been wounded, as well as the Castro guards, snapped to attention. There was complete silence. As one prisoner recalled, "It was so quiet you could hear a fly going around."

From the bench where the five-man tribunal sat in the shade facing the prisoners, Augusto Martinez Sanchez, the president of the tribunal, called out: "Jose Perez San Roman. Do you have something to declare?"

Pepe came to attention, walked briskly from his bench to a position directly in front of Martinez Sanchez, halted with exaggerated clicking of heels and said loudly, *"Me abstengo."* (I refuse to answer.)

Next, Sanchez called on Artime—and Artime repeated Pepe's action. Oliva's turn came—and he followed suit. Martinez Sanchez then asked if anyone in the Brigade wished to make a statement. The silence was impressive.

Instead of the mass declarations accusing the United States that the communists had hoped for, the trial was taking an unplanned and unwanted turn. It was not the propaganda show they expected. Around the top of the prison, cables and television cameras had been stationed, ready to show Cuba and the world how the worms reacted. But from the first moment when the fighting developed, the trial was not shown on television or broadcast on radio, and no Western newsmen were ever permitted inside the fortress.

The court heard witnesses against the Brigade on Thursday and Friday, then recessed for the weekend.

Meanwhile, Roberto San Roman and two other Brigade members who had escaped after the defeat, Nildo Acevedo and Manuel Reboso, flew to Washington on Thursday night. They went to see a State Department official to ask for some kind of government support for the prisoners. The official could not make any specific promises, and the Cubans left, dissatisfied.

By nature, Cubans are emotional and often inclined to act impulsively, but seldom had Cubans acted more impetuously than did the three men from the Brigade. In anger and without much thought, they left the State Department, hailed a taxicab and went directly across town to the Justice Department and demanded to see Robert Kennedy. Within five minutes Roberto was inside the Attorney General's fifth-floor office, while the other Cubans waited outside.

"This man was completely different," Roberto said. "This was like talking to a Brigade man. He was very worried about the Brigade and he wanted to know everything that I knew—if there was any possibility that they would be shot, and how the people of Miami felt about it. We talked about the families and everything. I told him that for sure some of them would get shot, maybe not all of them, but some of them, probably at least the staff, and that Miami was boiling, waiting for some kind of action from the United States."

The Attorney General listened intently, asked several questions and then said, "All right, Roberto, we are going to do everything we can. I give you my word we will do everything possible to keep them from being shot." He asked Roberto to keep in contact with him and to "call me 10 times a day if you have to." He wanted to know details of the trial as it developed. From that time Roberto and the others worked directly through Robert Kennedy, whom they regarded as caring about their cause—a sentiment they did not feel existed inside the State Department.

For the remainder of the trial, Roberto San Roman called Robert Kennedy constantly day and night—at his office, at the White House and at his home in McLean, Virginia. As good as his word, the Attorney General was always available.

The trial was resumed on Monday. Witnesses continued to heap abuse on the prisoners, and the prisoners continued to refuse to cooperate with their captors. On Tuesday, after a short, apologetic speech by the government-appointed defense counsel, the trial adjourned, and the men went back to prison to await their sentence.

On Sunday, April 8, Castro announced his verdict and a new ransom demand to the world. None of the men would be shot; all would be sentenced to 30 years in jail. But their freedom could be purchased. Castro set a scale of four "prices." Artime, Pepe and Oliva could be ransomed for $500,000 apiece. In a second group each man's freedom could be bought for $100,000; in a third, $50,000; and in a fourth, $25,000. The total ransom price was $62 million.

To show his good faith, Castro told the Cuban Families Committee he would hand over to them the most seriously wounded prisoners "on credit" and let them go back to the United States.

The 60 wounded men, including Enrique (Harry) Ruiz-Williams, who had been second-in-command of the Heavy Gun Battalion and who now acted as a spokesman for the prisoners, were flown to Miami on Saturday, April 14.

After a meeting with Robert Kennedy, Harry and Alvaro Sanchez began a new campaign to raise the ransom money. Initial publicity was good, but as time passed Harry realized that overcoming apathy and outright opposition would be slow work.

In May, 214 of the remaining Brigade prisoners were transferred once again, this time to Castro's political prison on the Isle of Pines. Here conditions were the worst they had to endure since the first days after their capture.

In June, 1962, at Robert Kennedy's suggestion, Harry Williams and Alvaro Sanchez asked James B. Donovan to represent them in negotiating with Castro. Donovan agreed.

Donovan had served in the OSS during World War II, participated in the prosecution of Nazi war criminals and acted as court-appointed defense lawyer for Soviet spy Rudolph Abel. In 1962 he was chosen by the U.S. government to negotiate the exchange in West Berlin of Abel and U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers.

After much negotiating and communicating from a distance, Donovan went to see Castro at the end of August. Donovan had been instructed by the administration that for practical and political reasons the $62 million ransom could not be paid to Castro in cash. Donovan had to get Castro, who wanted Yankee dollars, to agree to accept the ransom in some other form. After two long conferences, Castro said that he would accept medicine and foodstuffs of a value equal to the cash originally demanded.

By October it became apparent that it would be physically impossible to send the ransom in the form of foodstuffs. Castro and Donovan agreed that payment could be made in medicines and baby foods. On October 19, Donovan, in New York, received a list of the medicines the Cubans wanted.

On October 22 the Cuban missile crisis broke.

Perhaps the most astonishing aspect of the Cuban crisis is that the negotiations for the Bay of Pigs prisoners remained open all those searing hours. Phone calls and cables continued between New York and Havana.

When the crisis was over, Alvaro Sanchez was allowed to visit the Isle of Pines. He was shocked by the physical condition of the men. Starvation rations and ill treatment had given them an aspect resembling that of the victims of Auschwitz. But later when reporters asked whether the prisoners would be liberated, Sanchez replied, "Yes. Yes."

With the missile crisis over, the American government with Robert Kennedy in the van threw its power and prestige behind the effort to raise the ransom money. Pharmaceutical companies were contacted and agreed to supply drugs at wholesale prices. Things moved quickly during November and December.

Then, on December 16, the first shipment of drugs was transported to Florida to be loaded on planes and a ship. On the afternoon of Friday, December 21, Donovan and Castro signed a Memorandum of Agreement on the ransoming of the prisoners.

On Sunday, December 23, the imprisoned survivors of the Brigade were flown to San Antonio de los Banos airfield in Havana Province. At 5 p.m., as the ship bearing medicines was being unloaded, the prisoners began boarding the first plane. In about a half hour it took off, with 108 men.

By 8:55 p.m. the fourth flight of the night had landed at Homestead Airport in Miami, bringing the number of prisoners to 426.

That evening Castro announced that no more prisoners would leave until he was paid $2,925,000 in cash that the Cuban Families Committee had promised him in April when the wounded prisoners came out.

Donovan's assistant, John E. Nolan, telephoned Robert Kennedy. With one phone call to Cardinal Cushing in Boston, Kennedy raised a million dollars. The cardinal, one of the sponsors of the Cuban Families Committee, long before had promised Alvaro Sanchez that when the time came he would

do as much as anyone for the prisoners. Bob Kennedy then called Gen. Lucius Clay, also a sponsor. Clay, Robert Knight and Robert B. Anderson set to work raising money immediately. By 3 on the afternoon of December 24, a note for $2.9 million was deposited in the Royal Bank of Canada, which had been holding funds used in the exchange. Castro, Donovan and Nolan met in Castro's office, where Donovan signed a written authorization releasing the money to Castro. At the airport the last three planes received the signal to leave, and the leaders of the Brigade were put on board.

After the last prisoner had boarded the last plane, Donovan returned to say farewell to Castro and to sign a required receipt for the prisoners. Fidel was puffing on a long cigar, surrounded by militia. Said Donovan in a loud voice: "You know, Premier, I have been thinking of all the good I have been doing for the people of Cuba these past weeks. I have relieved you of almost 1,200 liabilities and also I have been helping the children, the sick, the poor and the elderly among the Cuban people. I think that when the next election is held I'm coming back and run against you. I think I can win." Castro, with a long look and a long puff on his cigar, replied: "You know, doctor, I think you may be right. So there will be no elections." The two men shook hands, and Donovan boarded the plane.

There had never been a ceremony quite like it. A deafening roar went up from the thousands in the stadium when the white convertible carrying the President and his wife entered the Orange Bowl. A thousand flags, many of them homemade, waved in the warm Miami sunshine that Saturday, December 29. The President walked toward the platform set up on the 50-yard line and shook hands with Pepe, Oliva and Artime. They stood at attention together while the band played the national anthems of the United States and Cuba. Then he strode across the grass to the Brigade and moved through the lines of men in khaki uniforms, greeting them and shaking hands.

The formal ceremonies opened and Pepe San Roman spoke for the Brigade. "We know how precious liberty is and we know that Cuba has no liberty. The 2506 Brigade, we offer ourselves to God and to the free world as warriors in the battle against communism."

Pepe turned toward the President. "Mr. President, the men of the 2506 Brigade give you their banner—we temporarily deposit it with you for your safekeeping."

One of the wounded soldiers, Rolando Novoa, was standing on crutches, near the platform, holding the folded gold-and-blue banner against his chest. He quietly handed the flag to Oliva and Oliva gave it to the President. "It was the great moment of my life," Oliva said later. The President unfurled the flag and stepped to the microphone with obvious emotion. He asked the Brigade to be seated on the grass, turned toward Pepe and Jose Miro Cardona and said:

"Commander, Doctor, I want to express my great appreciation to the Brigade for making the United States the custodian of this flag." He paused, and then his voice rose emotionally. "I can assure you that this flag will be returned to this Brigade in a free Havana."

The Brigade rose and cheered wildly. Shouts of *"Guerra! Guerra!"* and *"Libertad! Libertad!"* came from 40,000 throats. Some men wept.

"I wonder if Senor Facundo Miranda, who preserved this flag through the last 20 months, would come forward so we can meet him," the President continued. After Miranda approached and shook hands, the President said, "I wanted to know who I should give it back to."

Again the stadium rocked with applause.

Keeping his remarks extemporaneous, the President went on: "I always had the impression (I hope the members of the Brigade will sit down again)—I always had the impression that the Brigade was made up mostly of young men, but standing over there is a Cuban patriot 57, one 59, one 61, I wonder if those three could stand up so that the people of the United States could realize that they represent the spirit of the Cuban revolution in its best sense."

Next came the formal address. On behalf of the government and the people, President Kennedy welcomed the Brigade and brought "my nation's respect for your courage and your cause. Your small Brigade is a tangible reaffirmation that the human desire for freedom and independence is essentially unconquerable. Your conduct and valor are proof that although Castro and his fellow dictators may rule nations, they do not rule people; that they may imprison bodies, but they do not imprison spirits; that they may destroy the exercise of liberty, but they cannot eliminate the determination to be free." He urged the Cubans in exile to submerge their differences in a united front. "Keep alive the spirit of the Brigade so that some day the people of Cuba will have a free chance to make a free choice—" for "The Brigade is the point of the spear, the arrow's head."

"Gentlemen of the Brigade," he said in closing, "I need not tell you how happy I am to welcome you here to the United States, and what a profound impression your conduct during some of the most difficult days and months that any free people have experienced—what a profound impression your conduct made upon not only the people of this country, but all the people of this hemisphere. Even in prison you served in the strongest possible way the cause of freedom, as you do today.

"I can assure you that it is the strongest wish of the people of this country, as well as the people of this hemisphere, that Cuba shall one day be free again, and when it is, this Brigade will deserve to march at the head of the free column."

Cheers almost drowned out the President's last words.

Jacqueline Kennedy stepped to the microphone and, in Spanish, said:

"It is an honor for me to be today with a group of the bravest men in the world, and to share in the joy that is felt by their families who, for so long, lived hoping, praying and waiting. I feel proud that my son has met the officers. He is still too young to realize what has happened here, but I will make it my business to tell him the story of your courage as he grows up. It is my wish and my hope that some day he may be a man at least half as brave as the members of Brigade 2506. Good luck."

There has been no happy ending. The Cuban problem remains. The first attempt to solve it—the invasion at the Bay of Pigs—has taken its place beside monumental failures of the past, and a new solution has not been found. Already some of what President Kennedy called the "sober and useful lessons" of the failure at the Bay of Pigs are becoming clear.

As recent events in Vietnam have shown, the Central Intelligence Agency still stands at the center of controversy. The CIA poses one of the serious dilemmas of the Cold War. It helps to maintain America's existence and yet some of its actions contribute to a lessening of faith in the government. Never again after the U-2 flight or after the Bay of Pigs can citizens take official statements at face value. This adds to the prevailing climate of cynicism. It corrupts and poisons the fabric of a democracy.

For all of the men of the Brigade, and especially the leaders, the death of President Kennedy came with shattering impact. To the leaders, as well as to many Cubans in exile, John Kennedy already is being regarded as a martyr to the cause of Cuban liberty. And, indeed, Cuba *was* a thread that wound through the President's two years, 10 months and two days in the White House: from the Bay of Pigs to the missile crisis; from the pledge in the Orange Bowl to his next trip to Miami 11 months later, and still another statement on Cuba ("a small group of conspirators has robbed the Cuban people of their independence") and then, after recalling the lines *Westward look, the land is bright*, the final journey to Texas and the final act in Dallas on November 22 at the hands of a self-professed pro-Castro assassin.

Yet the dream still lives.

Twelve months ago, when the Brigade prisoners were getting off their trucks at the airport before the flight back to the United States, one of Castro's militia guards winked broadly at them. When he heard of that incident, Max Lerner remembered the classic passage in Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution* in which a czarist soldier—instead of shooting at the mass of demonstrators—winked at them. That wink, Trotsky said, marked a turning point in the overthrow of the regime.

It is seven years since another small band of freedom fighters was crushed and the light went out in Hungary. Today, in their moments of despair and bitterness, the Cuban exiles often refer to Hungary. They do not know what their future holds, but they are determined they are not going to live a lifetime in exile, in the manner of the White Russians and the Hungarians. Each is waiting to return to Cuba.

—Haynes Johnson, Manuel Artime, Jose Perez San Roman, Erneido Oliva, Enrique Ruiz-Williams

THIS FUNNY LIFE

This spring, car trouble marooned my friend Vince and me, for five boring days, in an isolated Canadian village. On the third day, to kill time, we attended a local revival meeting. The preacher was strictly the hell-fire and brimstone type, as he poured out his wrath on a local house of ill repute where drunkenness, gambling, and whoring were rampant. On and on went the tale of debauchery with the preacher sparing none of the lurid details.

Overwhelmed by the tirade, I nudged Vince and whispered, "Lord! Imagine a joint like that in this burg!" No answer. Vince gazed raptly up at the preacher. Fearing I was losing my boon companion to a backwood spell binder, I elbowed Vince again, hard. "C'mon," I said. "Let's get out of here."

Vince turned to me, frowning. "Wait a minute," he said. "Maybe this nut will spit out the address."

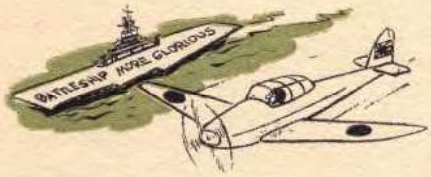
Norman L. Caine
Manitoba, Canada

A girl's mother had opposed her daughter's marriage to a certain young man, but when the girl went ahead anyway, the mother openly blamed the son-in-law for dragging her poor, young, innocent daughter to the altar, and missed no opportunity to make snide remarks about the marriage. Then the day came when the young couple informed her that they were expecting a baby.

"Oh, dear!" she wailed, looking at the young man with indignation. "First you get married, and now this!"

"Well," smiled her son-in-law, "just consider yourself lucky that it wasn't the other way around!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.



Task Force 58 carrier pilots were intrigued when one of the escorting destroyers blossomed out with large Japanese letters on top of one of her gun mounts. They were generally assumed to be appropriate invective addressed to kamikaze pilots who were becoming more frequent visitors in the area. An Air Intelligence officer, however, returned from a reconnaissance flight with the correct translation: "Is insignificant destroyer—press on to find glorious carrier!"

Geo. R. Baumgardner
Tacoma, Wash.

Girls who apply for jobs as airline hostesses are given questionnaires to fill out. One question always asked is: "Why do you want to become an airline hostess?"

A few days ago at the hostess training school in Kansas City, a TWA applicant answered the question this way: "There are many other jobs where you can meet nice men, but this is the only job I know in which you can strap them down!"

Carol Hewitt
Fremont, Calif.

I was waiting for my car in a San Francisco garage when a young man and woman, obviously fresh from some early-evening "unwinding," strolled toward a nearby telephone booth. The man sat down in the booth and set up a small tape recorder which began playing typical office sounds—typewriters clattering and phones ringing, against a background of murmuring, businesslike voices.

As soon as the sounds were adjusted to his satisfaction, he smiled at his companion, dialed a number and said, "Sorry, I can't make it for dinner, but I'm tied up at the office." He then hung up the phone, tucked the recorder under one arm and the girl under the other, and walked off into the night.

Gene Logan
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

At a US Army officers' club in Germany, a group of us were swapping experiences with several of our British counterparts when the subject turned to the perpetual battle of Volkswagens vs. tanks. Frequently an impatient German driver would attempt to scoot across an intersection in front of one of these 50-ton monsters.

This happened recently in the British Zone and the startled but unhurt driver was left with a Volkswagen only about six inches high from the rear seat backward. In such a situation, an American tank driver is usually more shaken than the auto driver. Not so the British. The tank driver got out, surveyed the damage, and returned to his tank for an accident report form. When he came to the space marked Damage to Other Vehicle, his calm and very British analysis was: "Tank tread marks on roof of auto."

John Smith
New York, N. Y.

Several members of the faculty were discussing what most people wanted to get out of a new car.

"Dependability," said one fellow. "Styling," replied another. "Economy," stated the third.

Just then, our principal entered the room and the group decided to pose the question to him, inasmuch as he had recently purchased a new automobile.

"What is the thing you'd like most to get out of your new car," he was asked.

"My teen-age son!" he replied

J. D. Dublin
Los Angeles, Calif.

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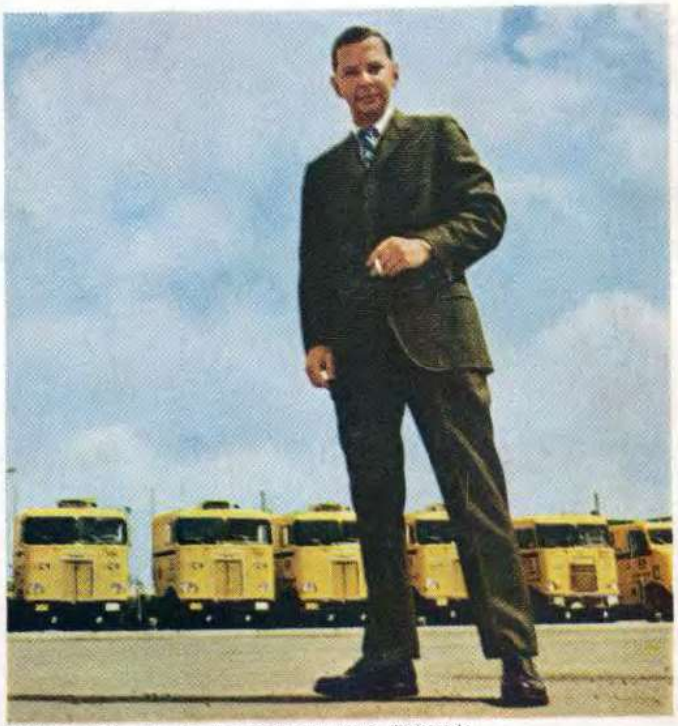
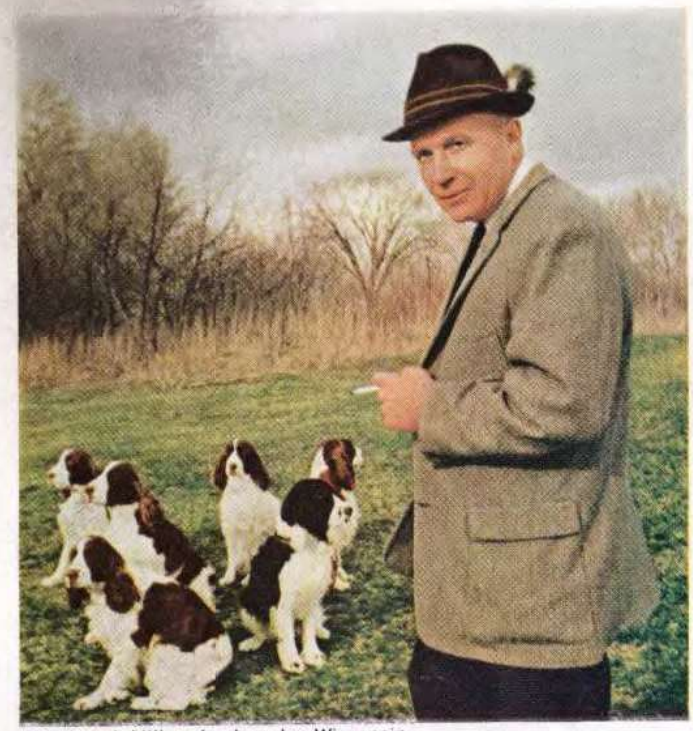
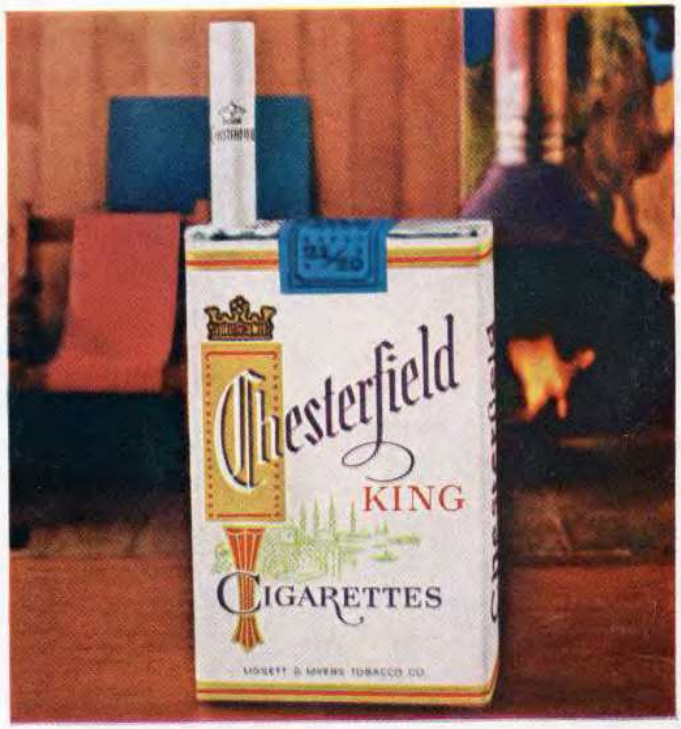
Larry Craig Dean, architect, Georgia



William J. Bourke, Jr., trucking executive, Colorado



Theodore J. Miller, dog breeder, Wisconsin



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